BANCROFT
LIBRARY

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

W. W. Romspert

THE WESTERN ECHO:

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Western States and Territories

OF THE UNITED STATES.

AS GATHERED IN A TOUR BY WAGON.

BY

GEORGE W. ROMSPERT.

DAYTON, OHIO:
United Brethren Publishing House.
1881.

F595
R7

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881,
By G. W. ROMSPERT,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

,2476

ANCROFT
LIBRARY

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE..... 111

INDIAN CRUELTY..... 131

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE..... 282

SCENE IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS..... 361

SAN FRANCISCO BAY..... 386

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/westernechodescr00romsrich

CONTENTS

PAGE.

PREFACE 11

INTRODUCTION 13

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Start from Dayton—Coal-Mine—Indianapolis—Illinois Roads—Springfield—Crops—Poor Water—Missouri River—Enter Iowa—Enter Missouri—Kansas City—Des Moines Valley and City—Western Iowa—Fourth of July at Lewis—Council Bluffs 17

CHAPTER II.

Omaha—Homestead Land—Coming Onto the Plains—Cold Winds—Platte Valley—Republican Forks—Fort Wallace—Big Sandy—Old Battle-Ground—Arkansas Valley—Irrigation Farming 41

CHAPTER III.

Arrival of Lesher and Wonderly—Our Start South—First Buffalo Herd—Cimaron River—Strayed Team—Old Hunters—How to Hunt Buffaloes—Wolf Hunt—Prairie Fire—Herd at Ten-Mile Creek—Blizzard—Find a Frozen Man—Hide Season Ends.. 73

PAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

Summer Trip Through the South—Indian Agencies—Canadian River—Lion Fight—Red River—Double Mountain—Staked Plains—Pecos River—Indian Skirmish—Santa Fe, New Mexico—Return to the Arkansas Valley—Description of the Plains—Mirage—Dangers of the Prairie—Wild Horses and How Captured—Creasing Animals..... 128

CHAPTER V.

Cattle-Business Explained—Branding Stock—Round-Up—Mavorick—Beef-Gathering—Stampedes—Tender-Feet—Stock-Raising in Texas—Cattle-Trail—Buying Cattle from Trail—How to Enter Stock Business—Sheep-Raising—Greasers—Texas Cattle-Fever..... 168

CHAPTER VI.

Cow-Boy History—Mustangs and Broncos—Cow-Boys with Six-Shooters—Dodge City—Boot Grave-yard—Prairie Mysteries—Dance-Halls—Sketch of Buffalo Bill—Theory of the Plains—Trading-House—Antelope Chase—We Prepare for a Mountain Tour..... 201

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

We Start for the Mountains—Las Animas—Pueblo—Colorado Springs—Manitou—Mineral Springs—We Ascend Pike's Peak—Balancing Rock—Garden of the Gods—Devil's Hole—Return to Manitou..... 241

PAGE.

CHAPTER II.

Start for South Park—Ute Pass—Rainbow Falls—South Park—Bear Fight—Leadville—Sallie Ray—Chimney Gulch—Trout-Fishing—Denver—Cheyenne—Black Bitter Creek—Antelope Springs—Wolf Adventure—Green River—Old Emigrant Road—Echo Canon—Utah—Park City—Ontario Mine—Quartz-Mill—Kinds of Mines—Prospecting—Start for Salt Lake.. 274

CHAPTER III.

View of Salt Lake Valley and City—Tabernacle—History of the Mormons—Joe Smith—Came to Kirtland, Ohio—Brigham Young Converted—Located at Independence, Missouri—Located at Nauvoo, Illinois—Joe and Hiram Smith Killed—Emigrated to Council Bluffs—Came to Salt Lake—Trouble with the Government—Mormon Theology..... 329

CHAPTER IV.

We Leave Salt Lake—Reach the Sierra Nevada Slopes—Tunnels, Gorges, etc.—Reach California—Sacramento—San Francisco—Hotel Runners—Fruits—Palace Hotel—Chinese—Dennis Kearney and Party—De Young-Kalloch Tragedy—Chinese Bakers—California Climate—Ships—Golden Gate—Woodward Garden—Portland, Oregon—Washington Territory—Sail for Santa Barbara and Los Angeles—Prescott, Arizona—Meet General Fremont—Big Trees—Return to Ohio..... 356

PREFACE.

It is the object of the author, by this volume, to place before the people a brief history of the western states and territories through which he traveled in a late long overland tour, together with a sketch of the customs and occupations of the people in all the parts described. A journey by wagon through so much territory, by so many *unknown*, has furnished the author with knowledge that will be of so much value to persons who think of going West, and more especially to those who intend trying their *fortunes* in the regions of the setting sun, that he feels himself somewhat in duty bound to reduce it to print. Many fabulous and speculative histories have been written of the same country; and, with prejudiced pens, they have been deceitful records. Far from this is the motive of the present writer. And he hopes the fruits of his labor will prove valuable to

persons who intend relying upon the merits of the West for a future livelihood as well as those who intend journeying thither merely for health, speculation, or pleasure; for to all such this work is respectfully dedicated.

Dayton, Ohio, May 1, 1881.

INTRODUCTION.

Ever since there was an *East* there was a *West*, and from the fact that the great race of humanity had its birth upon the highlands of *Asia*, the latter has always been a land of *discovery*, into which the boldest of an overpopulated country must make the the first strides, contend with the greatest dangers and exposures, and break the first soil. The great pair of Eden have wonderfully multiplied; and their posterity, like a mighty wave, is fast flowing toward the western horizon. This great emigration has been a continuous seige of adventure; and many a worthy life has been lost while opening the road that must soon bear the broad marks of civilization. Many volumes contain the records of humanity; and the most interesting and touching part of man's career is the frontier life, which has been a continuous battle in the wilderness ever since the first back

was turned against the eastern sky. What a glorious thing it has ever been that for every difficulty there has been a *surmounter*, and for every wave a *rider!* What a treasure to the world was he who first plowed the foaming Atlantic and moored his bark upon the shores of the great America! The event has proved one of necessity for the support of the growing millions, and is a lesson that for every *creature* there is a *home*. The mighty rivers that flowed so long in vain through the East of this golden land now bear upon their bosoms mighty ships, laded with the produce of the soil. The little streams that rippled so long unheard upon their pebble beds, have all kissed the ruby lips of civilization; and the splendid soil that yielded so long to the savage tread, has at last found a husbandman, and fields of golden grain wave proudly where the roots of the mighty forests have long since decayed. But, like every other country, the first part found has been the first overdone. One half of the world knows not how the other half lives; and, likewise, thousands who live in the civilized and improved East are perfectly ignorant of the great country ly-

ing west of them. True, the land has been crossed and the history written; but the accounts have been so varied that many who have a *desire* to find *new homes* and breathe *purer air,* feel quite a delicacy in putting everything they have to so uncertain an adventure. Many examples of families seeking their fortunes in a land of which they have not even the most limited knowledge,—or into which they have been betrayed by the misrepresentations of those who value money in their own pocket higher than comfort in the poor man's family,—and returning in perfectly destitute circumstances, have proved this fear to be well founded. Nearly all the histories that have been written of the land now in view were got up by *land-sharks*, or by persons who took a single tour through the country, often on the train, and not seeing one eighth of the country of which they write, nor stopping long enough in a place to learn the ways and customs of the inhabitants, nor testing the soil, climate, and general prospects of the country upon which the emigrant must rely. Far from this method has been the means of this author's information, which he wishes

to place before the people in the present volume. With a deep conviction of common duty, every line is marked; and the many facts gathered by so much peril and exposure will *certainly* be a *valuable fountain* to all those to whom this work is dedicated.

G. W. R.

THE WESTERN ECHO.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Start from Dayton—Coal-Mine—Indianapolis—Illinois Roads—Springfield—Crops—Poor Water—Missouri River—Enter Iowa—Enter Missouri—Kansas City—Des Moines Valley and City—Western Iowa—Fourth of July at Lewis—Council Bluffs.

A back turned upon the State of *Ohio* is a back turned against the *Eden of the Union!* And to a person whose lot it has been to be born in this beautiful land, and whose borders he has never crossed, to think of quitting a civilized and happy home to wander in the land where the savage screams and the growl of the wild beast may be heard is certainly somewhat embarrassing. Nevertheless, being more than ordinarily interested in the narratives of the frontier, the author, with two comrades, John Routsong and Johnny Lair,—being stout, robust young men

of the vicinity of Dayton,—resolved to test the truth of what we had heard and read by seeing for *ourselves*, even if it had to be done at the price of a hair or two. Accordingly, a topped spring-wagon and a good team were procured, and lightly we tripped along, eager to prove ourselves Davids, and anxious to wrap ourselves in the robes of the wild buffaloes of the prairie, the giants of our own slaying. The first part of our journey, from its *novelty*, was the merriest; and sweeter dreams than we dreamed while lying upon the hard ground, with nothing but a tent to shelter us from the dews of heaven, were never dreamed by a king in his palace. Wishing to fully experience the effect of camp-life, we did our own cooking from the start; and never having graduated in the *pastry art*, we were obliged to forsake *knickknacks*. And how natural it was that we grew more and more hardy from our new diet, which we eat in the pure, open air. Being in the month of June, the weather was warm and the roads were delightful, and we merrily passed along until we found ourselves treading Hoosier soil. As we wended our way toward the interior of the state, equestrianism became quite common; and in some of the

back parts of the country we were amused at seeing the people finding their way to church in two-horse farm-wagons. Many other little novelties and changes attracted our attention; and we musingly passed along until we stood upon the bank of the Wabash River, where stands the pleasant little village of Montezuma. The stream is about two hundred yards wide; and being very deep, we found it necessary to take the ferry. This was something new to us; and as we floated across the stream we imagined ourselves in the *Mayflower*, plowing the foamy Atlantic, and carrying with us the seeds of life and death. The *former* we calculated for all who wished us no harm; but the *latter* we fully meant to spring up in the path of the wild buffalo and the bear. Our imaginary ocean, however, was soon crossed; and having been told by the ferryman that there was a coal-mine up the river a-piece, we determined to visit what we had never before had the opportunity of seeing.

There lay the dark fuel, and here ran the tunnel into the foot of the hill whence came the coal. Of course, wanting to see it all, we determined to explore the thing to our satisfaction. The tunnel being but three feet wide by three

and a half high, we were obliged to stoop very low. Onward we went, bold as the lion in his cave, lightly talking of the great dampness and the little car-track that wound its way so far into the bowels of the earth, etc., etc., until we found ourselves about fifty yards from the daylight door. Here a slight caving from the side of the passage caused a panic in a party of three, and for some minutes the bowels of Vesuvius never knew a greater rumbling than was heard in the tunnel of that coal-mine. When the weakest,—who had been trampled into the mud by the stampede,—had once more dragged himself into daylight, we concluded that we knew *all about* coal-mines, and thought it not necessary to penetrate any more hills to inform ourselves better. Betaking ourselves to the wagon, we once more resumed our journey.

Coming into the splendid city of Indianapolis one bright morning, we were greatly struck with its great life and beauty, and concluded to camp in a pretty grove just back of the great asylum and spend a few days in surveying and acquainting ourselves with the Hoosier capital. The first was reception-day for the horse-traders, who swarmed to us from all directions. They

were all good, clever fellows, and offered us a chance to make fifty dollars in a single swap. The boys wanted to trade, but I had conscientious *scruples* against taking the advantage of such good-hearted, honest fellows, and prevailed on the boys to deal gently with the innocent.

The great clouds of dark smoke that curl from the engines of the thirteen railroads, the deafening sound of the car-bells at train-time, together with a depot that is surpassed in size and magnificence by but one or two in the United States, speak the advantages of this thriving and lovely city. Its court-house is also a model, being one of the finest in the land. Having informed ourselves to our satisfaction, we again pulled out.

The roads having been good and the weather fine, our trip through Indiana was a pleasant one, indeed; but upon our approaching Illinois we found the character of the country materially changed. The large beach-forests began to fade away, and before us, like a great ocean, spread a broad and fertile prairie all covered with richest vegetation. Here, too, the *prairie-chickens* began to fly, and small game became abundant. This was sport for us, and, with guns in hand, we some days almost veiled the sun with smoke and

feathers—especially smoke. From the want of timber, fences became very few and the fields contained many acres. We were compelled to haul our wood, for cooking purposes, for many miles, upon different occasions. In case we forgot to take wood along when we left where it could be had, I shall not attempt to tell you where we got our fuel, but will simply remark that he who passes through Illinois by wagon without pulling middle rails from the fences or tearing down barn-yard gates must certainly have a mighty conscience dictating for him.

There is no *gravel* here, and the loose, black soil, dampened by the almost incessant rains of this region, render the highways rivers of mud. There were a great many emigrants along the road, bound for a home beyond the Mississippi; and to see them turning their honest faces in all earnestness toward the heavens as if wondering if something had not burst, was truly an affecting sight. Instead of good hard pikes leading into the cities, there are nothing but graded mud-roads; and we saw four horses to a hearse stall in the middle of one of Springfield's main streets, and in the center of town. A *gravel-bank* in central Illinois would be a fortune in-

deed, and by its aid Springfield could be made a most beautiful city. The state-house situated here is an immense structure, covering a great area, and supporting a flag five hundred and thirty-one feet in the air. Flags and military relics of several nations, together with many other curiosities, are kept here for the public view; and persons going this way and having an *opportunity*, should by all means spend a half-day in going through this great museum. The cost of the building is about ten millions. It is built of stone and is fire-proof. Being rainy, and wood very scarce, we concluded to pitch our tent on the common for the night, and go to the Central Hotel for supper. This was our first meal inside of a house since we started, and dressing ourselves in our long hunting-coats, with great deep pockets in the sides, we were the center of attraction and comment; and we naturally felt inclined to have as much sport upon our side as the landlord and guests were having upon theirs. Accordingly, we sat at a table to ourselves; and having caught the eyes of one of the fair waitresses, we politely marked the bill of fare and began relating some of our great adventures, and Indian and lion fights through which we

had dragged our lives by a single hair. And this, with our peculiar expressions and appearances, aroused great curiosity, and whisperings could be heard, "Which is Buffalo Bill?" "They are fierce-looking fellows, ar'n't they?" After we were served, taking advantage of the good lady as she turned away, with a sort of sleight of hand the roasted potatoes and biscuits found their way to the bottom of the great side pockets, and we called out, "*Potatoes and biscuits, please!*" Apologizing, and having the good lady believe that we had eaten nothing for some time, we stayed at the table and played our game until the lady grew pale and the great pockets were pulling heavily at our sides. We now remarked that we thought we could wait until morning, and, seizing our great broad-brims, started for camp. The lady, with a sigh of relief, looked after us as if to say, "They must be powerful fellows! A biscuit or potato is no more than a pill to them!" The next day there was a long article in the Springfield paper about three hunters and their mighty capacities.

The street-car track is laid in the center of the street, and between the railing it is planked. Taking this we succeeded in getting through the

muddiest city in the world, and arrived in camp safely, well pleased with our supper and the faithful lady. When the city was dead in slumber, and deep darkness hung o'er it, not wishing to disturb any one, we innocently seized a couple of chicken-coops that we found in the back yards, and then did our own cooking. When we were breaking up the coops into firewood down at camp, we were surprised to find a couple of chickens fast in the laths. This made me so mad that I jerked their heads off right then and there. John stood looking on with a troubled gaze, and as they lay there fat and motionless, he said, "Boys, it is too bad to waste those fowls that way; I think we had better cook them." Well, after considering the *hell* we might raise by throwing dead chickens over the common in that way, we decided to make a stew. Feathers make very good pillows, you know; and we were very careful to pick up every one. We stored the wood in the wagon, very carefully out of the way, and of course had breakfast very early—for you know how curious people are when persons are going through the country, and how they hang around their camp, especially if they have chickens. To avoid all

this we had everything cleaned up at daylight, and then and there made a rule that no person should be permitted to fool around the wagon. That wood and those feathers were hard to get; and one does not know what thieves might be lurking around. In a few days we pulled out, striking north-west for Iowa.

Illinois is a level, rich state, and but for its great rains it would certainly be one of the best as well as the prettiest states in the Union. There is a great deal of corn, and some spring wheat and barley, etc., raised here; but because of the little snow that falls, and the great freezing and thawing of the black, loose soil of this region, fall sowing is not successful. Stock-raising is the principal business of the people, however, and for this the state is particularly adapted. Land back from the cities being usually cheap (from $20 to $40 per acre), most farms are large and improvements limited. Barns and cribs are often but rail-pens, and thousands of bushels of corn lie exposed to the sun, only rounded on top to turn the mighty rains. What a contrast between this careless method of storing away corn, and the careful cribbing and covering by Ohio farmers!

The cobs are most all more or less musty, and the grain damaged at the kernel, and we could hardly get corn that our horses would eat. They feed most of it to hogs and cattle. Hedge fences are fast coming in use, and ere long the whole state promises to be thus inclosed.

With a great deal of effort we at length reached the western border of the state. And were I to tell you the true condition of the roads during the greater part of our journey in the state, it would appear incredible; for sometimes the ground, in low places, would shake for ten feet upon either side of the wagon. The surface is often dry, and cracked by the sun, and when you break through *that* you are *stuck;* and that is just as *sure* as the *wrath to come.* Several times we were in to the axle, and not a rail within five miles. There would have been the place to try old Job; for if he did not curse God and deny all creation after viewing the situation, well might he be called "Job, the patient man." Being most of the time sick, from the poor water we found in the state, and utterly discouraged with the bottomless roads, it is needless to say that we were glad to get through. The people told us that some winters they found it nec-

essary to take the wheels off and tie soap-kegs to the spindles to skim over the mud. Spring-vehicles are very scarce in the country, and the most delicate society move round in two-horse wagons and on horseback. Roads that we thought were almost impassable they considered good. It is amusing to see a party of young folks out riding, with sometimes four and five couples in one wagon, and boards across the bed for seats. On they go, merry as larks. The wheel runs into a chuck-hole, the board breaks, and like magic the scene is changed, and number ten shoes and striped hose are cutting the air like muskets at the battle of Bull Run. Notwithstanding our good times in hunting and the great hospitality of the people, we had enough of Illinois, and one glorious day we had the pleasure of standing for our first time upon the banks of the mighty Mississippi. Of course, the *northern* and *southern* parts of the state are not as low and muddy as the *central* part herein described; but what has been *said* will be verified by like experience.

The Mississippi River is a quarter of a mile in width at this place (Keokuk), and is spanned by a powerful iron bridge. We had never seen

steamboats, and were much amused by observing them here, moving up and down like ducks upon the water. Like old Daniel Boone, we looked at the blue waters of the rolling stream and longed to tread the beyond. There we once more found ourselves out of the mud, where the hills were covered with beautiful trees, and pure, cool water flowed from the crystal springs.

Traveling only for *information*, we had no particular route, and for the novelty we crossed the Des Moines River into Missouri, thus eating breakfast in Illinois, dinner in Iowa, and supper in Missouri.

Being told that there were many turkeys and deer in Missouri, we concluded to go south as far as the Missouri River. The northern part of the state is very rough, and well timbered; but as you go south the surface flattens, and many acres are still covered with the same sod and forests that accommodated the wild beast and the savage years ago. It is fast settling up, however, and rude huts are reared in all directions. We were cleverly received in the back country, and never failed to be saluted at every shanty by four or five great hounds. Peeping into the house you will see one lying upon the

table, one licking the pots, one washing the baby's face, and the rest stretched out by the stove,—quite a pleasant sight, indeed.

Visiting Kansas City, the great western emporium, situated at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri rivers, we were much surprised to see the amount of business carried on in what but a few years ago was a vacant plain. There are several large wholesale houses here. Everything is lively, and the business-din can be heard a long way off.

Northern Missouri and Iowa are certainly the best *cherry countries* in the world; for every little cherry-sprout was bending with the largest and finest fruit. Now, we were all very fond of cherries; and knowing our cherry-capacity better than any other persons,—whom we had not yet visited,—we concluded to buy our fruit on the following terms: Driving up to a place where the trees were red and bending, we tried our best to look like gentlemen,—I mean fellows who look as though they would take a cherry between thumb and finger, and, after rubbing it with a silk handkerchief, put it in the mouth, squeeze it with the tongue, spit out the seed, etc. We then asked the owner what he would charge

us apiece for permission to eat a few cherries from the trees. I suppose we must have succeeded pretty well in our trial to appear delicate, for we bargained generally for five cents apiece; and, mighty Lord! when we perched ourselves in the branches and began, the money did not pay the cherry-man for the time he and his family wasted in watching us, besides the cherries that *our sort of gentlemen could* and *did* eat. We never went over the *same road* twice; but I suppose they do not sell cherries on the tree along there any more.

Going north from Kansas City, we again took the Des Moines River Valley, and went for the capital of Iowa. We were *raised* in a pretty country, and we passed through some on our journey; but this lovely valley, about two miles wide and of the very richest soil, spreading out level as a floor and covered with rich, golden grain, the dwellings here and there all surrounded with trees loaded with beautiful fruit, divided by the Des Moines, rolling between banks all skirted with mighty sycamores, is certainly an Eden to behold.

Coming into Des Moines, we found a pretty city, with nice, broad streets, but no gravel. It

is situated on both sides of the stream, and all the water is forced from Coon River. There is not a well in the town. The new state-house had been worked at six years, and it would require about four or five more to finish it. It is seven hundred feet long, and when finished will certainly be a grand structure. It is being built of stone, and its cost is approximated at five millions of dollars.

Leaving the valley and striking west for Council Bluffs, we opened into a wild country, and for the first time realized that we were leaving civilization behind. The broad forest had entirely faded away, and the surface that had begun to wave at the great river-bank had now become very rough, and the steel of the husbandman had not yet pierced the aged sod. A broad, open land stretched out before us, like a sea whose waters were tossed by a mighty wind, and marked only by the dim trails that led from one to the other of the distant little sod domiciles. Great herds of cattle may be seen upon the hill-sides of this rich pasture-land, and large flocks of sheep are bleating in the valleys. The country being *very* rough, there is very little *farming* done; and a fence is a novelty.

Herders are employed upon these conditions: They are to take care of the cattle on the prairie for four months, salt them, and stand all losses,—unless the brand of the missing animal can be produced,—and while *boarding themselves* they receive one dollar and twenty-five cents per head; and often having five and six hundred head together, there is money in it; and a number of young men find employment here.

It was only with *great effort* that we found our way over the rough prairie and unbridged streams, in which we often stuck. The country looks as if God had carefully made the hills to order, and then fitted them together as closely as he could; and heavy rains falling here all run down the hills into the valleys, which are usually very soft, and many times the water stands very deep in them. There was one time (and which I shall not soon forget) that we came to a slough about fifty yards wide. We could tell by its *look* that it was a *bad crossing*, and as far as we could see either way, it appeared the same. So, seeing several old wagon tracks through it, we pushed in. Starting in *lively*, we managed to get about half way, when the wagon was in to the hub and the mud so

stiff that the horses could get no further. There we were in the middle of a slough between the hills of Iowa, and the prospect of our being anywhere else for some time about as limited as a boy's show for victory in a fight with a red-headed school-marm. You may all talk of wisdom, but I will bet a million if Solomon *himself* had been there, he would have stood out upon the bank and said, "Boys, you are in a worse fix than five hundred wives have ever been able to put me." But after about exhausting our ingenuity, we at length unhitched our horses and took them across. Tying a long rope to the end of the tongue, we hitched the team to it and pulled the wagon on a lock. Unluckily for me, I had the appearance of being the best wheel-horse in the crowd; and though I coughed and told the boys that getting into the mud and over exerting myself would certainly be the cause of my *death*, they still insisted. Just then finding that they too were consumptive, and limping with pain in every joint, I consented to take my *chances;* and after preparing for the occasion like any person would in such circumstances, where clothes were scarce and no one near, I waded into the doughy sea. I held

the wheel from going *back*, while Johnny pulled the wagon on a lock on my side. I would then draw myself up out of the mud, take a few long breaths, and after touching up my will-power with a little Iowa bog-sirup that we had along, go to the other side. We worked thus from left to right, moving a foot at a time; and at length, when the bottle could have been broken without wasting much sirup, we once more stood upon *terra firma*. We had often heard of *the valley of the shadow of death*, and right then and there concluded that if that was not it, it must be a fork of it, and if we found that it reached from the north to the south, we would go by the way of the *gulf* on our return. However, after washing our horses all over, and trimming ourselves up to once more look like white men, we felt a little more experienced and none the worse. We were about ready to start again when we caught sight of a middle-aged Dutch-woman, with two little mules to a spring-wagon, and a great coop of chickens, bearing down the hill-side to the same mud-hole. Willing to lend our experience, especially to a *lady*, we most politely spoke to her; but she paid no more attention than if a *prairie-dog* had

barked at the road-side. Well, thought we, it is a nice thing to be *independent;* but that mud-hole may bother you some, and may be the means of our becoming intimately acquainted. Sure enough, when she got to about where *we* stuck, the little mules gave out and one of them lay down. You may all talk of whoops and halloos, but the yell of the rebels, the groans of the dying, and the thundering of the cannon at the battle of *Stone River*, were not to be compared to the shouts of that *Dutch-woman* in the midst of the Iowa bog. Nevertheless, neither the angry countenance nor the force of the brawny arm had any effect upon the little mule, which, like Job, had determined to take it patiently. If you could have seen the unearthly smile upon her face as she looked back to us and yelled, "*Coom*," you would have been *surprised* at the great change one mud-hole and one Dutch-woman can bring about. Wading in to where the little Job lay prostrate, I took hold of his bridle and gave him a kick in the ribs and an English yell; and doubtless never having heard an *English word* in his *life*, it apparently frightened him so that he forgot all about the *mud-hole*. The last we saw of the *Dutch-*

woman she was going over the brow of a hill, sitting upon the back of her neck, screaming in the key of E, the old chicken-coop tossing, the chickens squalling, and the little mules down to a mile a minute. If it had not been for that ugly *bog* to cross we would have *looked after* that outfit; for the way that *coop* was bobbing it might have fallen out, and the poor chickens would have starved, for *she* never *could* stop the mules; and you know if *we* had found them we would have *fed* them. This was one more lesson of *experience*, and we started on.

A few hours' travel brought us into the little village of Lewis; and the next day being the Fourth of July, we concluded to stay *over* and have some fun. We enjoyed ourselves very well; and as the end of the gala day drew nigh, people found that we were *travelers* and gathered around us to trade *horses*. Well, we had one horse that wanted to *stop* very often when we were in a great *hurry*, and having given us a great deal of trouble, we concluded to cheat somebody to get *even* with Iowa any how. Of course we showed quite an unwillingness to trade; but when a fellow brought a fine young-looking horse around and warranted him safe and sound,

and to work any place, we traded, thinking there was no harm in cheating a man when *he* proposed the trade. We swapped even, and he throwing a saddle upon his new horse was soon out of sight. Proudly we buckled the harness upon ours, and everything being ready I drew up the lines to start, when behold! like the wife of Lot, his action had all vanished and he stood as immovable as Pike's Peak. He was worse than the *other one*, for *she would* go when the wagon was *started*, but *this* one refused to go if you just stood him before the wagon without *harness on*. Then we pulled the wagon out of town with one horse and camped for the night. Of course we got him with a *warranty*, but where in the thunder was the warrantor? All had vanished. Many persons came around with old plugs, thinking that of course we would trade for anything that would *pull*. We told them he was the kind of a horse we wanted, and in the morning we would show them something.

Morning came, and putting the harness on him we put up the traces and tied his tail to the single-tree, when, to the surprise of all, he started off, pulling the whole wagon, the other horse, and all. The horse-traders swore the

like was never seen in *Iowa;* and they looked after us with wonder until we were over the hill. We were delighted with our success, and all went along smoothly until we got about five miles from town and came to a bridge where the dirt was washed away from each side; and the wheel striking this, he balked on the tail. We knew he had *good shoulders*, and he had shown us that he had a *noble tail;* and to refuse to use *either* was an *insult* to us, and we set about to use compulsion. It was not long, however, before the tongue was cracked and both single-trees broken, and the battle just begun. John went back to town to get the breaks mended, and Johnny and myself set to work in earnest. We had used kind words and coaxed him, all to no purpose; for as long as you were *friendly* he was as gentle as a lamb, but as soon as you wanted to make him *work* he considered our friendship at an end. So we took him from the wagon and tied up one foot and put on throw-ropes and hitched him to a bush. Of course he refused to go, and every time he refused we pulled him down. When he pulled one bush, we put on another. We had seen *bad horses*, and we had heard of the *devil*, and we concluded that he was one fourth *bad horse* and *three fourths*

devil. We worked hard until late in the afternoon before he would pull his part of the spring-wagon. Just as he was beginning to work two men came along, going east. They had a good two-horse wagon, and we traded. We now had a good, stout wagon, and the next morning, after a little squabble, we had no more trouble, and the buckskin mustang was conquered. Our experience was such as to make us tired of Iowa, and after determining never to cheat another *western man* out of a horse, even if he did name his own terms, we rapidly pushed on until we stood in the streets of Council Bluffs. This is a neat, pretty little town, located near the bank of the great Missouri, and among the bluffs that rise mountain high. It received its name from the council held there in the year 1804 by Lewis and Clark, United States explorers, to decide upon the best method of avoiding the Indian dangers. Having wended our way down to the river-side, we stood upon the bank of the muddiest stream that washes the soil of the Union. There being no wagon-bridge here, we were obliged to take passage to the opposite bank upon the train and over the great railroad bridge, which the Indian chief said looked like a "much big spider-web."

CHAPTER II.

Omaha—Homestead Land—Coming Onto the Plains—Cold Winds—Platte Valley—Republican Forks—Fort Wallace—Big Sandy—Old Battle-Ground—Arkansas Valley—Irrigation Farming.

The great *emigrant land* of which we had heard so much had at last been reached, and the din from the streets of the great *western exchange* was borne to our ears upon the evening breeze. Omaha is built upon the side of a large hill, and is quite a pretty place; and being the wholesale city for many miles of the surrounding country, business is lively, and the people say *hard times* never reach them. We could but wonder, as we gazed upon these two cities, perched as they are upon hill-sides upon opposite sides of the river, and covering the surface which was so *lately* the rich pasture-land of the wild *prairie animal.* Truly, said we to ourselves, there must be some virtue in the surrounding country which supports these rapidly-growing cities.

Eager to learn the true merits of the *homestead land*, we pushed boldly into the country, with

eyes keen to see the advantages and disadvantages of the great, historical, *poor man's home.* Proceeding but a few miles from the river-banks we opened into the *land of promise.* Here lay a broad, rolling, and fertile prairie, all covered with richest vegetation and well watered in all directions. Timber had entirely disappeared, except the pretty little *cotton-woods* which gilded the banks of most all the little streams. Many homesteads have been taken up here, and the little sod-houses which dot the country in all directions mark the abodes of the settlers. Timber being very dear, the country is not incumbered with fences, and the dark, rich surface being as beautiful as any the sun ever shone upon, the scene, upon the whole, was truly *impressive.* A great deal of the sod has been broken, and the rich, golden grain that waves in the western wind speaks the great strength of the soil. All the latest improved farming implements are used here, and tilling and sowing those large, clear fields is perfectly delightful. Lands along the railroads are being rapidly improved, and ere long the eastern and southern parts of Kansas and eastern Nebraska will find a place upon the first pages of the agricultural history of America.

Many poor families from the *overthronged* East have found themselves fine homes here, and from the rapid growth of the country they are promised great wealth. The eastern part of Kansas being of the same nature as that just described, we simply remark that the voice of the pen is too feeble to do justice to so beautiful a country.

Kansas and Nebraska are included in what Fremont termed the "Great American Desert," in the year 1842; and the settlers say that even as late as ten years ago places that are now productive were barren and sandy. It appears that the more farming there is done there the greater the dampness becomes; and they now have plenty of rain where everything used to parch. Some think the whole western plains will at some day become productive; but more of that hereafter.

Game is quite abundant here, and the prairie-chickens often fly up in such great flocks that the hum of their wings sounds like thunder. They fly *very* swiftly. Here the first *jack rabbit* showed himself to us, and upon our giving chase we were greatly surprised at his sudden disappearance with only a light streak through the

air to mark the course he had taken. They are about four times as large as the *cotton-tails*, and have ears about five inches long. We had a great deal of sport at hunting, and spent many days wandering up and down this beautiful country, visiting the settlers in their humble homes, and conversing with them of olden times and their experiences in the settling of a new country. They were very hospitable, and though a little sod-house and stable, with grass growing green upon every part but the doors and windows, sitting out alone upon the wide prairie, without a fence and often without a tree to shelter them from the broiling summer's sun, usually constitute their homes, they are nevertheless happy, and say that though their accommodations and conveniences are very limited, and they do not get a high price for their produce, their crops are usually abundant, and they can live off of this until things can develop. It has been discovered by trial that timber grows very rapidly, and whole acres of little walnut and cotton-wood sprouts lately planted promise that at some time in the future there will be some pretty forests here. When this is the case, the birds will immigrate here, the in-

sect tribe—*such a pest to the country*—will diminish, and the settlers will sit in their doors in the thick, beautiful shade, and listen to the songs that are sung in the green foliage. As it is, the flies are very troublesome through the day, and at night you are compelled to build a smudge and sit in the smoke to keep the mosquitoes from carrying you off.

Thinking that perhaps this part has been *sufficiently* described, I will refer the reader to the letters which close this work for *unmentioned* particulars, and again turn our faces toward the west. We had not traveled many days, however, until settlements had dwindled to lonely domicils upon the wide prairie; the dark, rich soil began to fade to a lighter and more sandy, and great herds of cattle tramped the unbroken surface. A few weeks more and all vegetation had faded away, and we were upon the Fremont desert. The grass, instead of being long, slender *prairie-grass*, was short, thickly-set buffalo-grass. The soil was dry and scarcely ever knew a rain; and then it was that we found ourselves upon the great western plains. The surface is usually smooth, and perfectly delightful to travel over, and we could sometimes see for many miles

around us. But the *danger* of traveling in this dry, barren wilderness, where scarcely any one lives, and of which we had been *warned*, we now began to realize. True, there were old, deeply-worn *emigrant* roads, one via Kansas City, and one via Omaha and Cheyenne, which we could have traveled with comparatively little danger or difficulty; but it was our purpose to see and experience something *new*, and accordingly we chose the wild prairie. We had purchased a *barrel* at Lincoln, Nebraska, which we always filled when leaving water, and with no guide but the compass we boldly sped onward, not knowing what each day would bring forth. The scene, however, was materially the same—one broad, open plain, stretching out like an ocean as far as the eye could reach. Our camp at night was truly a lonely one, with no company but the shy antelope that sniffed the air at a distance, and nothing to break the deep, death-like stillness that reigned around us but the howl of the *grey wolf*, whose keen eye was upon our every move. Stretching ourselves upon a blanket, with nothing but the starry heavens above us, we lay dreaming of killing buffaloes, scalping Sitting Bull, and other adventures too numerous to mention.

We had often heard of the *cold winds* and sudden changes in the atmosphere that all the western country was subject to, but our first *experience* on this score was while traveling in western Nebraska, on the seventh day of September. The morn was a bright and glorious one, and as we steered our way over the dry desert we remarked that a more beautiful day we had never seen. But about three o'clock the atmosphere began to change and the wind to blow a hurricane. In the course of an hour the soft, warm wind had changed to a howling, wintry storm, and we were compelled to unhitch and picket our horses, and make our bed in the wagon as a retreat from the piercing winds which almost lifted us from the ground. It was almost *impossible* to keep *warm* with our light covering, and only after we had torn up every spare cloth we had to stop the cracks in the wagon-bed, we succeeded in rendering ourselves tolerably comfortable. A peep at the horses showed their shivering, and the big blood-hound under the wagon lending his tones to the winds that hurried by, spoke the necessity of sharing our comfort with him. This he gladly accepted, and without anything to eat or

drink we lay covered over head and ears until the next day at noon. We then stepped from our asylum to hear the last roar of the hurricane dying away in the distance, and warm ourselves in the sun which had burst its stormy veil. This little fast had keened our appetites, and we eat our dinners with a relish. After turning our horses to graze for awhile, and watering them from the barrel, we resumed our journey over the dry desert, and at length reached the valley of the Platte. This valley is *wide* and *level*, and is carpeted with the richest pasture. With its cool, purple waters rolling through the thick shade of the little branching cotton-wood trees, piercing the dry, barren plain, bereft of bush or weed, it appears a perfect paradise. Great herds of cattle feed upon the green grass, and every ten or fifteen miles there is a little pole-shanty and picket *corral* built upon the river-side among the trees; and here stay the cow-men, one at a place, to watch over the cattle. They make a trip after *provisions* once a year, and of course do their own cooking. They always have the best of *meat;* and this, with biscuits, is about all they eat. It is very often that they do not see a man for several months; and,

strange to say, they are used to that way of living and enjoy themselves better than many who live in a land of luxuries, surrounded by mankind, where the din of business is noisy and loud. They have five and six ponies apiece, and their buffalo and antelope chases over the river-hills are as pleasant and exciting to them as though viewed by thousands of people. We had many pleasant chats with them, and many a feast did we have together.

I had seen many heavy storms, but I assure you I thought we had entered the store-house of thunder-storms when we came into this valley; for such terrible rumbling and glaring I had never heard nor seen. I tell you, when the thunder bursts forth with an earthquake shock and reverberates among the river-hills, and the lightning begins to play upon the cattle's horns, these old hunters and herders, who have been hardened in the wilds for many years and who have seen the bloodiest of frontier life, come to their knees.

Leaving this valley we steered south-west and struck the valley of the *Republican*, at the forks of the river, one beautiful evening just as the sun was tinging with gold the western sky.

Who can imagine the *beauty* of this valley,—as it appeared to us,—all decked with little branching cotton-wood trees and carpeted with velvet green, winding its way through the midst of the broad and silent wilderness. The great herds of cattle reclining beneath the trees, the voices of the little calves borne to our ears upon the evening zephyrs, and the rude shanty upon the bank of the stream, all spoke of comfort and content, and we could not help recognizing this as a *happy home*, though far in the western wilds. The lone man who lived there appeared to be glad to see us, and we were not a little delighted to converse with one who had lived with his herds for many years upon the frontier. He told us how comfortably he could live there and how rapid were his gains with so little outlay. He told us that we could find cow-ranches upon almost every *stream in the West*, and explained to us the way the business was carried on. Upon his telling us there were many buffaloes a few days' journey to the north-west, among the *sand-hills*, we became very impatient and could hardly wait for the morning to start upon a buffalo expedition. When we were ready to start, he said we should be a little

careful, for the *Cheyennes* had broken from the agency, and while on the war-path were scalping hunters and cattle-men in all directions. Johnny having stopped for a *home* in *eastern Nebraska*, we were but two in number, but—in our estimation—a more precious two never died in any country. There was as much danger upon one side as upon the other, however, and we were going for the buffaloes, Indians or no Indians. It was part of our *mission* to kill Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail, and this might prove to be a favorable opportunity.

We had not left the valley far when we came among the great sand-hills, which grew higher and softer until they were almost untraversable. Keeping in the vicinity of a small stream called Rock Creek, which courses its way among the bluffs, we traveled several days, keenly watching for anything that looked like meat. We never became careless, however, and the fire was always deadened before dark, while the wagon was placed upon some high spot for the night, in order to avoid the treachery that might be lurking behind the hills.

Breaking our way through the soft, deep sand, we were compelled to travel very slowly. Sight-

ing a single *buffalo*, upon one occasion, we fully expected to find a great herd behind every hill. That was the only one, however, that we got a glimpse of; and not having killed even a *rabbit* since we left the river, and our horses becoming very much worried, we concluded to turn back. The many *skeletons* that were scattered over the face of the country showed that the soft surface was not *always* trackless, and that we were not the first hunters who had plowed the sands of that region. However, the great herds that we had expected to find had sought another range, and not even a wolf howled in the deep silence. We could but feel a little discouraged at so great a disappointment; and as we journeyed back toward the river, each mile was an effort.

We reached the river again after a circuit in the sand-hills of just fourteen days; and during this time we had eaten nothing but flap-jacks. It is needless to say that we were hungry for *meat*, and there being many *cattle* in the valley, we imagined the little calves to be buffaloes; and it was not long after sight, nor with much ceremony, that we were eating something that had not stuck in our teeth for two long weeks.

After learning from an old hunter, whom we met on the prairie, that buffaloes journeyed

north in the spring and south in the fall, we determined to follow them if they went to *South America.*

In an unsettled country there are, of course, no bridges over the streams and chasms, and not many good crossings. So, choosing what we thought to be a good place to cross, we splashed into the waters of the Republican. The stream is about one hundred yards wide, and in some places is real deep. This was our first experience in *quicksand;* and we managed to get to about the middle of the stream, when, in about two feet of water, the wagon dropped to the axle in the sand. The longer it stood the deeper it sunk, until there was not much wagon above the water. Being lightly loaded we jumped into the water, and after lifting the wheels to let the sand wash under them, John lifted while I tried to start the team. But the wind was blowing and the water waving, and the horses being in about as deeply as the wagon, it was no go, and we were the worst stuck outfit that river ever knew. This was the first time that we had ever yielded that *hell* was *upon earth;* and I will bet that if old Father Moses and his followers had been stuck in the

quicksand when crossing the channel of the Red Sea, and had felt as we did at that time, Pharaoh and all his hosts would have been nothing to whip. However, after struggling for some time the horses became as impatient as ourselves, and we began to yell desperately. The water began to splash. The cattle of the vicinity becoming excited, curled their tails up over their backs and began to run and bawl. The wagon began to move, and we were soon safely landed on the other side. Not taking the Irishman's advice, we had omitted laughing before we started in, and being now too much fatigued we concluded that there was no fun about the affair, and only looked back to think what a job to cross a *Republican* and to sympathize for one moment with the poor Democrats.

It had been some time since we had been where we could buy anything, and our supplies running short, we steered south for Fort Wallace, Kansas. This was several days' travel—and lonely ones they were to us, too, seeing but two men until we arrived within a few miles of the fort. We found most of the ranchmen of the vicinity centered there for protection from the savages, who had been scalping within sight of

the government fort. We were heartily congratulated upon our safe arrival through the very heart of dangers; but we had been told this too often to appreciate it, and partly concluded that it was not alone *luck* and *chance* that took us through, but that there must be something bold or daring in our appearance.

How like home it appeared to us when we saw the blue smoke curling from the chimneys, the children playing around their homes, and heard the shrill whistle of the engine which pierced the deep silence of the open plain.

This little town is comparatively an insignificant place of fifteen or twenty houses, and is situated in the midst of a dry and barren prairie, far from the beauties of civilization and cultivation. Nevertheless, here were houses whose walls echoed the cheerful din of several families. Domestic animals were feeding in the vicinity, and here were the United States wagons, passing back and forth to the fort which stood in the distance. All this spoke *home* and *comfort* to us; and it is needless to say that after a journey of many days in the solitude of the wilderness, during which time we saw but few persons and scarcely a trace of human mechanism, we were

deeply impressed and let our reflections carry us back to the land from whence we came. After enjoying the novelty of the place, which is but a star in the prairie-world and connected with civilization by naught but the iron rail, we prepared for further adventure.

There is not the least plant cultivated here, and the most exorbitant prices were charged us for our little necessaries. I recollect I wanted to buy a funnel here to use with our water-barrel. I had never bought a *funnel*, but I supposed a small one would cost about twenty-five cents. So I picked out one to suit me and threw down fifty cents to the store-keeper, and looked for change. Now, what do you think? Why, he stood there looking at me until I asked him what he wanted. "I want the rest of the price of that funnel." "Why, what is the price of it?" said I. "Six bits; the usual price is a dollar," said he. I felt a little surprised at being asked seventy-five cents for a little funnel; so I said to him, "Is it silver?" "No." "Is there any virtue in it that would be conveyed to the water upon running through it?" "No." "Well, then, is it a legacy from your grandmother? or what the thunder makes

it so valuable?" said I, appearing somewhat curious. "Well," said he, "I will give you five minutes to settle up." "Well," said I, "this is too valuable a thing to take out on the prairie and run the risk of its being stolen, so I will give you just five minutes to hand over that half dollar." He said I had bought the funnel and must pay for it. At this I grabbed four funnels, and told him that I considered I was in hell anyhow, and if he thought he could better or worse my condition any to just draw his brakes; and we started for the door. He came running after us and said he would let us have the funnel for fifty cents. We told him we did not need any funnels. "Well," said he, "here's your half dollar." "Well," said I, "you owe me more than that." "Why, how can that be?" said he. "Why," said I, "if everything else is worth so much, money is worth something too, and that half dollar has drawn twenty-five cents interest." "Well," said he, "this is hell!" We told him that was what we took it for, and went on. He came running into the prairie and paid us the fifty cents, with interest, and took his funnels. If we could have got him a little farther from the fort we would have charged

him com*pound* interest and all the funnels; but under the circumstances we concluded to settle reasonably. We then picked up an old oyster-can and set it over the hole in the barrel, and with a picket-pin and the ax we drove a hole through the bottom of the can, and then had a funnel and a quarter for our trouble.

We now steered for Colorado, due west. Stopping at the *Smoky Hill Fork* to fill our barrel, we were told by a ranchman that the next water in that direction was the *Barrel Springs*,—so called from the barrels sunk there by hunters years ago,—thirty-five miles distant. We had not had any *trouble* about water *yet*, and did not think it necessary to ask many questions. So we marched as true to the direction pointed out to us as possible, and wended our way slowly along, killing jack-rabbits and antelopes for supplies, and conversing upon such subjects as would best pass away the time. Our barrel held seven bucketfuls of water, and the drive being but thirty-five miles, we were in no hurry and not as saving with the water as we might have been.

The first night out was a pleasant camp, and a little chase afforded us great sport. Directly

after striking camp upon a spot whence we could see several miles in any direction, so level was the surrounding country. A deer was seen watching us in the distance. "Ah," said John, "now for a race." So, with carbine in hand, he mounted the gray mare; and the deer was soon seen bounding away with head erect, and John in close pursuit. Luckily for *me*, the chase was around camp; and the fun of viewing that race was all to myself. The *deer* at first appeared to think it all sport; but seeing the gray mare gaining upon him, and John's long hair streaming in the wind while hurling lead from the old carbine, he appeared to realize his situation, and started off as if in a race for life, only touching the high places. John slowly returned from the chase, and riding into camp asked me if we needed any meat. "If we do," said he, "I can get that deer very easily." "Oh," said I, "that meat is like the funnel, it is too *dear* entirely. I suppose we can do without it."

The next morning, after taking our breakfast, we moved on, expecting to reach the Barrel Springs about noon, having but one bucket of water left. Noon came, and no water was left in the barrel; and the springs were not yet in sight.

Twilight began to curtain the light of day, and our suspicions were aroused lest we had passed the looked-for spot. The weather was warm, the air dry, and our horses that night looked in vain at the empty barrel that lay drying in its hoops, and from which they had quenched their thirst so often. Our sleep that night was haunted with the thought of our probably serious condition; and the next day at early dawn, without breakfast, we hastened in the prescribed direction, knowing that if we had passed the springs, which was the most probable, it might be many miles before we could again find the cooling fluid so essential to life. To turn back to find it was equally as uncertain, so we determined to go forward. The plain grew very sandy, and the sun, without one cloud to veil its brightness, darted its torrid rays upon us with mighty power. Each hour of that long day was an anxious year, and greater pains than we took at every little green spot and hollow to find water by digging deep into the soil could not be taken by any one searching for a morsel upon which hung the last hope of mortal life. Our *horses*, too, by their tardy gait, showed their great weariness; and the whole was truly a thirsty

outfit. Night came and no water. That night there was not one cloud in the sky; but the moon did not seem bright to our eyes, and the stars did not seem to twinkle. We were alone in the desert, deserted by all animation, and without one single thing to whisper to us a word of encouragement. To see those poor perishing horses licking that empty barrel, and then gaze at us with their ears dropped to the side of their heads, as if to say, "We are dying of thirst," was enough to sadden any human, and to call up before our minds the terrible accounts of which we had read of whole outfits of men, women, and little children, whose bones were found withering upon the burning sands. O God! what must be the agony of a parent whose little infants are fast gathering in their innocent countenances the picture of death, and without one drop of water to give them in their last appeal! Softly the night melted into day, and the morn brought no relief. But without showing one spark of discouragement, we pushed on with parched lips. About noon one of the horses became so weak that he could do his part no longer. We unhitched him and put the other one at the end of the tongue; and while I led the

fore horse, John whipped the hind one along, followed by the big blood-hound with his great red tongue lolling from his mouth. I imagine many of the most sorrowful sights are only seen by their unfortunate presenters. We would have given five dollars for a cup of water as freely as we ever gave five cents for a glass of soda. Toward evening John became so weak that he was obliged to ride, and I could see that his heart had sunk far into his bosom. I wore just as brisk an appearance as the circumstances would permit of, and trudged along leading the gray mare and whistling as much comfort to my perishing comrade as could be done with swelled lips. I will never forget that effort! I never *could* whistle a single tune in God's world, and I imagine that tune I got off then was rather killing John than amusing him. Nevertheless, it was my best.

About nine o'clock we made another dry camp. The country had grown rough, showing signs of water; and seeing a cow-track by the bright light of the moon, we were assured that water was near. But we were tired; and the first pangs of thirst having somewhat subsided, we concluded to wait for the morn. That night John did a

great deal of *dreaming*, and said so many funny things that I am sure if there had been a short-hand reporter there he could have written an *interesting volume*, and might have had love-letters that would have been models for the most affectionate writers. In the morning I arose early and mounted the gray mare that had been so gallant, and then over the hills for water. I followed the cow-track that I had seen in the evening; and the tracks became more and more numerous, until deep paths were seen winding among the hills. After traveling about four miles from camp I came upon an elevated spot, whence I viewed such beauties that the occasion shall never be forgotten, though time shall find me aged and gray, and my faithful companion far away. There in front of me, and at my feet, lay a most beautiful valley, carpeted with richest green, and tenderly holding upon its bosom little pools of the liquid for which we had so long searched. The little sprouting cotton-wood trees that decked the slopes of that treasured spot seemed to call out to us to come and see the beauties so rarely seen by aught else but the wild herds that trampled beneath their green foliage. Without the least ceremony, a gray

mare and thirsty rider might have been seen dashing down the hill-side toward the fountain of life. The cattle that were standing in the water lashing the flies, with great astonishment at the sight of their new visitors, readily yielded their rights to us, and in we went.

> Oh give me not a golden cup,
> My parching lips to cool;
> But, like the *wild beast*, I will *sip*
> The water from the pool.

As soon as we had all we wished we pushed off with all speed for camp. There, among the barren hills, lay the bay horse stretched out upon the sand, and apparently resigned to his fate, while John was sitting under the wagon, viewing the surroundings as though wishing the power to bring water from the barren bluffs. Though I did not bring water from the *rocks*, I brought it in a tin bucket; and it was quite natural that I should imagine myself the Moses of old, watering the perishing in the midst of the desert. After drinking of the water John was greatly refreshed, and there was enough left to take the dimness from the eyes of the perishing horse. We now prepared to move down to the water. It was only with great difficulty that we

succeeded in getting our fainting horse to the valley; and it was an affecting scene when the pool met his eye to see him prick up his ears and stagger into the water. After we were all refreshed, we turned the horses to graze, and set about getting something to eat. We had often been warned of the great peril of traveling over the unmarked prairie without a guide, and had read of many outfits dying of thirst, but this was our first experience. We had come from a land of plenty, and relished the many knick-knacks and rarities of a civilized country; but the most pleasant draught we had ever taken in our lives, was that from the beautiful little lake in the green valley of Big Sand Creek. Some may relish *liquors*, while others will choose milder and more delicate drinks; but when your system is racked with a thirsty fever, and the blood is drying in your veins, then is naught half so delicious as the unadulterated fluid that flows so freely from the fountain of nature. There were many antelopes here; and we camped for several days in this beautiful valley, recruiting our weary team upon the rich pasture, and killing antelopes and drying their meat.

One clear evening, while sitting in our lonely camp watching the sun as it sunk low in the far horison, we saw an object moving in the dim distance. Quickly the glass was sighted and the focus told the person of a man on horseback moving toward us. We were overjoyed at this sight, and were glad to meet one who could tell us where we were and explain the surrounding. We received him most cordially, and after feasting him to the best we had, we all felt refreshed and seated ourselves for a chat. He told us that we were upon the Big Saudy, forty miles above the Arkansas River, into which it flows, and that we would find cow-ranches all the way down. He said he lived at the mouth of the creek, and gave us the history of the country through the many years that he had been breathing pure western air. New-comers on the plains are called *tender feet;* and having been called that before, we concluded to take advantage of this occasion and be as big an Indian-killing outfit as any he could tell of, though of course we were strangers in that *part* of the country. After he had narrated some interesting events, we began telling some of *our* experiences, and among other things incidentally mentioned our

coming across from Wallace. Upon his asking us if we had struck the *Barrel Springs*, we told him that we had not, and he was very much astonished and wondered how we got across. "Oh," said John, "it only took a couple of days to come across; and any outfit that could not travel two or three days without food or drink, were what we called *tender feet* in our country." I then took the opportunity to inquire what kind of a place the springs was. He told us that they were at the end of a gravel-ridge, where stood quite a little bush; and at that season of the year you would have to dig about two or three feet into the earth to find water. This was a sufficient description to fully convince us that this was not the place we were looking for; and it was no wonder that we had passed them in looking for a stream of water springing from the ground with a flow of a hundred gallons per minute. We made no reply, but looked at each other as much as to say, "Springs in this country are not such as we are *used to*." Twilight was gathering, and after telling us the old battle-ground where General Chivington and his followers massacred five hundred Indians one morning before breakfast, several years ago, was

but a few miles above us, he said that he would go, as he wanted to stop at a ranch two miles below for the night. Bidding us good-night, and asking us to call upon him as we passed, we parted.

We could not rest until we went to see this spot so well known to every person throughout that whole country, and survey the ground where so many eyes were closed in death in one short hour. We found the spot marked by many old pieces of camp-equipments, bows, and saddles, etc., all pierced with bullets, while the many skeletons that lay bleaching in the sun told the number of ponies that fell in that great struggle. The same barren hills that re-echoed the screams of the squaws and papooses, and the whoop of the warriors, are still overlooking the spot; the same little trees that spread their tender branches over a slumbering nation upon that last night, though all filled with lead, were still waving in the breeze. But where, oh, where is the *warrior and his family!* They are sleeping in the little green mounds beneath the same trees under which they fell, and their *war-cries* are no more to be heard. The war-dance is over and the gory hatchet lies rusting in the

earth. The wild herds are unconsciously cropping the rich grass from the graves, and in a few years the fate and memory of a whole nation will be buried in the solitude of Sand Creek Valley. The scene made an impression upon my mind that time can not obliterate, and in silence we turned away.

We had now spent several days in this beautiful valley; and our team with ourselves having become thoroughly recruited, we again broke camp and wound slowly down the creek toward the river. Cattle became very numerous as we advanced, and we had many a good chat with the cow-boys who stayed in the little pole-cabins to watch over the cattle.

In a few days we were in sight of the Arkansas Valley, and heard the roar of the great stream. The river rolls through a most lovely valley about two miles wide; and thousands of cattle are pasturing upon the rich grass. Thick groves of *cotton-wood* skirted the banks, and a merrier party than we while reclining in the green shade of the little trees never pegged a tent to the soil.

It was now the latter part of *August;* and the weather being very warm, we concluded to wander up and down the river, fishing and hunting

to pass away the time until *October*, when we intended to go south for a winter's hunt. There is much of this valley homesteaded and pre-empted, and many little pole and adobe-shanties deck this pretty level bank. Here we could hear the voice of the merry housewife, and the din of the playing children was borne to our ears upon the evening breeze. It had been some time,—aside from Wallace,—since we had seen settlements of this kind; and cultivating their acquaintances, we found them quite hospitable, and spent many a happy evening in their modest little homes.

It was here for the first time that we saw farming done by *irrigation*—this being the only way anything whatever can be raised in these parts where there is not a sprinkle for sometimes nine months at a period. Upon the principle of a mill-race, they go away up the river, and at some good place lead the water from the stream into a ditch which winds along the edge of the plain, according to the fall, until it is higher than the valley, which is usually very level, as though designed by the great Creator to be thus used. This ditch is sometimes owned by the *land-owners*, and sometimes by companies, who charge the settlers so much per annum for the water to irrigate. The channel ofttimes is very long, and it

there are many farmers along its borders, stock in this is well invested. When the water is at hand, the land is plowed and the seed is sown or planted in the loose, sandy soil. The gates at the ditch are then lifted, and with hoe and shovel they watch and see that the surface is all covered with water. If corn or potatoes are planted, a furrow is drawn along each side of the row, and the water is let to course through these until the soil is thoroughly saturated. This irrigation must be done usually once or twice a week, depending somewhat upon the temperature of the atmosphere and the nature and condition of the soil. We have seen some good crops thus raised; and strange to say, some persons who have lived here for several years say they would farm in no other country; "for," they say, "we do our own raining, and never have droughts or floods." Of course we were very glad to see them so well satisfied with their fortunes; but as for us, we preferred living in *God's country*, where the water falls from the *clouds*.

Following the river east, claims became more and more numerous until we arrived at Wichita, when we found the whole valley settled up, and were surprised to see the great buffalo-range of so few years ago bearing upon its bosom great

fields of rich, golden grain. Going west toward the mountains, the farmers became fewer and fewer, and the valley and plain are left to the stock-men. About sunset thousands of cattle may be seen coming in to water from all directions, until the whole valley is a moving mass. The plain is high and dry, covered with a thick growth of buffalo-grass, and perfectly destitute of all else. Not even a *bush* can be seen except along the streams or little lakes, which are often forty and fifty miles apart. The cattle and all wild animals range along the water, feeding five and six miles out upon the plain. The waters on the plains stand in pools, in long, deep arrowas; and in the spring, when the snow melts in the mountains, the water courses its way through these gulches toward the rivers. The *rest* of the year they are but *pools;* and these seldom dry up. Crossing over the dry plain from one water to another, a journey of often a couple of days, without seeing so much as a wolf to break the monotony, it is needless to say that upon coming into one of the valleys it appears like entering a paradise. Having spent several weeks hunting over these parts, it was now the latter part of September, and we prepared to start south for a buffalo hunt.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival of Lesher and Wonderly—Our Start South—First Buffalo Herd—Cimaron River—Strayed Team—Old Hunters—How to Hunt Buffaloes—Wolf Hunt—Prairie Fire—Herd at Ten-Mile Creek—Blizzard—Find a Frozen Man—Hide Season Ends.

When the October sun was creeping from the horizon and the melancholy winds were roaring over the dry, brown prairie, two young men of Montgomery County, Ohio,—Charles Wonderly and David Lesher,—came out on the train and met us at Granada. Being now a party of four, we were well prepared, and went to Las Animas to lay in supplies for a buffalo campaign. We bought flour, meal, salt, pepper, tobacco, etc., and a few sacks of *corn* to feed our horses when the winter's snow had come. We also took a keg of brandy, for *snake-bites*, and enough ammunition to kill everything in Texas. We then came east, into the Arkansas Valley, intending to strike south from Granada.

When we got within fifteen miles of Granada some cow-boys came riding up the valley, spur-

ring their ponies to their utmost, and warning settlers that a band of *Cheyennes* had been seen down the river. Great excitement prevailed for the safety of the wives and children, who—there being but a few families—were hurried to the ranche of Captain Irwin. We brought our ponies under the cover of our guns, and took quarters in the same *adobe* hut.

John and myself had seen a little skirmishing before, and by this time were pretty well acclimated; but Dave and Charles!—boys just from protected homes and the quietude of civilization,—imagine their feelings after reading of the bloody deeds of the red-man, and now that their yells were in their very ears.

The windows and port-holes were thrown open, and with Sharpe's rifles in our hands we keenly watched for a red devil upon whom to try our skill.

There was a *school-marm* staying there, to teach the children of Mr. Irwin, and with her I had previously become acquainted. After waiting for some time for *Indians*, I concluded to take advantage of the occasion, and to beat my sword into a pruning-hook and try to hook a little *love* out of the *school-marm*. She was late

from the East, and, it is needless to say, was much excited. This made her quite gentle; and by assuming a brave appearance, with my big gun in hand and telling her there was no danger, I gained her confidence, and she hung to my arm like a squirrel to a hickory sapling when hunters are thick. You may all talk about Indians being good marksmen, but I will venture to say that there is not an Indian in the whole Cheyenne nation that could shoot me nearer the heart than did that school-marm in the little *adobe* ranche.

Hours flew by like leaves before the wind, and at length a man came riding up and stated that he was the person who gave the alarm. He was a tender-foot cow-boy. He stated that one of their boys had started upon his pony to cross the plain to another range about twenty miles distant; that just as he was going over the raise he saw four or five Indians on horseback cut him off from camp and chase him out of sight, quirting their ponies to their utmost speed. He had also heard a shot fired, and which he supposed had told his death. We questioned him very closely, and told him how he might have been deceived; but he was very positive, and said he

would swear to his statement. At this, four of us, well mounted and with each a brace of six-shooters and a Sharpe's rifle, started out to trace up our friend. We went to the raise where he said he had seen them pass over, and by a careful examination could discover but one horse-track in the sand, and this showed that the horse had been running. After scouring the country for several miles and seeing but the single track, all began to theorize how he might have been deceived; and although he expressed himself very positive, we concluded to go back and wait until morning, when the young man was to come back.

It was an anxious night for the settlers, who expected a general slaughter in the valley; and the bloody outrages committed in the neigboring ranges, of which reports had been coming in daily from all directions, lent terror to those who had infants to protect. As for me, Indians or no Indians, what cared I so the school-marm came off safely!

At last the darkness began to give way to the light of the morn; and about nine o'clock, through a field-glass, from a house-top, an object was sighted in the distance. Nearer and nearer

and plainer and plainer it became, until we were all satisfied that the lost was found and the dead had come to life. He was much surprised at the excitement his little chase had caused. He said that just as he was going over the raise he chased four great sand-hill cranes, and shot at them over the hill. The scene was now explained and the mystery solved. These cranes are large, and in flying along close to the ground our friend had imagined the long, slender wings whipping the air, to be Indian arms whipping their ponies; and knowing them to be in the country still colored the imagination. The young man was much mortified at his deception; and they all laughed at him so much that he peered toward the hills as though wishing the Indians would come and ally with him to kill the whole valley. This little incident taught us to always be on our guard and to never run until we saw the elephant.

The school-marm thanked me for my kindness, and gave me an affectionate good-by; and as we pulled out she looked after us, and Dave and Charles drew long breaths, as though envying me my affectionate relations with the Birdie of the prairie.

Leaving the valley and going south, we came upon a broad, level plain, where the horizon looked like a great wagon-wheel and we could see many miles in all directions. The first water was *Plum Creek*, in nine miles. This is a dry gulch running through the prairie, with pools every mile or two. In very dry summers they become dry. The next water was Butte Creek, in six miles; and here we camped for the night. This is like Plum Creek, only the gulch is very deep and the country is extremely rough upon either side. The valley is full of cotton-wood trees and brier-bushes; and the hungry wolves howled loudly behind every hill. Dave and Charles had heard *too much* about wolves to rest easily where they were so numerous; and the roar of their rifles and six-shooters made the night a lively one. In the morning several big grays lay dead in the valley as the result of the late lead-storm. I told them that they would have to be saving with the ammunition; but they said ammunition would be of no use when they were devoured by wolves, and we would have been eaten up alive that very night had they not fought so hard; "for," said they, "as we sat by the fire their eyes glittered among the

hills like stars in the heavens, and every now and then a big fellow would howl out at our very sides, as much as to say, 'I got him.'"

We took an early start, and traveled over the dry country until the sun was hiding himself in the west, when, having traveled full thirty miles, we again came among the hills and caught sight of the tops of some little trees that grew in a deep gulch, and we knew we were now near water.

We had advanced but a short distance after sighting the trees when we also saw some dark objects just beyond. "Buffaloes!" was the first flash through our minds; and our field-glass told us that we were right. Buffaloes were what we were hunting; and, mounting my pony, with my big Sharpe in hand, I was soon wending my way down the deep, dry gulch until I was just opposite the herd; and, tying the pony to a cotton-wood, I crawled up to survey. There were thirty-eight in the herd, and they were leisurely feeding up a green ravine that lay parallel with Bear Creek and led into it some distance below. They were several hundred yards south of me, but by crawling cautiously along I succeeded in getting into the ravine about four hundred yards

above them without being noticed, and impatiently awaited the oncome. When they got within about three hundred yards of me some of the old bulls appeared to see me, and, with heads erect, on they came, stopping at intervals to paw the earth and ring my ears with their bellowing. The whole herd at length saw me, and curiously started to inspect the dark object stretched out upon the plain before them. I thought about *shooting* until they were within two hundred yards of me, when my giant strength failed me and I lay like the slain Goliath, helplessly stretched upon the earth. I had often heard of *buck-ague*, but if that was *my* attack I am sure its effects were never fully described; for I felt as though a bucketful of blood jumped through my heart at a time, and every time my pulse beat I believe I jumped four inches from the sod. This was the first wild herd I had ever seen; and having my first experience upon the open plain all by myself, without a tree to climb or a stump to hide behind in case of immersion, I must say somewhat *terrified* me; and while thinking of all the danger I *might* be in, they suddenly started off in a lope, as though scenting me, and certainly to my very

great relief. This was now my opportunity to try my hand; and, running to the top of a little knoll, I took aim from my knee at an old bull that had stopped to look back, and pulled. I did not *consider* that I was firing a *one-hundred-grain gun*, and having my nose entirely too close it was some time before I was conscious of what had taken place. When the blood had stopped running and the smoke had cleared away, and I found that I had not shot myself, I looked up to see the last buffalo disappear behind the raise. Sheepishly I retired, amid the shouts from the boys; and though we had no success *this time* we knew that we were now in the buffalo region at last, and supposed ourselves more *able* to tackle the next gang, be it great or small.

The water of which we just spoke we learned to be Bear Creek; and a pretty ravine it was, too. The water stood in little pools like *Butte Creek*, and these were fed by springs. There were a great many cattle and rich pasture there, and old cow-camps were to be seen all up and down the creek. Stopping here for several days, we enjoyed ourselves very much in the thick shade of the little trees through the heat of the day; and though we saw no more *buffalo*, ante-

lopes were numerous, and we had much sport shooting these shy creatures as they came down unconsciously from the plain to quench their thirst from the pools among the mighty Bear Creek bluffs. Charles had never shot an antelope; and to describe the maneuvering of his first experience would fill a volume. One morning he came running into camp and said that a flock of antelopes were coming in to water just below, and grabbing a rifle he dashed away. I followed him closely, and when he crawled up behind a rock to shoot I was near him behind another and could see it all. Down came a big buck to the pool, and after looking slyly around began to drink. This was Charley's opportunity; and after going through all the motions of a monkey in a show-pen, whang went the rifle, and down came the buck. "Right through the heart, by thunder!" said he, and throwing down his rifle he dashed upon his prey. He had caught him through the loins; and though the buck struggled hard, Charley hung to him like a Dutch butcher, and at last cut off his wind. I made off for camp, and Charley never knew that I was near. Soon he came in whistling, with the buck across his back; and though

it weighed at least one hundred and twenty-five pounds, he stood in camp full five minutes with the buck upon his back, explaining how he did it. We all laughed a great deal at Charley's shooting antelope through the heart, and he often asked us how the devil we knew where he aimed.

We at length grew eager for another trial at the kings of the prairie, and pulled out for the Cimaron River, where we expected to make a head-quarter camp and put in the winter hunting over the South. We reached the river after a march of about thirty miles, and were now about seventy-five miles south of the A., T., & S. F. R. R., and all civilization. Skirting the banks of every water we had yet passed were little trees; but here there was not even a twig the size of a finger.

We had learned before to burn *buffalo-chips*, and as far as *fuel* was concerned we were all right; but the next question, and the most *perplexing*, was how to make a house in which to store our supplies, and for our protection in winter, as well as a retreat from danger. Here lay the spade and there stuck the pick, but the only material we could see for a *house* was the dry

earth. Dave was a carpenter, and we told him he should begin the frame. But he said he was not used to working in that kind of timber. We found a deep dry gulch leading to the river, and going to work we soon had a chamber dug in the bank, eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, four feet deep on the lower side, and seven feet deep on the high side, with a narrow passway into the gulch. We then dug a fireplace in the high side, and worked from top and bottom until we finished the flue. All was then completed but the roof; and using our tent-poles for supporters, we stretched a couple of wagon-sheets from the high to the low side, and pegged them to the ground at each end. We had thus a tolerably safe retreat from the wind and sun; and moving all our things in there, we concluded to wait for a few days and then go to Bear Creek for poles to put on a *good roof.* The weather being very fine, and not having seen a sprinkle for many days, we put the work off from time to time; and one evening of the first week in our new abode, when least expecting it, we were much surprised to see the sky suddenly veil itself with dark clouds, and empty its flood upon us. I had read about the *windows of*

heaven being opened, but, my God! I thought the whole side of the house had fallen out upon this occasion. The floor of our house was sticky clay, and not having seen a sprinkle for so long, while our muslin roof carried off the dampness, we enjoyed the occasion very much. Soon, however, the ground began to soften, the pins to pull out, and the fun was then at an end. The water falling upon the loose canvas, it bagged down, and directly out came a peg, and splash came two or three buckets of water into our new house. Seeing that we might as well have no cover at all, we piled our things upon boxes and covered them with oil-cloth, and took it as it came. Our *tent* was ripped to pieces, and this was our only scheme. Soon the mud was ankle-deep all over our new floor, and the last smoke slowly curled from the few damp buffalo-chips that lay frying upon the hearth. Our condition about that time was not at all *enviable;* and we looked in every direction and contemplated every scheme. But we at last concluded that foxes have *dry holes*, and the birds of the air have *sheltered nests;* but green-horn *buffalo-hunters* must stand in mud up to their knees and be baptized in a way that God

knows is not agreeable to anybody's belief. Charles and myself figured on the wagon, and throwing a lot of wolf-hides and our harness upon the ground, we crawled under the wagon upon them; and wrapping ourselves in our wet blankets, we took the collars for pillows and tried to think ourselves comfortable. But the wind was blowing fiercely and the rain falling at an incredible rate. We were soon completely drenched; and the water gurgled good, good, good, down through the horse-collars. The water was rushing in torrents down the hill-sides, and stood in sheets upon the level. We saw clearly that it was *immersion* or get out of there, and we chose the *latter*. Our wits were then at an end, and we concluded that if we owned *hell* and *that country*, we would rent out the *latter* and live in the *former*. A chicken sitting out upon the naked limb of an apple-tree in a cold *winter's storm* is not to be compared to a boy standing in mud knee-deep, with water dashing about his ears like a water-wheel, and pouring from his nose like a house-spout, and not even a pin to hang himself up on. Dave was all the while silent, and seated upon a box in the dug-out, wrapped in a blanket, and looking into the

fireplace as though comparing the place with *hell*, and *rebel prisons*, and all other noted places in his dreams. John had learned some of the western dialect, and was seated upon the wagon, with a blanket over him, rehearsing what he had learned; and I thought from what little I knew of it he succeeded very well, and learned fast, and remembered first-rate.

We, however, were living, though not in the best of humor, when about three o'clock in the morning it suddenly turned cold and began to sleet. Now if any *painter* can picture the scene of that camp, or any writer describe the condition and feeling of that party who groped in the darkness of that cave on the banks of the Cimaron on that cold, dreary morn, he must have been there himself. Every blanket that we had, and every thread of clothing that wrapped our forms was wet and dripping. There was not a dry piece of fur; and we raced over the prairie and rubbed ourselves to keep the blood in circulation. I tell you the sharp wind that whistled by and roared among the hills soon aroused Dave from his slumbers, and he was the most frantic racer I ever saw. He could run over a jack-rabbit in one hundred yards. When

we were tired of running, with pick and spade we set to work digging in the earth at the mouth of the dug-out to keep warm and to lower it so as to drain out the water and mud. Morning came and we were still alive, but redder noses than ours never roamed a Colorado dram-shop. Our horses, too, were covered with ice, and must have felt pretty uncomfortable. At length the sun slowly rolled from the horizon and sent his sparkling beams upon the dismal plain, and drew all animation to the eastern slopes. By great exercise we managed to dry our clothes upon us, and felt pretty comfortable again.

We had now escaped the *cold*, but the *hunger part* was yet to come. *John* and *myself* had had an experience of fourteen days upon *flap-jacks*, and two days and a half without *eating or drinking*, and of course *we* did not figure quite as closely as *Dave* and *Charles*, who had been but a few weeks from the land of plenty and comfort. Nevertheless, we had to fast that day until toward evening, when we found some small rushes upon the banks of the river, which were dried in the sun. Placing some bones together, we built fire upon them with the rushes and kept it up

until the bones were heated. Then slicing some meat real fine, we put it in a thin sheet-iron skillet, and placing it upon the heated bones, and continually applying rushes, we were enabled to fry ourselves a little repast. This was a new scheme, and while delighted with our ingenuity we *forgot* that we had nothing but *meat*, and thought it the best meat we had eaten for many days. We were very glad to see the face of the plain once more dry, and determined to prepare for the next immersion.

The next day Charles and myself started for Bear Creek for poles, and John and Dave stayed with the camp. We got to Bear Creek that day and cut the poles in the evening, and the next morning started back. About sunset we were at home; and the next day we placed the poles over the hole or cave, and after covering them with rushes, applied a coat of dirt. Our house was then completed, and we were prepared for future contingencies.

Here was the tender-foot outfit, our home a dark cave in the bluff of the Cimaron, seventy-five miles from the smallest settlement, and our only neighbors the wild animals of the plain. Our long-hunted range was at last reached, and

the buffalo could be seen upon the distant hill-sides, and their lowing could be distinctly heard. The gray wolf, of which we had heard so much, was here too in such numbers as to be very bold; and their piercing howls, which would make the boldest inexperienced man shudder, could be heard at night at our very door.

Being now in the *happy hunting-ground*, we prepared for a big hunt. We had the Sharpe rifle,—forty-five caliber, one hundred grains,—and forty-five caliber *Colt*, and *Smith & Wesson* six-shooters. Having the best of fire-arms, and loads of ammunition, we felt ourselves a match for anything that chose a daylight battle; and now for the hunt.

By having our camp so well concealed, the game at first came close around the dug-out, entirely unconscious of an enemy; but from the daily explosions in that ravine they soon learned to be shy, and appeared to regard the little hole in the ground as a dangerous place.

We saw our first antelope in western Nebraska, where they were so wild that the most experienced hunter could scarcely ever succeed in killing one. They had become more and more numerous, however, until we were now in their

very homes, and little bands could be seen upon every hill. This animal is some larger than a sheep, and is white-and-brown spotted. The bucks are the larger, and have horns about eight inches long. They are the most vigilant animal of the prairie; and in their most quiet state usually take one bite and two looks, and upon the least alarm start off at such speed as to almost baffle the eye. We had exhausted our ingenuity and had many days' experience before we could successfully make our bullets tell in the vigilant herds. The following are some of the successful schemes: In cold, stormy weather they take shelter in the ravines and behind the bluffs, and of course can then be readily shot, in a rough country; but in ordinary weather they usually keep upon *high places*, so that you can scarcely ever get near enough to shoot them without being detected. In this case, take a horse and start off obliquely toward them; be upon the leeward side, and never look directly at them. Keep sidling toward the flock, and going round, but be *cautious* that you never go directly toward them. In this way one can often get within shooting distance, which is fair at four hundred yards. If you have no *horse*,

go as closely as you can without being detected, and then crawl,—always keeping the wind of them, as they will scare quicker at scent than at sight. When they look toward you, do not move a finger, and look down; but when they are not looking, crawl quickly. They usually become very curious, and come toward you, snuffing the air and stamping their feet. Then watch your chance; for when they are once satisfied that you are an enemy, and start to run, you might as well try to shoot the lightning's glare. A *red flag* is a very good thing to tie on your *hat*, and then get in some conspicuous place and lie still. It will not be long before they will come to see you. They are very sharp, and use great cunning in investigating the dangers that lurk in their vicinity. They can often be deceived by getting some one to drive a wagon obliquely toward them, and at some place near, where there is a little raise or bunch of weeds or grass, jump off while the wagon is moving. Be careful that you are not detected. They will watch the team very closely, and as the wagon circles to the other side of them and their backs are turned to you, you can often crawl upon them without being discovered. If they start

to run, just throw a ball in the sand ahead of them. Several balls will often so excite them that they are as apt to run toward you as any other way. Always shoot behind the shoulder, if possible; for they are animals of such great spirit that anything but a mortal shot does not appear to disable them; and I have heard of an antelope with three legs broken and both eyes shot out, outrunning a horse in a fair race. I shall not vouch for the truth of this, but there is *more* truth about it than any person who has never seen an antelope would be willing to believe. Any person who can hunt this animal with success is truly an ingenious sportsman.

We took advantage of the buffaloes that came among the river-hills near our camp, and in a couple of days we had a load of meat, consisting of shoulder-clods, saddles, humps, and tongues; and Dave and myself started north to the Arkansas Valley to sell out, while John and Charles stayed in camp. We made it to *Bear Creek* in one day, Butte Creek the *next*, and the third day about noon we came to the railroad. There were many emigrants going up the valley to the mountains, and to these and the settlers we had no trouble in disposing of our load at

five cents per pound. The load brought us just fifty dollars.

We found it a little unhandy to have our grub and cooking outfit scattered promiscuously through the wagon, and I thought it would be nice and convenient to have a mess-box. So, the morning that we started back for camp we passed by a neat little *adobe* house, and we stopped to ask the man for his doors, to make a mess-box. There was no one about, so we took off the only two doors and drove on. Dave, with all his Methodist Episcopal modesty,—which he had forgotten to leave at home,—said it was not *right* to take the doors; but I told him that I was a member of the Colorado State Board of Equalization; and a house without doors was still better than doors without a house. This was downright hunter's logic.

We camped at Butte Creek for the night, and in the evening we worked up the doors. We made a cupboard three feet high, as *wide* as the wagon-bed, and fourteen inches deep; and then boxed and shelved it to suit our needs, leaving a space to the right large enough for a fifty-pound sack of flour, and in the bottom of the cupboard a space for the bread-pan, oven, frying-pan, etc.

The rest was partitioned off in smaller spaces for pepper, salt, baking-powder, etc. Then, taking out the end-gate, we set the cupboard in the back part of the wagon and passed the bed-rods through it, and it was fastened. We then made a door large enough to cover the face of the cupboard, and with the hinges that we had saved from the doors hinged it to the bottom of the wagon-bed; and making a latch to the top of the cupboard, with a piece of calf-hide and a pin, the box was neatly finished. I then cut off a stick the height of the bottom of the wagon-bed, and wiring it to the door where it was latched, the thing was completed. The lid could be unlatched, and, coming down, it would rest upon the stake, and there was a table, and everything in the mess-chest was clean and handy. This arrangement was so splendid that a broad grin came over Dave's face in *spite* of his *conscience.*

The next morning we arose and started for Bear Creek, reaching it just at sunset. Wishing to give our team as much range as possible without leaving them entirely free (and having no hobbles), we took a picket-rope about thirty feet long and tied one end around each horse's

neck. We thought they would hardly stray far from camp; and after watching them for a while, and discovering that they never both took a notion to go the same way, we felt that they were secure, and after supper lay down for the night. The weather was warm, the evening was beautiful, and our sleep was sweet. At daylight I arose to look for the horses. I went among the hills and upon the highest bluffs, and peered in every direction; but there was not a horse in sight. We tried to track them, but they had no *shoes* on, and their tracks could not be distinguished from those of the wild herds. After hunting among the hills and down the ravines until noon, we concluded that they must have gone back to the railroad to tell the fellow who took his doors. We had left the riding ponies at the camp upon the Cimaron, and we were now left afoot. We had turned them upon the north side of the creek, and not being able to find where they had crossed over to the south, our suspicion was strengthened; and taking a few biscuits in our pockets, with compass in hand, we struck northward across the thirty-mile stretch of dry plains for Butte Creek. We had nothing to carry water in, and a pint of brandy was all we took to drink.

The afternoon was very warm, and the sand was burning hot. The brandy tasted like *sugar-water*, and was gone before we had traveled five miles. We became very dry when we were about midway; but the dwellings and shade trees were very scarce in that country, and we were compelled to stand it. One of my boots rubbed a great blister upon my heel, and I pulled the boot off and went barefooted. The foot soon became sore upon the scorching sand, and tearing a sleeve from my hunting-coat I tied it around my foot for a moccasin. All animals range along the *water*, feeding out from five to eight miles; and there were several miles of our journey upon which there was not an animal or insect, and the country was level as a floor. We sat down now and then to rest; but it was a rather *uncomfortable* rest. We were compelled to walk very *rapidly* to reach water that night; and as we rushed along, the bright sun and the heat that curled from the hot sand almost blinded us.

Once, while we were sitting down, we saw something that looked like horses far to the north, and taking our glass we fully convinced ourselves that we were right; for we could

plainly see them walking along tied together. We kept our eyes upon them, and in two hundred yards we came upon two old *buffalo bones*, which the *mirage* had loomed up into large objects. We then saw how mirage could deceive, especially when aided by imagination.

The *walk* would have been nothing if we could have had *water;* but I tell you we were pretty well dried out when a little after *sunset* we came among the Bear Creek hills. A little stream came crystalling down from a spring away up in the bluff; and after drinking of its beautiful waters and taking a good wash, we looked around for the horses, knowing that if they had struck the creek they would not leave the water for *several hours* at least. Anxious to intercept their further travel to the north, we went up and down the creek by the moonlight for several miles; but no horses.

We came upon an old picket *cow-ranch* among the hills, and concluded to stop there until morning. We were met at the door by three or four skunks, which in spite of our friendly salute opened a double-barrel fire upon us with their heads the other way. They were very obstinate, and we were compelled to kill them. We then

had control of the shanty, which smelled like a reservoir of cologne for the rest of the night. There was a little stone fireplace in one end of the house, and we built a fire to keep away the wolves and skunks. We had no *blankets*, but were doing very well, when about eleven o'clock the wind arose and it turned cold. We then needed a fire; but the little trees were mostly *green*, and there was no *loose wood*, and we had no *ax*. There were two holes for windows and a big place for a door, and these being open the cold wind went howling through our house like a breeze from the north pole. The house was made with poles put in the ground close together, and we began at the door to tear out the posts for fuel. The wind blew colder and colder, and toward morning a light snow fell. There was very little of the *house left* when the morning dawned, and we could not help thinking of the man along the Arkansas who was living in the house that belonged to our doors. We had not seen any *game*, so a biscuit was our breakfast. We felt *first-rate*, but one of my feet being one blister from heel to toe, and the other terribly *rubbed*, a long walk was to me a little disagreeable; and I determined to patronize the first shoe-maker I crossed.

The morning was very cool, and we thought it best for Dave to return to the wagon at Bear Creek, and I would go to the *river;* and if our team had not come up there I was to buy another and return. I had torn the sleeves from my coat, and Dave had given me a large handkerchief. With these I wrapped my feet; but they were so terribly sore and swelled that I could scarcely stand. Dave dashed to the south with his compass in one hand and his rifle in the other, and I hobbled to the north. I broke myself two *canes;* and after I got warmed up I flew rapidly along, and came into Granada at nine o'clock. I found out that *day* that our horses had not *been seen;* so in the evening I bought two good ponies, and in the morning started for Bear Creek. A little before sunset I came among the hills, and struck the creek a mile below the wagon. On my way up I came upon Dave in a deep ravine, roasting a piece of a deer he had killed. I brought a quart of *pepper-sauce* along down from Granada, and this, with a good square mess of roast venison, made us feel first-rate. We sat around the fire talking and chatting and broiling venison most of the night; and there was not much of the deer-

saddle left in the morning. We then hooked up our ponies; and though they were a little *wild*, we went prancing along for the Cimaron. We came into camp at sunset and found the boys well, but very *uneasy* lest we had lost our compass and become bewildered, or had been cut off by the Indians. We had exchanged teams, and had a great deal of promiscuous experience since we parted; and this, with the story of the cupboard, furnished enough narrative with which to interest John and Charles the greater part of the night. Charles said it was all right to take the *doors* if there were no *ready-made cupboard* in the house; otherwise, it was a sin (in Colorado). We spread our blankets and lay down late in the night, and slept sweetly. We arose at the dawning of the morn, and after a good mess of buffalo-meat, with nice warm biscuits, we went out in the soft morning air. As we stood upon the hill-side at the river's edge, the zephyrs fanned us like the breath of heaven; and the sun, as it rolled from the eastern sky, appeared to us more majestic than ever before. Away down the valley we could see the buffaloes feeding upon the rich pasture; and upon the brow of a hill to the

south were two large wolves, feasting upon an antelope they had just killed. In our native Ohio we had seen the buffalo behind the strong high fence, and the wolf in the iron cage; but here they were with their wild neighbors in the garden of nature, ruminating in the free, open air. The scene was *striking;* and it was all *natural;* the hand of man had not figured there; and though far from civilization, we felt happy, and the Cimaron waters appeared to smile upon us as they hurried by.

We spent a few days in exploring the surrounding country, and went far up and down the river acquainting ourselves with the hills and valleys.

The *hide* season was now here, and being well *prepared*, we expected to take many a pelt, and have lots of sport. We had prepared ourselves with a great many little pegs, and with these we pinned to the ground, flesh side up, the hides that we gathered, until the hill-side in front of our door was pretty well covered. Every now and then we met a *brother hunter* upon the plains; and with him we had many a pleasant chat, and learned the history of the country from the present back through many

years. It is interesting to listen to the tales of the old hunters who roamed the wild prairie thirty years ago, and who have ever since neighbored with wild animals and savages, and reaped a livelihood from the western wilds. They say that many years ago, when they first came to the country, if a person were upon a slight elevation when the herd was passing by, the valley would be covered with buffaloes as far as the eye could reach, rendering the whole country a dark, moving mass, and compelling the Forty-niners *en-route* for California to stop over for whole days, until the herd crossed over. Though there were small herds of *thirty* and *forty* moving in *all directions*, the *main herd* moved in a body, and unlike cattle, kept closely together. Before the time of *railroads* through the West, they used to hunt all winter and dry the hides, and haul them east in the *spring*, making large profits. But when the Kansas Pacific, Union Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroads were built, the buffaloes were very plenty; and meat being in good demand, and having an outlet for the shipment of hides, great numbers of hunters swarmed the prairie, and the slaughter of the animal was wholesale. Good

robe hides then being worth four and five dollars, the animal, rich and delicious, and for which many a poor eastern family would be thankful, after being stripped of its winding-sheet, was left to decay in the sun or be devoured by the howling wolves. They say they used to lie down upon the prairie and *shoot;* and the longer they shot, and the more they killed, the thicker they came around; and they often found it necessary to get out of the way to keep themselves from being trampled into the earth. In this way they were slaughtered by thousands. The number became rapidly reduced, until to-day the main herd consists of but a few thousands, and small herds of twenty and thirty wander here and there, reclining upon the soft plain and nipping the rich grass from the hills that once echoed the bellowings of the innumerable herd. The great numbers spoken of somewhat startled us, and sounded more like a *fable* than a *pleasant story;* but when we traveled over the plains and saw sometimes fifty and sixty skeletons almost on a *heap*, and whole *acres* almost *covered* with *bones* whitening in the sun, and sometimes being able to jump from one buffalo-head to another for several hundred yards (especially in the

Republican Valley), we were persuaded to believe what we were told.

Upon reflection, it seems a *sin* that these animals were shot down in such great numbers only for the *pelts*, and so much of the best meat in the world left to waste in the sun or be devoured by the wild, carnivorous animals of the prairie; but the *truth is*, no cattle or sheep could be raised or any use made of the country so long as these mighty herds continued to trample it. The hunters say they used to start out in the morning without a cent in their pockets, and at night they would often have pelts enough, together with the meat they found sale for along the railroad, to pay them seventy-five or one hundred dollars, which they would gamble and drink away before morning, very often. "Ah!" say they, "we have been here *many years*, and have spent many a fortune in the vile dens so numerous in the West; but the great herds have now almost faded away, and instead of having plenty, as we might have, we are now poor men, wandering over the plains for a living."

It used to be very dangerous to be in the way when they were upon a stampede, for they were as irresistible as the ocean wave; and it is said

that more than one outfit, *horses and all*, has been trod into the dust by the trampling thousands that made the valleys roar. But stampedes have for some years ceased to be very dangerous, and buffalo-hunting has for some time been a *science*, and is practiced as follows: A person or company, with teams, saddle-ponies, ammunition, and provisions, go out to where the buffaloes range, and there make a head-quarter camp,—usually a dug-out, for timber is scarce,—and there unload. When the herd is killed and frightened away from camp, one or two stay in camp to watch over what is left there and the rest start out with wagons in the following order: The hunter has a big cartridge-rifle,—usually a one-hundred-grain Sharpe, or one hundred and twenty grains, which is called a big fifty,—fifty caliber. These guns weigh from twelve to eighteen pounds, and carry from a mile and a half to two miles. He also has a large belt, with loops to hold forty or fifty cartridges, and a good knife. One man usually does the *shooting* for the outfit, though two sometimes go together. The skinner or skinners, with ammunition, beds, and provisions, follow with the wagon or wagons, and keep just

in sight of the hunter. When he sees a herd he crawls and creeps until he is within shooting distance, and fires down the leader. The herd will not fly without a leader; and until they have a new one selected he is again *ready*, and downs *him*. Watching his chances, and being a *good shot*, in this way he sometimes succeeds in getting down fifty or sixty buffaloes. One man said he one time shot down one hundred and sixty in one stand. When the blood begins to flow freely the herd becomes very much *excited;* and while horning the wounded ones and pawing in the blood, with tails lashing the air, and almost deafening you with their bellowing, it is enough to terrify an inexperienced hunter. And any person who has *been there*, I assure you, will make himself just as scarce as possible on such occasions; for a wounded buffalo is very dangerous. When the herd leaves,—from the hunter ceasing to fire, or making a mis-shot,—the *skinners* come up and go to work, and the hunter follows up the herd on foot and takes down one here and there, and tries for another stand, which depends very much upon his skill as a hunter. Sometimes this chase is kept up all day, and the hunter has no success until

about *sundown*, when they have become somewhat used to the crack of the rifle, and being tired and hungry they slacken up; and while fighting the wounded ones the hunter gets in a few good shots, and right there loads his wagons. When the wagons are well loaded they start for camp to unload the hides and stretch them out to dry. Several hundred hides being sometimes stretched out at one camp, it presents quite an attractive scene. When the hides are *dry*, they are put in piles of ten apiece, and staked and tied down. In the spring they are hauled to market.

Sometimes the meat is jerked, which is done as follows: The hump, shoulder-clods, and saddles are the only parts used. This meat is cut in strips as thick as a man's wrist, and after being seasoned is hung upon wooden racks in the sun, and a slow fire built under it to smoke; and in about two days it is jerked. This meat can be taken to the *mountains* in the spring and sold readily for fifteen and twenty cents per pound. This is the way it is done; and when the herd changes its range, as it often does, you must then pull up and follow, and again locate; though you can hunt from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles around one camp.

There is now another hunt; and that is the wolf-hunt. This is done with strychnine. When you first come into a country (before there are so many carcasses), just kill an antelope or buffalo, and while the meat is warm cut out several hundred baits, an inch square, perforate them and put in a little of the poison, and give the meat a little rubbing. Now put the baits in a sack, and after tying one end of your picket-rope to the horn of your saddle and the other end round a large piece of the meat, start upon a six or eight mile circle around the carcass, dragging the fresh meat, and dropping a bait every one hundred yards. In *some parts* of the plains, especially along little waters, the wolves and skunks are very numerous; and after sunset they can be heard howling in every direction, and they hurry to the newly-spilled blood. When they strike the circle where the meat has been dragged they will start around upon it, picking up the baits, and dropping at about the second. In the morning the hunter mounts his pony and starts round his circle, skinning the wolves and skunks, and often has a pony-load of pelts from wolves, skunks, badgers, swifts, etc. The wolf-hides are worth two dollars and fifty

cents apiece, and the bounty is from fifty cents to five dollars a head—according to the county. Skunks are worth forty-five cents, and badger and swift hides are worth forty cents apiece. There is much to be made at this business; and being well prepared for the full catalogue of prairie sports, we cast our baits and shot our game.

We had very *comfortable quarters* upon the Cimaron, and the game was also plenty here. The country upon either side of the river, for a half mile to the north and south, was very rough; and in these deep gulches and pretty ravines many a buffalo, deer, and antelope breathed out his last.

Just after twilight one night in December we were all in camp at head-quarters when a great light to the north attracted our attention. The whole northern sky suddenly turned red, and the heavens were lighted up as with the lightning's glare. Brighter and brighter it grew until the sight was grand beyond all description. The very air began to turn warm, and the gale that blew from the north brought with it great clouds of smoke. At length the forked tongues of the flames began to dart up from behind the

Bear Creek bluffs, thirty miles away, and soon the whole country, as far as the eye could reach

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

to the west and far to the east, was in a flame. The grass was thick and tolerably high, and the

flames rolled over the level prairie like a tide upon the ocean and with mighty velocity. We set fire to the grass upon the south side of the river, and with a roar it disappeared over the hills. We then rushed our teams and wagons across the stream upon the burned space and watched the oncome. The thirty miles were skimmed in a short time, and buffaloes, deer, antelopes, and wolves came in a tumultuous throng, howling and bellowing, with the fire close in the rear. On came the conflagration, leaping, whizzing, and roaring like thunder; and it was a sight to see the animals plunge precipitately into the stream. Now and then an old, shaggy wolf would be outrun by the flames, and when the *hair* began to singe such howling was never heard. The heat was so intense that but *few* animals got through the blaze alive, and *they* were left in the hot ashes, and came out pretty well singed and sore. The cattle of the vicinity ran frantic in every direction, and some were suffocated. Our rich, golden range was now blackened; and there was no pasture in the surrounding country except the short, green grass in the valley. We were now compelled to follow the animals to the land of pasture. The

cow-men and hunters turned out, and the fire was extinguished in the sand-hills of New Mexico, but a few miles to the south of us. This was the first real prairie-fire we had yet seen, and it being at night added greatly to its splendor.

It is a penitentiary offense in that country to *willfully* fire the prairie, and the stock-men seldom make much court expense when the scoundrel is found. Their proceedings are very summary, and the prisoner is never again guilty of the same offense—in this world. The *Indians* often do it to destroy the *pasture* in other quarters and drive the game to *their grounds;* and for it many a red-skin has soared to the happy hunting-ground upon the wings of death.

It is unlawful for white men to kill more meat in the Indian Territory than just what is needed for *immediate use*, under penalty of the confiscation of all they have. This is watched over by the *government authorities* stationed there. However, the fire had not reached the territory, and there were great herds of *buffaloes* upon their rich pasture; and we cautiously made this part our range.

Our first trip after the fire was to the east. So, fixing that cupboard in the wagon, and taking enough flour for biscuits for several days, we left Dave and John in camp, and Charles and myself wound down the green valley for the unburned regions. In about five miles we came upon pasture, and camped for the night upon the river-bank, full twenty-five miles from head-quarters. This brought us about to the Kansas line. It was a beautiful night, and almost as light as day. The wolves were so numerous and bold that we were compelled to sleep by the fire, and about twelve o'clock they came *into* the very camp and tackled the big blood-hound that we always had with the wagon. Unfortunately for *one* of the trespassers, old Lee sunk his fangs into his neck and never loosed his hold until he was dead. The horses were frightened *all night;* and Charles said he expected we were just upon the spot where the whole d——n pack slept every night. We stripped off several pelts in the morning; and when the sun was high we started north for the ten-mile arroyo of which we had heard old hunters speak. We had only gone a little way when we met an old bull coming quietly down a ravine toward the river; and

after riding to the top of a hill and finding no herd to be near, I concluded to give him a chase. I got within a quarter of a mile of him, when he saw me and started back north. This was a sign of a herd; and knowing that if he would reach it he would stampede the whole herd, I rode upon him with all the speed that my mustang could summon. He was a *perfect racer;* but in spite of his efforts I came alongside of him, and the second ball from my Smith & Wesson stretched him struggling upon the earth with a bullet through his lungs. When the wagon came up we skinned him and took the meat we wanted and drove on, expecting soon to come upon a herd. The breaks of Ten-Mile Creek began to ruffle the smooth surface, and we saw a small bunch of buffaloes feeding in a gulch. We came into a narrow, deep ravine, and through this we drove the *team*, cautiously circling to the north. I crawled to the top of the ravine among the high grass, and there, not more than three hundred yards from me, was a herd of at least two thousand, some ruminating, and some feeding upon a high table-land about half a mile in diameter, and which was nearly surrounded by the deep ravine we were in. It was now near *sun-*

down, and after carefully circling the herd, we camped upon the west and to the leeward of them. After carefully fastening the horses, and commanding *Lee* to stay with the wagon, we crawled up among the grass for action. They were just two hundred yards off and we were ready, and the battle opened with the roar of two *one-hundred-grain* guns. My animal came to its knees with a broken shoulder, and Charley's dropped in its tracks without a struggle. After a few rounds we had the blood started freely, and the cracking of the rifles was drowned in the mighty bellowing. We crept up closer and closer, until Charles darted behind the bull that he had first shot, intending to use him for a rest. We were fifty yards apart, and at the first shot that Charles took from his new fort, he was surprised to see the bull spring to his feet and make fight. His gun was empty and the bull was loaded; and seeing his chances in this unequal combat, he grabbed the bull by the tail and held on for dear life. They flew around the circle at the rate of ninety revolutions per minute; the bull bellowing and frothing, and Charles flying around with his bare head, calling out to me to shoot the bull. It was

so darned *funny* to see a buffalo and a man waltz together that I could not do anything for laughing. I knew very well that the hind end of a buffalo was not *dangerous*, and I was just as sure that Charley would never let go of the tail. So I stood there for several minutes enjoying the circus. Charles drew out his big knife and tried to strike him in the heart; but he was at the wrong end for that, and his gouging only made the bull the more furious. At length Charley began to swing his partner a little slower, and having worked down into the ravine, the bull spied the wagon and made toward it with great fury. Charles called out for *Lee*, and with a dash and a snap he had his teeth firmly fastened in the nose of the bull. Charles was now relieved; and quickly thrusting a cartridge into his gun he lay the bull bleeding upon the ground. All this time I had been rolling upon the grass *laughing;* and at this moment I heard a bellow and a loud snort, and looking around I saw a wounded buffalo within a few jumps of me. The tail was the *other way*, and knowing my chances to be few, I grabbed my rifle, and resting upon my knee, I let him come so close that I could see his eyes bat,—knowing the

skull to be very thick,—and fired. The ball pierced the mighty skull, and the blood spurted as he plunged forward dead. I looked out from behind the hill to see if Charley was preparing to shoot me when I came in; and when I saw him sitting upon the wagon fanning himself with his hat, I ventured up. He commenced on me in the Colorado dialect; but he was *puffing* and *blowing*, and having the *advantage* of him I did the talking to suit myself. I told him I thought any person who had the power to *raise the dead* ought to be able to *kill it* again; and besides, he slung the bull around so darned fast that I could not shoot with safety.

Well, the darkness began to thicken all over the country, and we concluded not to shoot any more that night. We found an old *well* in the ravine, and dug it several feet deeper, but found no water. From what we had heard *hunters* say, we expected to find *water* here, and had brought none along, so that ours that night was a dry camp. We skinned and cut up four of the buffaloes that night, and taking some of the fresh meat we heated it up a little in the frying-pan, leaving the juice in it; and a supper of this did *very well*, so we retired for the night. The

wolves were howling in every direction, and hurrying to the fresh blood; and the snorting and bellowing of the buffaloes could be heard away in the night. Up to twelve o'clock there was not a cloud in the sky; but at that time a purple veil was drawn across the heavens almost as quick as thought, and the wind began to blow cold. We had a *good bed*, and placing two of our green hides upon the ground flesh sides together, we built upon them, and in spite of the cold kept comfortable.

Toward morning the gale *increased*, and at daylight we were in the midst of a *blizzard*. This is a *heavy gale* in which sharp ice, as fine as salt, falls so thickly that you can not see two feet ahead; and it is not safe to leave camp twenty steps without a rope around the waist. We were in a deep ravine; and having tied the horses to the wagon they were somewhat sheltered; then throwing a robe over the *dog*, we lay quietly in our snug bed. The tempest raged and roared over the plain all that day, and the snow fell, more or less, continually. Twilight began to gather, and the storm was still howling. We had nothing to eat that day, but we had quenched our thirst with snow and felt very

well. Morning came, and it was yet too cold to live; and the blizzard had renewed its fury. We had brought a little *corn* along, to feed in a *pinch;* but this was a bigger pinch than we had *bargained for*, and our horses began to look pretty hollow. About noon the snow ceased falling; but the wind was as cold as ice and past all endurance. At sundown we crawled from our retreat, and found the snow a foot in depth over all the prairie. We shoveled it away from the side of a ledge, and trimming down a few hackberry bushes that grew upon the side of a bluff, we started a fire. They were green, and burned very *poorly;* but the *buffalo-chips* were all covered, and it was the best we had. Our meat was like stone; and for supper we chopped it off with the ax. We did not *fry* it much, but it was good any how. We also melted a little *snow* for the *horses*, and after giving them the last corn we had, we crept into bed.

In the morning the wind had lulled and a thick fog hung like night over the face of the plain. We could not see each other fifty yards away. We thought it necessary, under the circumstances, to make for head-quarters, and leave to the *wolves* the six buffaloes that we had not *skinned*, and which were now like stones.

Having broken our compass in bed, and the two buttes in southern Colorado—which guide the hunters and herders of the country—being hidden in the mist, we were left with our unaided ability to steer our way. We took the Indian way of *ranging objects* on ahead; but the snow was deep and the objects few, and about *nine o'clock* we came across the track of an outfit which, from the number of *horse-tracks* and the *dog's trail*, we knew to be our own. Well, we followed it back, and soon came into the old camp and stopped for the night.

In the morning it was clear, and the sun shone out brightly; and the reflection almost blinded us as we went along. The team was very lank, and worried slowly through the snow. About noon we came into the Cimaron valley, and after watering, plodded on without unhitching. At sundown we saw smoke coming from the hill-side away up the valley, but in spite of our efforts it was dark when we came in. There were plenty of provisions and lots of fuel, and we had a social that night. It took Charles a long time to relate his experience with the *buffalo*, and the boys plagued him a great deal about trying to kill a bull with its own tail.

The next morning the sun again arose in a cloudless sky and darted his warm rays upon the face of the snow-covered plain, and the white veil soon melted away. It took the horses several days to recruit, and the short, green grass in the valley filled them out slowly. We pegged our green hides in the sun to dry; and having a load of saddles, humps, and tongues, we prepared to take a trip to the *Arkansas*.

One pretty morning John and myself started with the load, and left *Dave* and *Charles* in camp. We stopped at Bear Creek for the night; and directly after striking camp we had our attention attracted to a singular-looking object upon the side of the bluff away down the creek. We took out the glass, and it looked like a roll of buffalo-hides. After supper we picketed the horses, and taking our rifles, we strolled down the creek to investigate the curious object. Coming up to it we found it to be a buffalo-hide rolled up; and peeping in at one end we saw a man. The hide was taken from an old bull, and was almost an *inch thick;* and being frozen, it was as much as we could do to cut him from his narrow prison-walls. He was a *middle-aged* man, and was almost exhausted; but we took him to

the fire and gave him to eat, and then heard his story. He said he was a cow-man from *Texas*, and had been to Granada and was returning when he was ingulfed in a furious blizzard a few miles north of Bear Creek. He said he had but two blankets, and having no *matches*, he knew he must perish; and happening to see a stray *bull* among the hills, he rode on to him and shot him, and concluded to take the hide to *wrap* himself in. His horse broke loose while he was skinning the bull, and he was left alone; so, spreading the hide upon the ground, fur side down, he spread the two blankets upon it, and then lay himself upon them and rolled up tightly. The green hide *froze*, and he was as securely incased as though he were within a steel boiler. He had been there *five days;* and being behind the bluff the sun had not reached and softened the hide. He said he had kept *comfortable*, with the exception of his *feet*, and with them he had suffered a great deal. Upon investigation, they were both found to be *frozen;* and we took him to Las Animas to the *doctor*, who amputated them both at the instep. He often said that a man without toes was better than *no man*, that he surelywould have perished had he not

captured the buffalo, and that, if we had not found him, a few days later the hide would have been his grave.

We found ready sale for our meat, and were soon steering again for the Cimaron. We came across *several* outfits, each of which had been more or less frozen in the late blizzard. Some had lost fingers, and others toes; and we heard of one *whole outfit of three men*, north of the Arkansas, freezing to death. *We* were not in the *least* injured, and we congratulated ourselves upon our being prepared with a *good bed.*

We came in sight of camp about *sundown*, and riding ahead and seeing no one about the camp, I concluded to *try* the boys; so, riding up over the hill, I came down upon the dug-out with a *whoop*, and fired several shots from my six-shooter as I circled to the east, and lying flat upon the pony I shot down a ravine just in front of the dug-out, my back being all that could be seen. Whiz! went a bullet just over my *backbone;* and I was satisfied that the boys were not *asleep*, and that they could *shoot* pretty well too. So I dismounted at a place in the gulch where my horse was hidden, and taking a white handkerchief I raised it to view to try the boys; but

white flag or no white flag, the two old black gun-barrels lay up alongside of the cave door, and there was no such thing as a *flag of truce* taking them down. I was a hundred yards off, and I swear I was afraid to put up my head to make myself known. At length they saw the *team* coming, and knowing my *disposition*, they then mistrusted that it was me in the ravine. When I was sure that the boys knew who I *was*, I mounted my poney and rode into camp. The boys acknowledged that I had completely *deceived* them, and that they took me for an *Indian* riding down there to draw them out, and then a whole band would fire upon them from every hill. Dave said he had done his finest to hit me on the wing, but he could see nothing but my *back*, and that went down the ravine as swift as a cork over the cataract of Niagara, and he supposed he shot wild. I told him that he did very well, and I would not like him to do better upon like occasions. Charley said he would like to have cut a *suspender* off anyhow, just to give me some caution.

We hunted for many miles around, including north-eastern New Mexico and the "pan-handle" of Texas. We had the hill-side covered with

hides for some distance; and game becoming scarce, we concluded to pile up our hides and load up our outfit and start for other quarters. We followed the Cimaron down into *Kansas;* and just before we went into the *territory* we came on to a large herd of buffaloes, and killed enough to load our wagon with *hides*, leaving the rich, delicious meat to the wolves. We followed the river into the territory, and one evening a government officer with three men came out from Salt Springs to our camp; for we had been reported killing buffaloes in the territory. The officer rode up insultingly, and without any questions began to abuse us and call us *trespassers* and *thieves*, and said he had a great mind to upset the wagon and burn every hide we had. We told him we had not killed the buffaloes in the *territory*. But he continued his abuse; and thinking it about *our time* to talk, and being four against four, we told him we had *enough talk* now, and we wanted to see him burn the hides. We were well prepared; and seeing his position, he rode off with his men—I suppose partially convinced that a star upon the breast of an abusive scoundrel does not enable him to ride over honest men.

It was now getting late in the season, and we concluded to haul our hides to market and travel over the south during the summer. We left the outfit at the *dug-out*, and two stayed with it and the other two hauled hides. We took up two full loads, and had as many more as we could haul with the outfit the third trip. We shipped them to Kansas City and sold them well, and struck a rich dividend. We camped up and down the Arkansas, fishing and occasionally shooting a deer among the brush along the river, and spending some time moving in the refined society of the valley, and now and then staying a little late conversing with the cultured daughters of the ranchmen. We spent many pleasant days and evenings thus; and after trimming up the outfit carefully, and laying in a good supply of ammunition and such eatables as we supposed would be needed on our trip, we were ready to start again for southern sights.

CHAPTER IV.

Summer Trip Through the South—Indian Agencies—Canadian River—Lion Fight—Red River—Double Mountain—Staked Plains—Pecos River—Indian Skirmish—Santa Fe, New Mexico—Return to the Arkansas Valley—Description of the Plains—Mirage—Dangers of the Prairie—Wild Horses and How Captured—Creasing Animals.

When the April sun of 1878 was high in the heavens, we bid farewell to our valley friends and wound merrily down the river. The *green grass* had begun to show itself, and the valley was *lovely;* and the little birds sported and sung in the bushes and little trees along the river-banks. As the houses became more and more numerous, we began to realize that we were going *east* to where *somebody lived.* Following the river on down, we passed through the *Creek* and *Cherokee* agencies, and also the *Chocktaw* country, and were very much interested in our Indian observations. The *Cherokees* are far advanced in civilization, and are *by far* the most intelligent tribe.

They have *school-houses,* and *churches,* and pretty villages; and some have carpet upon

their floors. They appear to *enjoy* their new mode of living, and take pride in their pretty homes. I may also state that there are some very *pretty girls* among them. All the agency lands that we passed through were the best that the sun ever warmed. Though Uncle Sam reaches forth his bountiful hand whenever the weakest red man asks, most of the tribes appear restless; and though there is much game in the territory, and notwithstanding that they are let out of the agency once a year to hunt over the wide wild country, their eyes are restless, their faces itch for the war-paint, and they long to sally forth beneath the white-eagle plume, to ring the valleys with their wild war-whoop, and wash the hatchet in the white man's blood. The farming implements furnished them are left to rust, and they indolently exist upon the nation's bounty.

Every Indian nation in the United States to-day, who will *receive* them, have *beautiful* reservations, which are the very *gardens of the Union;* and their every want is most *bounteously* supplied. The only tribes that are to-day *suffering* are those who will not *receive* from the hand of plenty. But in *spite* of all this, there are some

of the tribes breaking from their agencies every few months and committing their bloody outrages, which boil a human's blood; and the *clemency* of the Government is exhibited by its capturing the murderers and placing them back upon their homes, giving them new blankets and rifles, and telling them not to do so again,—*sometimes* giving them a *trial*, but rarely giving them the *deserved penalty*. Persons seated in their comfortable *mansions* in the land from whence savagedom has long since been driven, and where the protecting arm of *civilization* is thrown around them, are prone to speak of the *poor Indian* eking out a miserable livelihood from the western deserts and barren mountains, and continually persecuted and provoked by the cruel *white man*, only waiting for an opportunity to kill them off. *Oh, fie!* Go see what *I* have seen, and learn the *truth*, and your sympathies will be banished by *bitter scorn*. Go see the poor emigrant, who has taken his little family to a new home in the sundown land, shot down at his labor and scalped in the furrow, his dear wife and innocent babes *crushed with the hatchet*, their blood spilled upon the cabin floor, and their brains spattered against the wall. Go ex-

perience realities, and have your all and dearest on earth torn from you, and hear their heart-

THEIR CRUELTY.

rending cries as they are carried off by savage demons, and see how the red devils can *mock*

mercy and torture *helpless innocence;* and if the fire within your bosom does not kindle and you do not say that the devils *have it only too good,* there must be little soul within. God knows that *I* would be the last to mention *violence;* but I have seen decency outraged and sweet infancy tortured, and have witnessed *so many sickening sights* that my blood boils whenever I think of them and my right arm twitches for vengeance. The first tribe that starts a war should be made *an example* of, and the last wretch laid low; then outbreaks would be fewer. As it is, there is continually trouble all along the frontier, and no man is safe. If the Government would only empower a company of *cow-boys* and *hunters* to pursue them when out on the war-path, there would be less damage and severer *reprimands;* but until the soldiers capture them, with their blue ribbon and military maneuvers, the devils have done all the mischief they want to do and are ready to surrender.

The Indians all *appear friendly;* but a chance is all that is wanted to place your scalp bleeding upon a pole while they sing their bloody songs around it. It is their nature.

> "And as long as his skin is rough and red,
> His cruel heart is the devil's bed."

We followed the river to its junction with the Canadian. This is a most splendid country. Here God again does the raining, and no irrigation is needed. The agencies are the same. We then concluded to go up the Canadian to the west. It was not long, however, until we had left the rich farming country and were again upon the dry, sandy wilderness. The country for some distance upon either side of the river is intensely rough, rocky, barren, and sandy. Great herds of cattle range along the river and up and down all its tributaries. As we went to the west trees grew few and scrubby and dwarf-bushes grew among the rocks and bluffs, and little streams of clear water came tumbling down over the rocks from the springs away under the barren hills. We often thought of the mountains as we wound along, and we thought we must be near the jumping-off place. We killed several deer and antelopes among the hills, and saw some strange-looking tracks in the sand at the water.

Early one pretty morning, as we were strolling up the ravines in search of game, I noticed Charles stop suddenly, and dropping behind a rock he beckoned me to him. He pointed up

the river to where some bushes were shaking; and crawling closer, by the aid of our glass we found it to be a large lion feasting upon the carcass of a deer. We crept away, and after gathering the other boys we held a council and determined to *tackle* him, let come what would. We cautiously crept along under rocks and brush until we were within one hundred and fifty yards of him, when he *spied* us, and uttering a loud roar, crouched low upon his prey. Now was our time; so, resting my rifle upon a rock, I deliberately fired. He was almost hidden in the brush, and I struck him in the shoulder. He uttered a terrible roar, and bounded toward us with his shattered blade. We had shrunk from the lion *behind the bars;* but, my Lord, here we were in the same *cage* with him, and no chance to shrink. I tell you, a lion can jump like *thunder* with *three legs;* and he came directly at *me.* The boys were flanked upon either side, and they were to reserve their loads until he was near enough to be sure. I waited until I could see his eyes bat, and he was about to make his last spring, and then pulled; but, great God! the cartridge failed. I dodged behind a large rock, and as he sprung down over my

head, with his powerful paws extended and his great claws protruding like bayonets, his low growl sounded like the voice of hell; and though things looked a little *cloudy*, I never conceded for *one moment* that I was ever created for lion-meat. The blood-hound sprung forward and sunk his huge teeth into his hind leg; but he was no more to the infuriated animal than a gad-fly would be to a buffalo, and before I could shove a new cartridge home he was again crouched to spring, when the boys rushed forward, and, with the muzzles of their rifles so close that the hair was singed, sent three well-directed balls grinding through his body. The shots all went near the heart, and he never arose from the earth, but rolled over upon his side, and with a low, gurgling groan, trembled and died. It was *sport, all through;* but I enjoyed *this stage* of the proceedings better than any other. As he lay there, with his nine feet of power stretched upon the sand so closely to me that I could feel his dying-breath and touch his shaggy mane, I felt happy that he was dead. He was nine feet in length, and was the most powerful lion we had ever seen. Some of his teeth were two inches long; and after looking

carefully at the huge mouth and powerful jaws, I concluded that I was at one time nearer being lion-meat than I had before believed. The blood-hound stood proudly by, wagging his tail as though waiting for the praise for killing him. Poor fool! He was not as much as a gray-back in the folds of the shirt of a professional tramp. I felt very glad that I did not tackle the animal alone. We carefully examined every cartridge we had. Charles said if I could have caught the tail I might have gone to thunder and fought my own battle, like he did with the buffalo. We looked carefully around that day, expecting to find the mate; but we saw no more, and the next morning journeyed on.

When we were about the center of the territory we struck south for the Red River, which bounds the territory on the south. We struck the Washita River, Wild Horse Creek, and many other small streams, finding many cattle along every water, and game in all directions. Great herds of buffaloes were daily seen heading to the north. There being plenty of good water all along the route from the Canadian to the Red River, the journey was a *pleasant* one. The country of the Red River was rough as the

Canadian, and was good for naught but raising stock. We left the Red River and went down the Big Washita; and then on to the Brazos, and down its head-waters to the Double Mountain, Texas, which we had been told was the range of the main buffalo-herd of the south. The story was certainly correct, for they were here by the thousands; and not being nearly so wild as where we had hunted, it was no more to shoot a buffalo here than to kill a cow. The country was rough, and destitute of all but short grass; and though there were *cattle here*, they were not nearly so numerous as at *other places* where we had been. There was a little ranch now and then stuck in among the rocks—and one man stays in each; but they carry their lives in a *holy pocket* every day and night. They have become somewhat *reconciled* to this hermit-life, and do not give the danger its full weight. This is about as *wild* a country as lies within the borders of our *Union;* and if a person had the material, and were prepared, he could make crooked whisky here without molestation by the authorities.

We were now prepared to cross the *staked plains*, which had been reported to us as a

broad, dry, and barren country; that it required several days' journey to cross, upon which many persons had perished, and where, several years ago, a whole company of soldiers had been led by the Indians whom they were pursuing, and there became bewildered and died in this waterless region. We filled our barrel and three skins with water from a cool, crystal spring that bubbled from beneath a rock and headed the Colorado River, and steered due west for the Rio Pecos in New Mexico. The first night out we camped upon a dry, barren plain, level as a floor, and almost destitute of grass, all animation having disappeared. We traveled beneath the burning sun; and resting at night upon the broad couch of nature, we breathed the light, warm air. It was all the same in any direction, with no object to obstruct the vision, and not one cloud to dim the splendor of the setting sun. On the eve of the third day out our attention was attracted to some white objects upon the prairie ahead, and which, upon coming up, we found to be the skeletons of four men bleaching in the sun. The *thirsty reptile* had doubtless *strangled* them; and as we stood gazing upon the whitened forms, we thought of the agonies

of that last hour. They must have lain there for some years, for there was not even a vestige of else but the bones. They had undoubtedly cast away everything to hurry on; and when the weakest fainted, the others in their delirium sunk by his side, all determined to soar upon the same wings to the land beyond, where the crystal fountains are flowing freely.

The weather being so warm and the air so dry, our horses required *much water;* and though we could somewhat gauge *ourselves*, we were compelled to give them what they wanted. We were just as saving, however, as we *dared* be, and upon the morning of the fifth day out we tapped the last skin and the last water. This was just like mother's bread. When the flour is all gone and the horses have the epizooty so that no one can go to the mill, and the *boys* once find out the *facts* in the case, the last loaf is saturated with *honey*, and every one can make a meal upon *bread* and *coffee*. We stretched this out until noon on the *sixth day*, when there was but one gallon left, and that almost warm enough to cook eggs. Morning dawned, and the sun rolling from the horizon in all its grandeur had to us little attraction. Things be-

gan to look badly. Six days upon a plain level as a floor and dry as the internal regions, and not an object yet in sight, I tell you is a bad report. We had long been out of *corn;* and the grass being so scarce our horses were pretty well gaunted, and now no water. How long would they hold out? Just before we hooked up I took the field-glass and from the wagon surveyed the surroundings. Looking carefully to the west I saw broken country. Oh, joy! And when I spoke the boys shouted aloud. We knew that we were now safe, and we would sleep that night by the purple stream. The hills were a great way off, and if the horses could have known, as we did, that just ahead gurgled the life-giving stream, we would have spanned the journey in half the time. However, when within about a mile of the hills they appeared to smell water, and pointing their ears they sped hastily along. But in spite of our eagerness we came among the hills by the moonbeam's misty light. There was the stream, rippling clear and cool; and it is needless to say that was to us a merry night. We sat up all night talking of the dangers of the country, and contrasting the might of the *roaring lion* with the power of the *quiet monster, thirst.*

In the morning we took our rifles and started among the hills to get some *meat* for breakfast. We were not out long before Dave's rifle rung out sharply in the still morning air. Going to him, we found him with a large buck deer; and we had a splendid venison roast for breakfast. The country was very rough, and hung upon the edge of the plain like a great ruffle, and to the west tossing higher and higher. There were a few *buffaloes* here also. We stayed in this camp several days, living upon the best of meat, and recruiting our horses upon the rich grass of the valley. There were also a few *cattle* straggling along the river; and they were wilder than the *buffaloes*. We at length moved up the river and came among some dwarf timber; and to sit in the shade of these little trees was more pleasant to us than any other period of our lives. The *wolves* were very *numerous* here; and we were compelled to sleep by the fire every night to keep our clothes from being torn by these foul-mouthed creatures, who would howl within the very limits of our camp, and terrify our horses so that we had to tie them to trees with double ropes.

It is somewhat amusing to see them capture their game—sometimes taking down a large buf-

falo bull or even a wild horse. If the game is in a flock or herd, they cautiously surround it, and gradually round them up to close quarters. If they are antelope or deer, as they break through the guard several are usually captured; but if they are buffaloes, they watch for a calf to come to the outside of the bunch, and pop! they have him. Sometimes as many as twenty wolves surround a herd; and to see with what cuteness and tact they execute their work is interesting in the extreme. When they are very hungry they will tackle most any animal. They sport carelessly around until he is off his guard, and then dash upon him; and while some run at the head, the main aim is to cut the ham-string. I have seen large bulls disabled in this way and at the entire mercy of a pack of hungry wolves, who sometimes tear their satisfaction from the living animal and leave him struggling in his agonies. Their teeth are sharp and their jaws are like vices; and they sometimes snap a large piece out of an animal, and then let him run away.

New Mexico is noted for its *poisonous reptiles* and *insects*, such as rattlesnakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, etc., and finding them creeping

upon most every hill-side, we were compelled to be very *careful* lest we should tramp, sit, or lie upon some destructive stinger.

We had *two beds*, and John and myself slept together. One lovely moonlight night, after we had all retired, and my mind was resting upon the border of slumber, I was startled by John uttering a war-whoop and leaving the bed in a single leap. Being about half asleep, and thinking that perhaps the *devil* was under the cover, I did not take *time* to *rise*, but started to *roll;* and being near the bank of a little stream that emptied into the river, I never stopped rolling until I splashed into the water. I was then thoroughly awakened, and felt as though I was not afraid of the devil if he were there. The rest of the boys came to the rescue with their colors flying, and pulling off the covers we found two large *rattlesnakes* on John's side of the bed. They were swelled with rage and rattled furiously. We had never known them to crawl into a *bed.* After killing them, we moved the bed and found a hole in the ground under it. We then concluded that they were out when we lay down, and in trying to find the way back they got into the bed; and John hearing the

rattle left the bed just as the reptile was ready to strike. We were always careful after that never to build upon another's homestead.

The *centipede* is a brown-colored worm of about the thickness of a lead-pencil, and three inches in length when *full grown*. It has a great number of legs, and at the end of each a little black needle which is worked in and out at pleasure like a cat's claw. *These* are the *stings*, and whenever the worm is *crossed* it sinks them. The venom from the rattlesnake is not to be compared with its effect. When they are found upon the body, the only *safe* way is to be *perfectly motionless*, and not *disturb* them, and they will often crawl harmlessly away; but should the person *move* or *excite* them, they will sink their deadly claws and run across the person rapidly, and beyond all remedy the flesh will rot to the bone in a short time. I *once* saw the *effect* of a *sting*. We were one sunny day sitting with some greasers upon the shady side of an *adobe* house near Santa Fe, when a large *centipede* dropped from the roof of the house down upon the naked breast of one of them. He struck at it and tried to knock it off quickly as possible; but in spite of his efforts it ran clear across his

body, and in a few hours he died with his body terribly swelled. They are regarded the most deadly of all animals or insects in the West; and for the benefit of my *readers* who may sometime journey in their land, I would advise and pray that should one of these stingers get upon your body, be careful to not disturb it, for the *danger* is utter ruin.

The *tarantula* is a very large *spider*, with large, strong legs, and can jump four or five feet. It *bites* instead of *stings;* and though its bite is not *deadly* like the centipede's, it is nevertheless very *painful*, and swells the parts fearfully, *sometimes* resulting in death. They are a *peaceful* insect; but when *tormented* they become very angry, and will jump at their enemy in great fury. These two insects are very numerous in New Mexico, and it is very dangerous to sleep on the ground; and citizens are all the time cautious.

While speaking of poisonous *animals* and *insects*, I might also mention that the *skunk* out here is *also* very dangerous. They will come to your *bed* at *night* and bite you; and the bite has never been known to fail to produce *hydrophobia.* It is a question much discussed whether

it is the effect of the *general* skunk-bite, or whether there are just *certain ones* which are *themselves* afflicted with hydrophobia. The general *opinion* is, however, that any skunk's bite will produce the effect. The subject acts just as though bitten by a mad-dog, and it is said that there is no remedy when once bitten. I saw a man by the name of Jones, in Texas, die in the most horrible agony from a skunk-bite he had received away up in Nebraska eighteen months before. These skunks are in appearance like our eastern skunks; but whether they are equally *poisonous* I do not know. The cow-boys are always on the alert for skunks.

We moved on up the river; and one evening as I rode down a deep ravine a half mile north of camp I discovered smoke arising out of a deep gulch just below. I recognized it as an *Indian* fire. I tied my pony to a bush in a deep hollow and cautiously crawled down upon the camp. I got within about three hundred yards of them, and peeping out from behind a bluff I saw four Indians, who, from their dress, I recognized to be *Kiawas*, from the pan-handle country. Two were smoking their pipes, and the other two were broiling meat upon a stick

before a little fire; and just below them were twelve good ponies grazing in the ravine. Knowing the *Kiawas* to be *horse-thieves*, and finding them here under such *suspicious circumstances*, I concluded that they had been out *stealing* and were just returning with their booty. Creeping cautiously away, I got my pony and rode off to camp; and after informing the boys of what I had seen, we concluded to rescue the ponies from their red captors. So, just after twilight we moved quietly upon the camp—John and myself upon ponies, and Dave and Charles on foot. When we were within a hundred yards of the camp and, unnoticed, we halted and took a careful survey of the ground. A cool wind had sprung up that evening, and by a bright little fire lay the four bodies in blankets, while fifty yards below grazed the twelve hobbled ponies in the bright moonlight. Their front feet were tied closely together with ropes, and they were compelled to step very short. Our plans were formed as follows: We would open upon them with four rifle shots; and while the footmen kept up the fire, the horsemen were to leave with them their rifles, and with six-shooters in hand dash between the camp and

the ponies, and with wild whoops run off the horses. Whang! went the rifles, and away we flew toward the camp. Two of the Indians did not appear to wake up; but the other two sprung from the fire like *wild deer*. We ran upon the herd shouting and yelling, and the boys keeping a brisk fire all the while. The horses were so frightened that they jumped with both front feet together, and moved off down the ravine pretty rapidly. After running them about a half mile we ceased our noise, and the ponies slackened. Then we rode among them and dismounted to cut the hobbles, knowing the necessity of taking all or run the risk of being overtaken. It was to be quick work, for the two Indians who woke up were sure to come for the horses as quickly as possible. We had cut the hobbles of *eleven*, and had them roped together; but one pretty dark horse had run off down a gulch. John held the captives and I ran off to get the other. He was pretty wild, and I followed him about a quarter of a mile before I could get to him. At length he became quiet, and going up to him I cut the hobbles, and had just fastened it on his head when an Indian rushed from behind the bluff at my very side.

Seeing me alone, I suppose he took me to be his comrade; and running up muttering something in the Kiawa tongue, he sprung upon the pony's back. This was my opportunity, and seizing my six-shooter I struck him a furious blow in the face; and as he fell to the ground I mounted and rode off for John. I do not suppose the horse was ever *backed* before; and instead of going *toward John*, he went in the other direction full bent. I had a rope through his mouth; but finding him unmanageable, and not having *time* to *break colts*, I succeeded in checking him; and springing to the ground I shot him through the body and cut off his artery, and ran off on foot. As I went up the ravine I saw a person coming down, and springing to one side I crouched behind a rock. As he went by I saw it was the *Indian* with his rifle in his hand. He passed within six feet of me; but I only wanted the *ponies*, and did not want to kill an Indian unless it was absolutely necessary for my own safety. After he had passed I ran on. I soon met Dave and Charles, who having heard the shot, supposed that I was in trouble and were coming to my assistance. We all went back to where I left John, but he was gone; and going on, we

found him in camp, with the horses. We then moved out, and never halted until the sun was darting his bright rays upon us. We had been moving as rapidly and quietly as *possible;* but knowing that we would be *trailed*, we kept a mounted guard among the hills upon either side of the wagon, to keep from being surprised by the enemy, who might head us off.

The next evening we came to a trading-post called Alamo, on the Pecos bank; and about eight o'clock, as we were seated upon a bench in the post, four cow-boys rode up, and dismounting, walked in to the bar, with the bells jingling upon their spurs and their six-shooters dangling at their sides. They set their broad hats back upon their heads, and one big fellow, with his shirt open and his breast naked, called us all up and we drank together. They were not satisfied until we had taken several rounds; and though the drinks were *two bits* apiece, they were as free as though they were but three cents. Knowing that it would not do to refuse to drink with *cow-boys*, when they ask, we drank with them, but touched it lightly. We talked and laughed together as though we were old friends; and at length they said they were out on a horse-

hunt. They said that a few days before, as they were camped upon Salt Lake, fifty miles to the west, some Kiawa Indians had dashed into their camp, and, killing the cook, ran off twelve good ponies. They *described* them and told the *brand*, and we were sure that we had the horses. We told them of our capture, and they recognized the ponies at sight. We told them that we had left two thieves sleeping by a little fire in a ravine fifty miles below, and had killed one stubborn pony. They said what we had done was well done; but it must be finished. They said they had been bothered a great deal with these Kiawa and Comanche devils, who constantly hung upon their range, shooting down every lone cow-boy and running off every horse they could get, and they had made up their minds to give them some of their own medicine. The next morning they rode off, bright and early, swearing that if they could be found the *other two* would be sleeping by the fire *that night*. They insisted upon our going along; but it was not our *mission* to *kill Indians*, and we refused. We were satisfied that if the story had been rightly told, our work had been rightly done; and we moved on up the river.

The country was very *rough;* but we kept along the river, and in a few days were in *Santa Fe*, the capital of New Mexico, and the terminus of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. The town is located among the hills, and stage-roads are worn deep in several directions. The old, abandoned Santa Fe trail, which we had crossed so many times in our hunts, wound like a serpent down the hill-side into the town. It had been *some time* since we had seen *frame houses*, and they appeared to us as grand as Roman cathedrals; and for several days we enjoyed the novelty of civilization very much. There were large *stock-yards* here, and many thousand head are annually shipped from this place. Stock-raising and mining are all that can be done among these hills and bluffs.

We now steered due north and came into the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. We found great herds of cattle here, feeding over this pretty, rich range; and there were many little ranches upon the banks of the river.

We then struck *north-east*, passing by the Fishery Peak and going up the Purgatory River to the Arkansas. We felt as though we were at *home* when we stood upon the green bank of

this river; and the settlers—especially the girls—with whom we had become acquainted prior to our going south, were apparently glad to see us back, and welcomed us to their little *adobe* homes and rustic hospitalities.

It was now late in the month of September, and we concluded to go into some kind of business and stay in the valley that winter. We had now gone over a great territory of prairie; and the brief history of our travels has perhaps given the reader a faint idea of the nature of the country and the occupations of the people. But the *whole country*,—the climate, the inhabitants, and their occupations,—is so different from the states—as called by western men—that it is difficult, even with the most *minute description*, to conceive of the great country of the plains as it really *is* without *visiting* this curious land.

We have stated that we left the agricultural land in east Nebraska and Kansas, and that then before us stretched the historical plains—the fountain of mysteries and the land of secrets. Imagine a great country, consisting of many states and territories, and containing millions of acres, with not even the smallest tree or bush, but covered with *buffalo-grass*, which grows

about six inches high and then curls up, forming a mattress about three inches thick. Through this mighty dry domain course the rivers as marked upon the map. The banks are *usually*—though not *always*—skirted with a light growth of cotton-wood trees; and the valleys are narrow, and fringed upon either side by great bluffs whose foot-hills usually roll some distance into the plain. Now, between these rivers there is very often a stretch of several hundred miles, and sometimes not a drop of water; but usually there is water to be found in drives of fifty and one hundred miles—sometimes closer and sometimes much farther. These little waters are very seldom *running streams*, but are small pools standing in deep gulches, and sometimes a little lake resting in a small bowl at the foot of a bluff. The country is always *rough* where there is *water;* and old plainers can always tell when they are near it. The gulches that have water standing in them, like the rivers, usually have small *trees* also. Now, between these waters the plain is generally almost as level as a floor; and standing there, the horizon looks perfectly round. Along the *waters* the grass is thick and luxuriant, but gradually grows

shorter as you leave; and the long, dry stretches are often very lightly covered. As you travel along over the level plains it appears as though there is a raise just ahead all the time; and where it looks level as a floor there are often great gulches which can not be seen until coming almost upon their very banks. Sometimes you will come into several miles of very soft sand, with hardly a spire of *grass* upon it. Now, persons who *understand* this country know just where the waters lie, and *prepare* for the trip; and very often where another person would *perish* they could find water in a few hundred yards under a rock at the foot of a hill.

There is much *mirage* upon the plains, and it is much worse some days than others. It looks as though there were a pretty, *rolling river*, or sometimes a *large lake*, but a mile or so off. Nothing is *plainer;* and the imitation is so complete that old plainers are sometimes deceived in a country they do not know. It is caused from an unequal refraction of the lower stratums of the atmosphere; and when *animals* are in it they are loomed up to twice their *natural* height. An *antelope* is often taken for a *buffalo*, and sometimes a bone or a buffalo-chip looks like an

animal. Objects often appear inverted. To a tender-foot the deception is often so complete that many a poor, perishing person, in whose eyes were fast gathering the shades of death, exhausted his last efforts in trying to reach the *imaginary river*, and his last breaths were drawn in the belief that he was dying within sight of the cool, flowing waters. I had read many stirring stories of this country, and had often heard of the strange peculiarities to be witnessed and experienced here; but, though my *imaginings* were *extensive*, I had never indulged in delusion sufficient to think of the country in anything near its reality. Ah! many a skeleton lies bleaching upon the hill-side, with no tomb-stone to tell its name or age nor any one to tell the secret of his death. I have often thought that if the Angel of Death would read to the world his *prairie record* some of the accounts would swell the heart of the most calloused desperado and wring a tear from the wickedest eye.

The *legends* of the plains are *numerous*, and persons who have never been here would naturally consider them *fabulous*, and the most gross *exaggerations;* but I know now, from experience, that the worst is reasonable. From the country

being *all alike*, and no objects to guide the way, —no, not even a weed, or the smallest bush, or distinguishable hill or valley,—when persons once lose their way they are as completely lost as though they were as blind as a granite monument fifty miles from living man. It is somewhat *singular*, but it is a fact many times verified, that usually when persons lose their way in this country their *minds* wander, and they do not even recognize their own camps when they come in sight of them. It appears that the average person is so *horrified* at the thought of being lost and alone in a broad wild country, where the wild beast growls among the hills, and where the dry sands reflect perishment into their very eyes, and no one to direct their course, that the effect is natural.

A story is told of an outfit crossing over a dry prairie in the pan-handle country. The first night out from water a young man who had lately come from the states went out among the hills with his rifle to look for deer. He did not *know* the *danger*, and unconsciously wandered a mile away. When the sun was getting low he turned for camp. It appeared to him as plainly as the hills before him, that to turn back was to

go toward camp. So, turning to his left, he took down a ravine, still looking for game, and sure that he was near camp. On he went, and the sun sunk low in the horizon. Soon darkness veiled the day, and he was still out, and had walked many miles. He drew out his *compass;* but he did not know whether he was north, south, east, or west from camp, and thrilled with the thought of his probable condition, he became completely bewildered and walked rapidly all night. The camp was in a *deep ravine*, and the boys supposing their tender-foot companion to be *lost*, went to the top of a hill and built a large fire with buffalo-chips, and fired their guns and loudly hallooed; but all to no purpose. In the morning *search* was made. The country was sandy and *lightly* covered with *grass*, and he could be trailed. Two of the boys, well mounted, started in pursuit. They followed to the east about a mile, and then winding to the south about a mile and a half he made a complete circle of about two miles, and went around three times almost in the same tracks, and then started off zigzag to the west. About noon an object was seen seated upon the side of a hill in the distance, and hurrying up the lost John was

found. He had become completely deranged, and had torn every vestige of clothing from his body, and was holding the compass in his hand. He was so completely bewildered that he did not even recognize his *own comrades*, and it was *several hours* before his mind regained its equilibrium and he fully comprehended his position. He then said that it seemed as though camp must be near and could be readily found; but when he once became convinced that he was lost, he became so completely bewildered that the compass was no more use to him than a box without a needle. He said the hills and valleys all looked *alike*, and there was not a bush, or weed, or anything whatever to mark his course, much less a *neighbor to direct the way.*

This is only *one* of *hundreds* of cases; and I have heard of persons horribly *mutilating* themselves in their mad agonies. The facts given are perfectly *credible*, for I have felt their force by experience. I recollect that one warm spring morning in south Colorado, the fog hung over the prairie like the mist upon the ocean, and a horse could be distinguished but a few hundred yards. I had stayed all night with some cowboys on Bear Creek, and saddling my pony I

started out among the bluffs to steer my way over the plain to our camp upon the Cimaron, thirty miles below. I had no *compass* with me, but I had crossed the country so often that I thought it would be no trouble, even in the midst of the mighty fog, to grope my way. I had scarcely left the cotton-wood tops in the mist when I came to another creek. This seemed very strange, for I only knew of *one creek* in the country; but not willing to believe that I was *again* crossing *Bear Creek*, I kept pushing on. I saw some men camped in a ravine just below, and saw their *horses* grazing among the hills; but I thought they must be *hunters*, and the creek must be one that I had not seen. I went on until I had crossed *six creeks;* and I made up my mind that there was something *wrong*, and that I must be circling my own camp on Bear Creek. I had lost the location of the *boys* I saw awhile ago, and I rode down to the stream, and to *save my life* I could not tell which way the *water* ran. I dismounted and set my rifle on the ground, and before my left foot was removed from the stirrup the pony became frightened and dashed away. Losing my grip upon the horn I was jerked down, and the horse started off

kicking down the creek. He dragged me about fifty yards, and I began to think it did not make much difference which way the water ran, when I succeeded in getting a square kick at the stirrup with my right foot, and *luckily* out it came. The pony, now free, ran off down the creek. After following him about three miles, I came into the camp of an old hunter (Barney Gowe), whom I had not met for some months. My *pony* stopped with *his* horses and was easily captured. I then asked Barney where I *was*, and he thought I was codding him; but becoming *convinced* of my situation he laughed heartily and told me to stay for dinner and the world would turn *right side up again* after awhile. It was full two hours before all was *right*, and all at once the whole valley appeared natural. There were the little stone monuments upon the bluffs above to guide the hunter and cow-men, and which had *directed me* many a time. The little trees, whose *very limbs* I now recognized, looked as of old, and the little stream, as it rippled along, seemed to laugh at the strange conduct of its *old friend.* I was three miles below where I stayed *all night;* and I had been rounding my own camp four or five times, and did not recog-

nize *it* nor the *boys*. They said they *saw* me going around and did not know what I meant. The next morning the fog had *cleared away* and the trip was made without difficulty. I only mention these facts to more *fully picture* in the imagination of the reader the country with its attending circumstances and peculiarities as it *really is*, and to warn those who read these lines that should they ever become bewildered and lost in this desert land to be calm, keep possession of their mind, and sit down until the country turns *around again*.

After explaining the nature of the country, the reader can now perhaps better understand the *sports* and *occupations* as they are hereinafter explained. There are often car-loads of *mustang ponies* shipped to the states; and people wonder how they are captured—some supposing that they are caught with the *lasso*. I can say that there are *few* wild horses caught with the *lariat*, and *they* are only captured by the hunter hiding himself at the water and catching them as they come down to drink, or by taking advantage of the ground and making an angling run upon the herd and cutting them off. *Blooded horses* have been brought to this country for this sport, and

it has been found that the *fleetest horse* can seldom succeed in bringing his rider to the side of a fully grown mustang. These animals are found in several of the western states and territories, along the waters of the wild lands. There are usually between *twenty* and *fifty* in a herd, but I have known *one hundred* to be in a single herd. Each herd has a distinct range, usually about ten miles across, and which they can seldom be forced to leave. There are some very fine-looking animals in these wild gangs, and as they dash over the range their manes waive back over their rumps, and their tails spread gracefully after them. I saw a *Mexican* capture a fine iron-gray stallion that (perhaps in scratching his head) had caught his hind foot in his long entangled mane.

Now they are *captured* as *follows:* Of course, in each range there is *water*, and usually—as I have already said—where there is water there is some small timber; but should there be none upon the range of the herd you wish to *capture*, go some place *else* and get it, and after picking out a good location somewhere upon the range, build up a high, strong *corral* large enough to hold the herd you wish to capture. Leave an

entrance at one side, and run a lane from the entrance divergingly into the prairie, until the lane is about one hundred yards wide at the mouth. Now for the *chase*. Get four horses, well shod, and put two to a light wagon, and put in feed and provisions for several days; and get a man to drive. Have two good riding-ponies, and tie one behind the wagon and *mount* the *other*. Now start after the herd in a *walk*, and let the *wagon* follow just in sight of you. Of course, the first day the mustangs will burn the prairie, and you will not be in sight of them *half the time;* but just keep on, and never break the *walk*. The wagon, of course, will not travel nearly as far as *you* do, for, as the herd circles, the driver can cut across. Choose a moonlight season, and at first go all night, keeping them excited so that they neither eat nor drink. The second day you can keep in sight all day; but they become very much *excited* at seeing themselves *pursued*, and will run frantic here and there, and by *cutting across* you need not go half their distance. You can get to the wagon to *change ponies* and get a *bite* when you wish. Go this way, *night* and *day*, for about *three days*, when they will become hungry and weak, and

you can get close. You can now sleep at night and chase during the day. If any of the range has been burned over, or the ground is otherwise rough, their *feet* become sore and they can be captured *sooner;* but *usually* about the *tenth day* you can ride up to the herd and drive them along. When *this* is the case, take a *whip* and *force* them along until they are so worried that you can ride among them and handle them any way. Now drive them to the *corral* and fasten them in. Now rope them together closely with strong ropes, and drive them to the railroad for *shipment* or to the *ranch* to break *for use.* While they are *weak* they are easily broken. *Large herds* are often captured in this way; and there are men who, *every spring* when the grass is short and the ponies are poor, make this a *business*, and from it realize large profits.

There are many fine, large, branded horses, which have escaped from the *hunters*, *cow-men*, *emigrants*, and the *Government*, now running with the wild herds, and, of course, belong to whoever captures them. When there are several *large mules* or *fine horses* in a bunch, it tickles the hunter mightily; and not having forgotten their *former* lives, they render the herd easier to be caught, and are not much trouble to re-break.

Now this is the way the *herds* are captured; but of course there are captures made now and then in *different ways*. The hunter sometimes conceals himself near the water where the herd comes down to drink, and, watching his opportunity, *creases* his animal; that is, he shoots him through the neck about an inch from the top and just in front of the shoulders. This will *stun* the animal so that he will fall and not recover for some minutes, in which time you can bind him fast. *This* is, though, *scientific* work, and none but a *fine shot* need *undertake it;* for a little *too high* does *no* good, and the least *too low* does *too much* good entirely.

Now, there yet remains to be explained the *stock* business, which is so extensively carried on in this country, and to which nearly the whole prairie country is so peculiarly adapted. Were I to tell to persons who had never been here of the millions of cattle and sheep that are pastured here, and of the thousands that are annually shipped to the states, it would be incredibly received. As before said, the prairie is covered with *buffalo-grass*, which is next to *mountain bunch-grass*, which is said to be the *strongest* grass in the world. It usually grows *thickly* and

about six inches long, and curls up—though of course *this* depends upon the range. It usually *rains* and *snows* some in the *winter* and *spring* seasons, but during the *summer* season it never sprinkles; and you can be just as sure of it as of the wrath to come. I have often thought that this would be a fine place to make hay. The snows and rains dampen the earth, and in the spring, when the grass springs forth and the prairie world is wrapped in its green mantle, there is no part of the earth more beautiful. About the first of May the grass is usually *grown up*, and it stays green until about *August*, when—except in the valleys—it all dries up in the hot sun and dry air, and cattle eat it like hay. It is then the *strongest*. And stock-men hate to see the fall rains come; for they say it takes the *strength* out of the *grass*.

CHAPTER V.

Cattle-Business Explained — Branding Stock — Round-Up — Mavorick — Beef-Gathering — Stampedes — Tender-Feet — Stock-Raising in Texas — Cattle-Trail — Buying Cattle from Trail — How to Enter Stock Business — Sheep-Raising — Greasers — Texas Cattle-Fever.

The country has now perhaps been *sufficiently described;* and though I have doubtless been a little *tiresome* in *minutiæ*, I *hope* at least to have succeeded in giving my readers a *good idea* of the great *prairie-land*, and can now perhaps *successfully* explain the subject of *stock-raising* which is so extensively carried on there, and a business that leads in occidental occupations. It has already been said that the rivers and streams and little lakes that dampen the sands of this great wilderness are nearly all watering-places for the herds that range along their banks. It now yet remains to explain how the business is *conducted*, as any person can see the positive necessity of some *system* where the country is so large and unfenced, and where there are so many owners and such great herds. Sometimes a herd

is owned by one *individual*, but *usually* there are *companies;* and often one firm owns forty and fifty thousand cattle. It would of course be impossible to stable or feed these vast numbers, and they are left upon the prairie the year round, and never even get salt. They *usually* keep in pretty good *order* during the winter; but when much snow falls and the grass is covered for some time, and the weather is very cold, thousands of them die. Poor and weak, they stand upon the railroad-track and are knocked off in great numbers. Of course these winters are *unusual;* and the profits are so large that a few cattle dying now and then is but a momentary break in the financial stream.

Now, each firm has a home ranch, and this is built by some pure, cool water, and nearly as practicable to a railroad or good trail. This consists of a substantial and commodious ranch,—usually built of stone or *adobe*,—also a good storehouse in which to store feed and provisions,—which are bought at wholesale and then given out to the men as needed, a good stable,—and a large, strong *corral*. Hay is then cut from the sloughs, and quantities of it stacked in the *corral* for the stock that is kept stabled. Though

often in wild places, these home ranches are usually pretty places, and stock-men often have their families here with them. They have good, stylish buggies and carriages, and riding and driving horses; and every pleasant morning and and evening the women and children go out to ride. They have a good track around the ranch over the level plain; and while it is altogether delightful to ride through the pure air of this healthy clime, the glitter of the splendid vehicle in the morning sun attracts very little attention from the neighbors. The girls can ride like rangers; and to see them dashing over the prairie, the pony fall into a prairie-dog hole and send the fair one somersaulting over the head upon the sand, is as funny a sight as one could wish. Each firm has its own brand, and has it recorded in the county of the home ranch. This brand is a piece of iron, wrought into the shape wished. There is also a peculiar ear-mark accompanying each brand. The branding-irons have long iron handles with which to use them. They are made red-hot and then held against the animal until burned sore, and often until the hide is burned through. Of course the hair never grows out here again, and it is a perpetual mark. The

home ranch is located upon some good, rich pasture-range, and by a good water. Thus, many cattle can be pastured in the vicinity of the ranch; but when the herd is *large* it is divided up and driven to sometimes several other ranges that are not yet taken up—each firm having its particular ranges, which it holds against all others, except homesteaders or buyers. Upon each sub-range there is built one or more little picket-ranches, with good *corrals* in which to brand cattle. In each of these little houses stays a cow-boy to watch over the cattle and see that they are not killed or driven off by Indians, Mexicans, or hunters. The cattle usually stay upon the range very well during *summer;* but when winter comes, and storms set in they are drifted many miles, and scattered over many ranges. Cattle drift from the Platte country, Nebraska, all the way down to the pan-handle country every winter. When the winter winds are severe, great numbers drift to ranges where the country is very broken, or where there is timber; and they often become so thick that it is necessary to drive part of them to other ranges to keep them from starving. This is part of the cow boys' work.

Every spring each firm has about as many other brands upon its range as of its own; and after a long, *stormy* season one brand is distributed along the waters of several states or territories. In order that each firm may know how it stands, and to brand the calves and gather up such as are fit for market, each spring the commissioners of each county appoint a captain for the *round-up* or *rodere*. The counties here are very large. There is a place and day set for the meeting, and all the cattle-men of the county are informed. The time of meeting is about the last of April; but the time varies according to the grass and the strength of the cattle. Some springs the grass comes on early, and some quite late. Each firm sends men to this *round-up* in proportion to its herd—usually four or five to each county where it is expected that there are cattle—sometimes more, and often but one. Each boy has from four to eight horses; and when there are two or more from a company they have a wagon along. The beds, feed, provisions, ropes, branding-irons, etc., are hauled in it; and the driver of this wagon does the cooking for the boys of that firm. Where there is but one, he usually makes arrangements to go with some other firm.

The average cow-boy saddle weighs forty pounds, and *some* weigh *sixty-five* pounds. They are made with large, strong horns, and the back of the seat is very high. The skirt is leather, and comes back over the pony's hips. Upon either side of the saddle there is firmly fastened two large, strong rings, and to each a strong strap, two feet long, and one inch and a half wide. The girths (sinches) are about three feet long, with a strong ring in each end. These sinches are generally made of hair, twisted into ropes, and about ten ropes to a sinch, making it three or four inches wide—two girths to each saddle. The straps to the rings upon the right side of the saddle are each passed through the rings at the end of a sinch, and run from one ring to the other and then fastened. Two good blankets are then placed upon the horse, and the saddle lifted to its place. The front sinch is then brought up and the strap to the front ring is passed through the ring of the sinch, and from one ring to the other three or four times, and then drawn up tightly and fastened with a ranger's loop. The back sinch is then brought around behind the bulge of the belly and fastened as the other. By this fastening a saddle can be

drawn up very tightly, and fastened upon the animal so firmly that the pony can be jerked down and pulled away by the saddle-horn. There is not a buckle about the saddle. The stirrups are wooden, and are covered with leathers which hang in two large strips nearly to the ground. These leathers are called *tapidares*. The bridles are strong, with raw-hide reins. Each boy has a half-inch catch-rope, about forty feet long, and made out of sea-grass, leather, or raw-hide. This is made fast to the saddle-horn at one end, and then coiled and tied up to the saddle. Each boy has also a large pair of spurs with rowels two inches long, and little bells to them, so that when the boy walks the spurs roll along upon the ground or floor, and the little bells make quite a noise. Now, with a belt around his waist, and two six-shooters and a large knife upon it, he is rigged. The clothing is made of California duck, lined with blanket, the shirt a double-breasted blue, and the hat a large white broad-brim. In an ordinary stock county, between two and three hundred cowboys usually come together for the round-up. And you bet this is a big day for the hot coffee-houses of the place of meeting; for the boys

usually draw their wages for the occasion, and usually succeed in getting things pretty well warmed up. The bosses try to keep their boys down; but toward evening, when the boys gather in from far and near, there are many social glasses drank. Often old feuds are stirred up; and when once a fight is begun each boy sides one way or the other, and there are seldom less than four or five killed. If a stranger comes in and gives the least occasion, the boys will then have their fun. They will make him stand still and hold out his hand, and then try to shoot between his fingers, or shoot a hole through his ears, or see how closely they can shoot to the top of his head by shooting through his hat. They can do this very well; and there is not much danger until they get pretty full and want to make *too fine* a shot, such as shooting between the flesh and skin, and then the thing is too fine to be pleasant. Persons coming out here to learn this business find it necessary to keep lip and braggadocio to themselves, or else the initiation is pretty heavy. The boys generally get pretty well gathered in the first day, and the next morning they pull out.

The captain commands the men like an army officer. The loose ponies are all turned together,

and the herd often has several hundred heads. The captain is a man who understands the country and knows every stream and pool in the range. He lays his plans and arranges his route, and, beginning at one side of the county, he takes a range; and dividing up his men, he sends them here and there, up and down the forks of the creeks and across to the little lakes over the range, and directs them to bring in all the cattle of the range and round them up at a certain place. In a week or ten days they generally come in with the cattle; and they often round up a mighty herd. Each brand now has one or more representatives, and they watch closely after the interests of their employers. They then prepare to take out of the round-up all the brands that belong to that particular range, brand the calves, and let them go. The herd is surrounded and held by cow-boys; and fires are built around, and all the different brands of that range are heated for action.

One man from each firm that pastures upon this range then goes into the herd to get the calves that they find following their cows. When one is found the noose is thrown, and whether it gets the calf round the body, neck,

leg, or tail it is all the same; the pony is whirled and loped off to the fire, the little fellow rolling, tumbling, kicking, and bawling, but all to no purpose. He is then held by the boys, and the red-hot branding-iron is held against its tender skin until the hair is all singed off and the hide burned sore. The little fellow rolls his eyes in their sockets and bellows piteously as the smoke curls upward from his own body; but the operation is soon over, and he is sent loping into the free air upon the range. When all the *calves* are out, the cows and steers are then cut out as follows: Each firm has particular horses trained for this business, and they are called "cutting horses." The boy goes among the herd, and when he sees his brand he needs follow it but a little way until the pony knows what animal is wanted; and all the rider has then to do is to stay on. The pony walks after the animal, dodging from one side to the other, and when he has him driven to the edge he lunges upon the cow with great fury. The cow, with fright, leaps from the herd; and in spite of her efforts to get back, that pony keeps her out. A rider has to be *experienced* before he can stick a *cutting horse;* for they sometimes go after a cow upon

a dead run, and stop in two jumps, whirl upon the hind feet, and go off the other way.

When the cattle of this range are all cut out and the calves branded, the rest of the herd are then driven to another range. They are held here by some boys and left graze, while the captain divides up the rest of his men and sends them out over that range to gather in all the cattle. They are then all rounded up together, and, as *before*, the calves are branded, and all the stock belonging to the owners of that range is turned loose upon it. In this way they go from range to range until the whole county is gone over and each firm has its cattle upon its own range or ranges, and the calves of that year are branded. It is usually about three months before the boys all get in from the different counties, bringing the cattle upon their own ranges and making their reports to head-quarters.

A strict account is kept, by the boys of each firm, of all the cows and steers and calves that are gathered from *each county;* and when the round-up is over each company knows just how it stands. Sometimes the boys are a little careless and do not brand *deep* enough, and forget to mark the ear. In a year the brand becomes

so indistinct that many a quarrel has arisen among the boys as to their identity; and I have seen some bitter consequences.

A calf that is following no cow, and is unbranded, is called a *mavorick;* and though by law these now belong to the state in some places, they used to belong to the man who first put his brand there. There are many calves *missed* every year; and before the next round-up they are weaned, and no one knows to whom they belong. There are men who have made themselves good herds by gathering up *mavoricks*, and often stealing calves from the mother, putting their brands upon them, and taking them off to another range. Sometimes, however, the mother and offspring get together again before they have entirely forgotten their *relations;* and then a calf of one brand is following a cow of another. This is very undesirable to the calf-brander; and if he can not destroy that mother's affection, or in some way arrange that mixed-up family before other cow-men get to see it, from what I have seen I would advise him to let the darned calf go to thunder and get out of that unhealthy prairie atmosphere.

When the round-up is all over and the cattle are fat,—usually about the latter part of the

month of September,—the beef season begins They then go upon their respective ranges, round up the cattle, and cut out such as are fit for beeves. *Four years* is the sale age; and seldom is one sold under this. Each firm has a foreman, who does the picking of the beeves; and he who is able to tell when a cow or steer is fat is considered a good cow-man. The beeves are then driven to the railroad, where there are stock-pens; and after the cars are bedded with about six inches of sand, the cattle are loaded up, making every other one face one side of the car, and the others the other side. Twenty is the average car-load, though this number varies with the size of the cattle. I have seen cars crowded with sixteen large steers, and know of one firm bringing in a thousand beeves at a time. The shipping-rates to St. Louis and Chicago are usually twenty dollars per car, making one dollar per head. The cattle are generally well fattened; and though they do not command quite as high prices as eastern *grain-fed stock*, the profits are nevertheless very large. One man is allowed to each car of stock, to keep them up and arrange them should they get fast or become mixed up in the car. In this way, during the

shipping season, many persons are furnished free transportation to the East.

Beef-gathering does not generally end until the snow flies and the weather becomes severe. It is then very rough for the boys; for, good or bad, they must take it, with no shelter but a gum-coat, called a *slicker*. When they have a herd to hold they have to stand guard all night, the same as day. Now, when the clouds suddenly roll from the horizon and dash their contents upon the plain, when the thunder begins to bellow and the lightning to dart its fiery tongues through the air, then the cattle become perfectly frenzied and rush madly here and there; and then comes what they call a stampede. Then there *is* a time. Often but five or six boys are holding a herd of several hundred large beef-steers when the storm comes on, and as they rush madly to and fro the boys dash their ponies here and there in front of them, and usually hold them; but when the storm is furious and the cattle become frantic and rush in all directions, they often break the circle, and then the work begins for certain. The ponies understand their business, and with all power they get to the front; and if the herd is not too badly scat-

tered, and (if it be at night) if it be not too dark, the herd may again be rallied. Otherwise, they are gone, and the prairie fairly trembles beneath them as they, bellowing, rush over the plain. When once thoroughly stampeded they usually run a long way before checking, and it takes several days to gather them in again; and if it be a strange herd going through the country, the prospect is that many will never be recaptured. It is a sight to see a large herd of big Texas steers in a storm, with heads erect, racing here and there, clashing their great horns together, and loudly snorting. There is *danger*, also; for when once they are under full headway they are as irresistible as the hurricane, and everything crumbles before them.

Sometimes when the tired, relieved guards are sleeping with their ponies at their sides, the herd stampedes, and before they can get into the saddle the pony escapes and the cattle rush madly over them, trampling them into the sand. I recollect of camping close to a large herd of Texas steers one cold November night, when the rain fell fast, and the lightning played upon the cattle's horns like morning sunbeams upon the mountain-top, and lighted up the plain al-

most like day. The boys held them for some time; but at length the ponies became worried, and away went the steers, their trampling sounding like distant thunder. The boys all rushed for the front, and after about a mile chase, in which I joined, one of the boys dashed in front of the herd. In the darkness of the night and the excitement of the occasion he had forgotten a dangerous slough that lay in that direction, and his excited pony sprung into the mire. Of course the first jump the horse sunk deeply into the mud and could not extricate himself, nor could the rider get away before the maddened herd plunged in upon him. The pony with its rider was crushed into the mud and buried alive before our eyes, and the cattle struggling in the mud above them. The next morning we took ropes and pulled some of the steers from the bog with the saddle-horn; but some were smothered in the mire with the good pony and gallant rider, whom we left in their novel graves, knowing that they were dead anyhow, and thinking that perhaps their self-made tombs were as respectable as any we could hew.

As was said before, each firm sends a wagon with each squad of men that goes out upon the

prairie. The wagons all have nice large cupboards (called mess-boxes) fixed in the back end, and when going out they take provisions, feed, clothes, beds, ropes, etc., and a good set of camp implements. This, then, is what is called a cow-outfit. The horses are not fed any grain unless worked hard and having no time to graze. In this case it is also necessary that they should be shod. Each company has on hand a large number of pressed shoes of all sizes, and before the boys go out they always fit their ponies with a couple pairs of shoes apiece; and taking also a shoeing outfit, they shoe their own ponies. When the boys are on a cow or horse hunt, they tell the cook where they will be for the next meal, and he goes immediately there and has grub prepared for them as they come in. From the cook being alone so much of the time, he is exposed to great dangers; and many an outfit has gathered to their wagon to find their cook lying murdered by the dinner-fire. It is necessary that the cook should be thoroughly acquainted with the country, for he is sent across the prairie in every direction from one range to the other. He is sometimes called upon to get up a meal for ten, fifteen, or twenty men at very

short notice—often in twenty or twenty-five minutes; and you may imagine the skill that these fellows have acquired when this can be done, especially when the buffalo-chips are damp. The boys will run a dirty cook out of camp; but they think nothing of seeing the cook gather up buffalo-chips with his hands and then make up bread without washing. There is a great difference in camp-cooks; and some make nice doughnuts and puddings for the boys, while others get nothing but bread and meat, and sometimes beans and potatoes. Imagine an eastern girl scolding the boys for not procuring sound, dry hickory wood, or grumbling because the stove is not a good baker, and spreading paper over the bread, or flavoring here and seasoning there, touching up her delicate tidbits for an hour before the table is prepared. Ha, ha, ha! The cow-boys' dinner is twice as good; and it is gotten without wood (and often wet at that), without a stove, and without any of the delicious flavorings, and is forgotten in half an hour. Why, if a cow-boy had to wait an hour for dinner he would go into camp and kick over the pots and skillets, and then step off and see how close he could shoot to the cook's ear, just to hurry him

up a little. Whenever they are out of meat, they shoot down a nice fat calf, and always have the best. It is seldom that they kill their own brands; but when there is no mavorick, they slide a ball into another man's calf. Of course they always cut out the brand and destroy it. It is quite pleasing to see a cow-outfit taking dinner upon the wide, level prairie, with their ponies grazing by the camp-side. They all get around the hash, which sits in pans and skillets, and then crossing their legs they sit down upon their feet. This is the cow-boys' seat; and when they come into a house where there are plenty of chairs they squat to the floor upon their own seats. Hot or cold, sunshine or storm, the greater part of the year they sleep and dine upon the wild, unsheltered plain. They are so used to it, though, that they think nothing of it, and stand out in the storm eating their biscuit and broiled beef with unqualified relish. They move their loose ponies from place to place in a herd—each boy having his own particular riding-horses. When camped they hobble the leaders, and the rest will not leave. The hobble is made by taking a piece of cow-hide about three feet long and two inches wide, tying a

knot in one end, and cutting a loop in the other. This is put around one leg, above the pasture-joint, and then twisted and looped around the other. The twist keeps the hobble from working down, and the horse does not get around fast nor leave camp far unless stampeded by Indians or wild horses; and even in this case they are easily captured. Some of the ponies are very shy, and when the boys want fresh horses they tie a rope to a wagon-wheel, and a boy holds the other end. The others then drive the herd up to this and throw the noose over the heads of the wanted ones. They are so used to this rope that they will not attempt to cross one if it is but knee high. All idle mules are always hobbled; for the cow-boys say "a mule is hell in a stampede." The boys of course do their own washing; and they usually keep pretty clean, with the exception of a few gray-backs, which are their warmest bosom and inseparable friends. Some companies have as high as seventy-five or a hundred men employed during the work-season; and about the first of December they discharge about half of them until spring, keeping the best men over winter, and *they* are scattered over the ranges among the little lonely shanties

to watch over the cows during winter. They are compelled to keep some men who understand the business and the country, and then they can make use of *some* greenhorns. But oh! how those cow-boys curse the tender-feet. They usually try to get them upon a pony that understands bucking, to get their necks broken or disable them in some way or other to get them out of the way. There is no better fun than to get a big, clumsy tender-foot upon a well-trained cow-pony. He goes dodging along like a monkey, holding to the saddle-horn, with his stirrups shortened up and his knees under his chin, gaping in every direction. Pretty soon a steer dashes from the herd; the pony, quick as a flash, springs after him to round him in. The steer dodges; the pony braces, whirls upon his hind feet, and starts off in another direction, with the tender-foot hanging upon his side with one foot fast in the stirrup, the other leg wrapped around the saddle-horn, and holding to the mane with both hands. With a loud bellow the steer makes another whirl; the pony follows in a twinkle; and this time the grip gives way, the leg slips over, the horn ripping the cloth and bruising the skin, and with a heavy thud ten-

der-foot comes to the ground, and after rolling over fifteen or twenty times he lies upon his belly and raises his head to see if the steer had run over the pony too. The boys are usually slow about going to help a walloped tender-foot, for fear he will not die if he is helped.

Cow-boys are ranked in the business something like officers in the army. There are foremen, bosses, and sub-bosses, down to privates; and they are paid according to their experience and ability. Some of them have been cow-punching—as it is called—for many years, and know every water for hundreds of miles around; and, of course, they command high wages. The common boy gets twenty-five and thirty dollars per month; and the wages range from this up to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Of course, one has to be highly experienced to command the latter.

Ponies, riding-outfits, beds, etc., are furnished by the companies; but nearly all the boys have ponies and riding-rigs of their own. The object of this will be explained hereafter. They all furnish their own *fire-arms*, and are usually pretty well belted.

There are large, wealthy firms in Texas—such as Hunter & Evans, and others,—who make it a

business to breed cattle; and they sell to the ranchmen thousands upon thousands of stock-cattle every year. They usually cross the short-horn with the long-horn; for the *Texican*, while he is a good rustler and will find enough to live on where an American will die, does not fill out well, besides being usually very fierce and wild, while, on the other hand, the *American* has the set, and is tame; but when the pasture is poor or the weather severe he will not rustle as hard nor feed as far out upon the range as the other.

The trail comes over the prairie, from Texas, by Dodge City, Kansas, and goes on up into the Platte country, Nebraska. This trail is several hundred miles long, and is divided up into regular drives; and some of the stretches between waters are very long. It has been used for many years, and is worn wide and deep. Every spring and fall these stock-breeders send great herds up this trail. Sometimes as many as twenty-five thousand are strung out in one herd. At these seasons, persons wanting cattle gather along the trail and wait for a herd. The herds are composed of from one to three yearlings; and for first choice the usual price is twelve dollars, and ranging down to seven dollars.

There are large *horse* companies in the South, and great herds of ponies are also driven up the trail each fall and spring. They sell for from twenty to fifty dollars per head.

Many cattle give out on the long march, and numerous riding-ponies get their backs scalded and rubbed and are worn down weak and thin, and can be bought for a song; and after a month or two of rest they are all right.

Many new wagons are brought up with the herds to haul the necessary supplies, and, not being needed for the return, they can be bought very cheap, from the inconvenience of running them back so far. There are persons ranched along this trail who buy the worn-out cattle and ponies and the wagons; and there have been fortunes made at it.

When a man wants to go into the cattle-business and does not know the country well, he finds out from the cow-boys some place that is unoccupied and that would make a good cattle-range. He then goes there, and at some good place builds a good ranch and strong *corral*, then gets a branding-iron made and procures a wagon and camp outfit, ponies, etc., and then, hiring an experienced man to manage the busi-

ness, he goes to the trail during one of the aforesaid seasons and buys what he wants. By paying twelve dollars per head he gets his choice from the mighty herd, and can make up his herd of good cattle nearly three years old. Buying half steers and half heifers, he will have the heifers to immediately breed from, and thereby have some steers ready for market in one year. This will pay his expenses. The next year he will have more to sell, and the *calves* will be coming on. By selling every marketable steer each fall and investing the money in young cattle, it is not long until the herd is numerous and the shipments can be great. When he has his herd he drives them upon his range, and hires some boys to help him brand them. Two strong posts are firmly planted in the *corral*, about twelve feet apart, and part of the herd is driven in at a time. A boy rides in, throws his rope over the horns of an animal, and, all understanding their business, the cow is soon pulled upon her side. A rope is put around the hind feet and wrapped around one of the posts and held by a boy, and another rope is put around the front feet and wrapped around the other post and held by another boy, while the brander applies the iron.

This branding business is fine sport for persons who are not accustomed to seeing it; and when I first came to the country I was present on all such occasions when possible. The boys used to let me lasso the cattle, and took great pains in showing me how it was done; and at length it was a small job to catch a cow, still or running. I recollect very well the first branding I ever attended. The boys caught a two-year-old steer and threw him down, and, putting a rope around the hind feet, they gave it to me to hold. They told me to wrap the rope three or four times around my body and then turn my back to the steer and pull as hard as I could, and I could hold him easily. Well, I had seen steers enough to know that they could kick like thunder. But I thought that perhaps by having his legs pulled straight out behind I could manage him; and I was pulling like a *wheel-horse*, when something happened. There was a sudden jerk from back toward the steer, and a loud snort. Then I whirled round so fast that it looked as though there were steers all around me; and I made a jump backward that beats the best on record. When I recovered I had a little pain in the stom-

ach, and half the buttons were torn off my clothes; and I was altogether changed about. I tell you, boys, you can have your own opinion about it, but I believe that steer would have jerked the hind end of the world out if he had been fastened to it. I wish it distinctly understood that whenever there is a red-hot iron to be poked against a steer's skin I want to be on the side where there are no legs.

It is not *usually* much of a job to catch and throw an animal; but sometimes there is a large, powerful, wild Texican in the bunch, and the boys have some fun. In this case they throw two or three ropes upon the animal, and the ponies hold him fast. When the herd is all branded they are turned upon the range; and having prepared it, he takes up his abode in his humble little ranch. If his herd is not large, he and his little help can ride out every day to look after the cattle and keep them upon the range, and his herd will not be much scattered in the spring.

In chosing a range it is best, if possible, to take up a rough part, or where there is timber; for being thus sheltered from the fierce winter blasts, the cattle are not apt to drift. Of course

if he or they want to go into the business very largely, it will be necessary, perhaps, to hunt *several ranges*, and build cabins there for the boys.

It is interesting to see a well-trained pony play his part in the roping process. He watches the lariat, and as the rider throws it he makes two or three rapid jumps to give the rope slack, and if it catches, he then stops, plants his feet in the sand, and turns to suit the cow. A small pony, if well trained, can hold a good steer by the horns or foot. The rider can dismount and go to the captive, and the pony will do the holding. Sometimes the animal is too much, however, and in spite of his greatest efforts, the pony is jerked heavily to the ground. I have seen the saddle jerked from the pony and taken across the prairie by the horns of a steer. This mostly happens when there is a bad throw, and the animal is caught around the neck or body. The saddles, as has been said, are large and very heavy, with big blankets under them, so that the back of the pony is never injured by the surges of any captive. I have often thought of the pieces that one of the eastern turtle-shell saddles would be jerked into should one of these power-

ful wild steers be tied to the horn. The catch-rope has a knot in one end of it, and when thrown in a certain way it will lap around the foot and tie. This is a good catch, and can be done at a dead run; but it requires much more skill than the regular noose-catch. The foot is sometimes caught in chase with the noose; but this requires superior skill, and the Mexican *only* can practice this successfully. In case a steer gets cross, or is wild and mean about going into a *corral* or stock-pen, several boys dash upon him, some throwing their ropes around his horns, others around his feet, and others around his neck and tail, and with a whoop they drag him in. I have seen fifteen-hundred-pound steers dragged in this way. These ponies would pull nothing by a *collar;* but they are trained to pull by the *saddle*, and can draw a big load that way. Cow-boys often pull emigrant wagons out of streams and sloughs, where good teams have left them stand. Of course this roping all requires practice, and the skill that may be acquired at it would astonish one who had never seen the performance here upon the prairie. Sometime a single and lone cow-boy is crossing the prairie, and happens to run across a two or

three year old that in some way has been missed. Riding upon it he ropes it; and while the pony holds it he takes his knife and marks the ear, and brands it by cutting the hair to the skin in the brand shape. This will stay until branding season, and then it can be done over.

Great flocks of sheep are also raised out here, and it is said that there is much more profit in them than in cattle, *ordinarily*. But the risk is much greater, as in case of a severe winter, like sometimes visit the prairie, many of them die; for there is no chance to shelter or feed them like in the East among barns and stocks. Experienced stock-men say that sheep usually pay from seventy-five to one hundred per cent upon the investment, and cattle from forty to sixty per cent. But of course this varies a good deal according to the season. There is an amalgam here called the *greaser*, who is part Mexican, Indian, and negro, and *they* do most of the sheep-raising. They have straight black hair, very dark complexion, and are extremely wicked and cruel. They are very filthy, and hence the name greaser. They use the donkey, or burro, and pack from place to place. To see them with their flocks and asses upon the hill-side is sug-

gestive of ancient times, and causes one to think of flocks and herds upon the plains of historical Europe and Asia. In order that all my readers may know the nature of these vile and odious specimens of humanity, I will describe them as the ugliest, meanest, most slovenly, cruel, treacherous, and quarrelsome beings I ever saw. Each greaser carries a large knife; and you bet he knows how to use it. He can *throw* it into a man's body at the distance of ten feet every time; and upon the least provocation, if close enough, he will cut your jugular-vein the first whack. They sometimes move their flocks upon the stock-ranges, and any one acquainted with sheep knows the condition in which pasture is left after several thousand sheep have ranged over it. This enrages the cattle-men, and they send cow-boys to move them off. There have been many bitter battles fought between these parties for this cause, and many a Mexican has bitten the dust and had his flock scattered and destroyed. When cow-boys start out to do anything that can be done with six-shooters, they usually do it; and could the bleaching Mexican skeletons but speak, the truth of the assertion would only be too well evidenced.

Most persons have heard of the *Texas cattle-fever* and its terrible ravages. It is almost entirely confined to the regions along the trail; and though not often the case, it is some years very destructive, and hundreds of cattle are stretched out dead upon either side of the trail, and stock-men are afraid to buy. Stock can then be bought cheap. There is much speculation as to what this disease is; and many theories have been advanced by scientific men as to its cause, and whether it is contagious. The following is one of the theories; and to me it seems the most plausible: In driving the cattle so far through the hot sand, their feet become sore and fester; and when they are halted by the drivers and left graze out upon the range the matter from their feet is imparted and deposited on the grass, and this grass being eaten by the cattle causes the affection. Others say that it is a regular disease, that it originated in Texas, and that it is contagious. But I have observed that the disease is not prevalent in Texas or any other country except the ranges along the trail. I have also observed that the disease is not contagious if cattle are not left graze upon the same range too soon after coming

off the trail. The cattle that are once badly affected with the disease seldom do much good afterward.

The stock-business being the almost exclusive occupation of the people upon the vast western prairie world, which to this is so particularly adapted, I hope I have been justified in treating of this subject at so great length. I have tried to picture the country in the imagination of persons (who have never been here) as it really is, and to satisfy the curiosity of those who have heard so much of the great western herds, as well as to inform those who would wish to engage in the business upon the vast free domain. Thinking that perhaps the subject has been sufficiently spoken of I shall conclude, and refer the reader to the closing letters of this work for further information.

CHAPTER VI.

Cow-Boy History—Mustangs and Broncos—Cow-Boys with Six-Shooters—Dodge City—Boot Grave-yard—Prairie Mysteries—Dance-Halls—Sketch of Buffalo Bill—Theory of the Plains—Trading-House—Antelope Chase—We Prepare for a Mountain Tour.

Most persons of ordinary information have heard something of the character of the population of the great American plains, and have observed that the *cow-boys* have had their share of attention and comment. From actual observations made during my long roam upon the prairies I feel able to contribute a few lines that will no doubt be interesting to persons who have read such speculative and varied accounts, and who wish to be well and truly informed.

The great country that has been described as adapted to no other purpose than stock-raising is necessarily almost exclusively populated with cow-men; and, without legal restraint, the prairie fairly trembles with their power. I am personally acquainted with many of the boys; and while I have many *warm friends* among

them, I also have some *deadly enemies*. I have studied their dispositions, and, by the instrument of warmest confidence, have drawn from their bosoms many dark and hidden secrets. When a person takes into consideration the *position* and *surroundings* of these boys, he is not astonished at the almost unexceptionably bold, bestial, and immoral character of these creatures of the broad western wilds. In *civilized* and *Christianized* regions, if a person be disposed to be rough and immoral—though he often meets those of like disposition and is *encouraged*,—he *must* and *will*, from time to time, come in contact with those whom the faintest throbbings of natural manhood will move him to respect; for instance, the sweet smile or the soft, silver-toned word from the lips of a kind female or the address of a noble man. As he walks the streets by the dim light of the gas-lamp, profaning the Sabbath or planning dark vices, the sweet strains from the lips of the worshipers away up in the tabernacle will waft out of the open window upon the soft evening zephyrs and irresistibly appeal to his faint sensibilities. The voice of the good minister is heard; and though the heart be mailed with a coat of evil and the spark of ce-

lestial fire called conscience be almost smothered, these soft influences are felt and are fuel to the fire of man's natural sensibilities. And back of all this is the strong hand of the law, backed by public sentiment, with which the latitude of man's privileges is measured out. The checks are so many and so great that it is some time before the conscience of man can be overcome by the rolling waves of immoral and iniquitous temptations. But it is quite otherwise in the unsettled country where the musical strains do not reach nor the words of the gospel sound, and where the sweet influence of womanhood is not shed, and worst of all, where the *law* is the *will* and the might makes the right. There is nothing to stay the degeneration into which mankind is naturally so prone to drift; and in several years' life with such surroundings the sensibilities of man become as callous as a stone. The very atmosphere is impregnated with profanity, and new-comers can seldom resist the epidemic. Many of these boys stay alone away out upon distant ranges for several months at a stretch without seeing a human being, with the howl of the wolf and the angry growl of the wild beasts constantly floating upon the prairie

breeze, and the monotony broken now and then by the war-whoop of the treacherous red-man, who cruises upon the plain beneath his white plume, seeking the lives and scalps of the lone boys. The effect of a life in the open air, and a diet of wild meats, together with the influences of an unsettled country, I have already felt by actual experience; and he who has described the wickedness and boldness of the cow-boy in the strongest language I will assure you is not guilty of exaggeration, for indeed they are savages. They do most all their work upon horseback; and being in the saddle every day, they are so expert at equestrianism that it is amusing to see them ride. They walk so little that the muscles of their legs are very weak, and on foot they can do very little. They always keep a pony picketed close by, and if they want to go a quarter of a mile the pony is saddled.

The bronco is a California pony, and the mustang is a pony that was found upon the plains of Mexico. Both these breeds are used by cowmen; and they are, with few exceptions, very hard to break. They are natural *buckers;* and some of them never forget it, and take a heat at it after being rode for several years; that is,

they put their head between their knees, stick out their tails, and then begin to jump stiff-legged. The first lunge will perhaps be four or five feet forward, the next several feet backward, then from side to side, and all the while bawling like an ox. They sometimes begin as soon as the sinch is drawn and before it is fastened, and tearing furiously from the boy they buck over the plain until the saddle comes off or until they are entirely exhausted. It is a curious habit, but it appears to be natural with them; and if any person takes it to be an agreeable exercise to back one of these professional buckers, he should try it on once, and I will assure him that one fall upon the back of the neck will be sufficient to convince him that he was mistaken. It takes *practice* to be able to ride one of these fellows; and men considered good riders in the East are tipped by these ponies as easily as a stone from a slippery log. To see a big tender-foot back a bucker is about as funny a thing as I ever witnessed. The first jump the boy pops up about six inches, the next a foot, and so on. Soon he pops up so high that the pony gets one pop ahead of him, and when he comes down the pony is gone; and with a thud he comes to the

ground, usually upon the back of his shoulders, with his feet gesticulating wildly in the direction he came from. These boys are so well up to them, however, that they do not think much about it, *ordinarily*, though there is one sometimes that it takes the best rider to stick. I saw a boy mount a pony that it was said could not be rode, while he said he could not be thrown. The pony began his wickedest; and such bucking I never saw. He bucked for full fifteen minutes, and was worried down. The blood was gushing from the mouth and nose of the rider. The powerful jerking had almost *ruined* him; and of the effects of that ride he said he never expected to be cured. "But," said he, "in all my riding-experiences in fifteen years upon the prairie, I never backed the like." Now, when a little *mule* once learns to buck, he is what the cow-boys call double-geared lightning; for this, with the natural-born ability of the mule, enables him to come as near *playing hell* as is possible without using the real material; and a person who did not see him begin would swear it was a *herd* of mules dashing around, so numerous and violent are his maneuvers. When a wild pony is to be broken he is roped, a saddle

strapped upon him, and the rider takes his seat. He is then turned loose upon the prairie to cut capers, while the other boys ride after him to keep from going too far, or from jumping into bogs or gutters. As they come dashing over the prairie whooping and hallooing, the pony bucking and bawling, and the rider applying his big spurs, the sight is grand; and it is seldom one of these boys is moved from his seat. When the pony is worried out, he then puts a bridle on him and drills him. Of course it would be impossible to ride these fellows with the saddles that are used in the states. But, as has been said, these saddles are large, the horn is high, and when mounting a bad pony a roll of blankets is tied upon the saddle-skirt, and it is difficult to get a rider from his seat. Some of these boys have been almost *born* in the saddle; and riding *so much*, they are so bow-legged they can hardly walk. I have seen these boys ride along on a dead run and grab up in succession four and five silver dollars that were laid upon the ground fifty yards apart. They become very *venturesome* and *mischievous*, and sometimes catch the big-horned Texas steers, jump upon their backs, pull their tail up over the shoulder, and

my, oh! what a time! The steer bounds away snorting, bucking, and bellowing; but in spite of his efforts the boy holds on to the tail and keeps his seat. When they want some milk they ride out and rope a cow; and while the pony holds the cow they milk what they want. From so much *practice*, these boys are as expert with the six-shooter as with the pony; and persons considering themselves good shots should not brand themselves superior until once shooting a round or two with a cow-boy. I have seen boys ride over the river bridge at Granada, and at a dead run shoot two and three glass telegraph insulators from the railing in one round from the six-shooter. They practice this so much that they can shoot better from a pony than from the ground. Some have the cells filed out, so that the firing can be done more rapidly. There are saloons all along the railroads and cattle-trails, and when the boys are out alone upon the range for some time they feel like having a *picnic* when getting to where somebody lives. They are usually very liberal when they have money, and everybody present is called on to "come up and represent." Whisky is considered the *grace of God* in this country, and of course

it is very seldom refused. Now, if there are several together, a few drinks about makes happiness full; and the ball then opens. The boys all draw good wages, their expenses are light, and most of them aim to spend in saloons every dollar that is not needed for actual necessaries. They often draw from fifty to one hundred dollars at once, and spend every dollar of it before leaving a saloon. There are men making fortunes off the cow-boys to-day. There are professional gamblers lurking around most of these frontier saloons, and they watch to *intoxicate* the boys and then play them out of their money. Though the game be begun in the best of humor, it is usual for each man to lay his six-shooter at his side; and the *maxim* is, *mind your eye.* As long as everything is done squarely there is no trouble; but the first man that is caught tricking is in hot quarters; and I have seen some deadly battles without one word spoken. Sometimes the gamblers entirely strip the boys, and with an understanding, when there is a large pot, they point the six-shooters at the gamblers' heads and pull in the pile.

Some years ago Dodge City, Kansas, was given up to be the roughest and most wicked place

in the United States. It is situated right where the Texas trail crosses the railroad, and was a regular stock-center. Numbers of cow-boys were constantly going in and out, and whole dens of gamblers and prostitutes were quartered here for lucre. The population being composed of *such beings*, and the clash of the six-shooter being the voice of the law, the vilest consequences are but natural. Ah! many a man played his last game here, and mingled his dying-breath with the lurid smoke of the six-shooters. Men were shot down like dogs, and buried as they fell, red with gore and horribly mangled.

There is at this place a yard called the *Boot Grave-yard*, a place well known to all western men, and called thus from the fact that thirty-eight men have been buried here with their boots on. There was scarcely a day that there was not a riot in town among the cow-boys, or between the cow-boys and gamblers; and of course *shooting* and *cutting* was the consequence. Emigrants passing through with wagons, and not knowing the place, were decoyed into dark places and robbed. Passengers from the trains, on going in for refreshments and showing any

amount of money, were trapped and robbed, and were killed upon resistance. You are a stranger in the country, and they are all cliqued together; and what are you to do? If you go to making much trouble, or get to shooting off your mouth, the consequences can be imagined. Even when there are *officers*, they are not able to command order; for the first day they try it a ball from some unknown villain will strike him. Hence the officers are usually cliqued with the desperadoes. The easier a person can get out of these places the better; for the officers themselves will put you into a dungeon for the gamblers to rob you.

Fully one half the gamblers and cow-boys of the West are persons who have committed dark crimes and fled thither to escape *justice;* and wickedness, when once *launched,* will find in this country easy sailing.

As has been said, almost every cow-boy has one pony and riding-rig of his own. In case he should come into a place and *kill* somebody, this pony is calculated to skip with to another part, thereby avoiding the necessity of riding off one of the company's horses.

The regular initiation to the cow-boys' society is three murders; and when they find that you

are good stuff, and will shoot without ceremony, you are one of the *boys;* and you may depend upon it that you have friends who will stand by you in the hours of darkest danger. But if you prove to be a *brag* and a *coward*, your misfortunes are laughed at.

If a criminal is pursued, and he can reach the banks of the Arkansas River anywhere west of Dodge City, and then understands the plains, he is as safe as though he were in an uninhabited land. Or if he does not understand the prairie, and goes to a cow-camp and tells the boys what is up, if he has the right appearance one of them will mount a *pony* and give *him* one, and lope across to another range. Persons who do not know the country can not *follow* a person here; and if it is tried, and you do not perish from *thirst*, death will meet you in *some way*—you can rest assured of that. Telegraph-wires and officers of the law are of little avail here in running down a felon; and if a person keeps on his guard, and stays upon the range away from the towns, there is no danger of ever being taken.

Many of the boys are *never* caught off their guard, and the belt is upon them at the board and in the bed. They are *ever* prepared. Every

stranger is watched with an eagle eye, and the least suspicion is nipped in the bud.

There was one boy who had been upon the plains for several years, and who had proved himself a hero. He had committed murder in Alabama and fled from justice, and a New York *detective* had been employed to hunt him down; but it was some years before a clue could be found. He one night came to the home of the widowed mother, and passing himself off as a peddler not long from Germany, in a long, cunning conversation he obtained a slight trace of the felon son; and at length he trailed him to the Colorado plains. He learned that he was cow-punching; and the only way to get him was to cow-punch too. So, rigging himself out in a cow-boy's dress, he hired to a company and went to work. He was at the business several weeks, and at length came across his man. He had been very careful about every word and motion, and, assuming a careless appearance, he was not in the least suspicioned. He knew he was in a dangerous position; for if the cow-boys even mistrusted him he would be shot. But with great cunning and ingenuity he had avoided all suspicion; and after awhile he became

quite intimate, and was taken into the cow-boy's confidence. He watched his opportunity, and was alone with his man upon the Tepee, in Texas, one beautiful summer's eve; and they both stooped to drink from the little stream. The detective was careful to arise first, and drawing his six-shooter he leveled it upon his man, and as he rose said, "Surrender, and be quiet; for you are my prisoner." Quick as a flash the cow-boy saw his position, and resolved to make the most of it. Maintaining his presence of mind he coolly remarked, "Well, I suppose you want my arms." The detective, not realizing his real danger, and not considering the cow-boy's dexterity with a pistol, assented to the boy handing him the pistol, but kept his aim. The six-shooter was drawn from the scabbard, the fore-finger was slipped into the guard in front of the trigger, and, taking the pistol by the barrel, he reached it to the detective; and as he let down his own arm and reached for the extended weapon the cow-boy whirled the six-shooter, caught the handle, and in a twinkling a ball was sent whizzing through the body of the detective; and he lay pouring his life-blood upon the green bank of the Tepee, at the very feet of his intended victim.

It was only by long acquaintance and the most perfect confidence that I was intrusted with these secrets. I passed by the dead body before the color had quite left the cheeks. He was a fine-looking man, with an intellectual appearance; but, lest he should give himself away, he had cleaned out his pockets, and there was not even a paper by which his name could be ascertained. There may be a good woman and loving family somewhere in New York to-day waiting for the return of a long-absented loved one; but God forbid that it should be he whose bones lie bleaching on the banks of the Tepee. There are many such cases; and could the ghastly skulls but tell their tales, great volumes could be written of what will ever remain a deep secret.

Persons traveling over the plains will from time to time come upon human remains, some but partially decomposed and others disarticulated skeletons. A few miles north of the Arkansas River, in eastern Colorado, there is a long, deep hollow that from the great number of skeletons found therein is called *Dead Man's Arroyo*. They appear to have been there for many years; but there is not a mark upon the

valley rocks or spirit-whisper in the soft air to tell the sad tale. It is *supposed* that a hunting outfit was surprised at night and murdered by the Indians.

While hunting in the pan-handle country, we found the skeletons of four ponies lying in a circle, and a human skeleton (apparently a negro) lying among them. There were seventy-two Winchester cartridge-shells by his side; and it is thought that he was attacked by Indians, and for shelter shot down all his ponies, then fought off his enemies until his ammunition was exhausted, and died by a cruel hand. I have spent many interesting hours in the careful investigation of these mysteries, and surmising the causes and means by which these results were effected. From the fact that crime can be committed in the silence of the lonely plain, with so little *danger* of ever being discovered (the body often wasting to a skeleton before being discovered), there are many cold-blooded killings. When the least difficulty occurs among persons here, the arbitrator is almost invariably the six-shooter.

There are *dance-halls* in many of the *little towns* within the cow-boy's range. They are

usually built of sod or *adobe*, and are about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. In one corner there is a bar; and in the back end of the building are several small rooms in which stay the female dancers. They are usually Mexican girls. Musicians are employed to stay here all the time; and every night some of the cow-boys, Mexicans, or miners come in,—often from twenty and thirty miles,—for a dance. At the end of each set each boy must take his partner to the bar. Drinks and cigars are usually two bits apiece, and the lowest is fifteen cents apiece or two for two bits. If it is found out that there are boys in who have much money, the bar-keeper posts the musicians and the sets are cut very short. As long as the boys will spend money the dance is kept up, if it is all night; but so soon as the money stops the dance stops. The profits are large, and among these reckless boys a shrewd hall-man often clears from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars in a single night. Knowing the character and disposition of the persons who attend these balls, and considering the attending circumstances upon these occasions, the scenes can be readily imagined. Desperadoes gather in from all di-

rections, boys meet here to settle quarrels, and cow-boys and Mexicans being *natural* enemies, there are often mighty lively times. Each boy is ambitious to be a *bad man;* and after they get pretty well fired with liquor the recklessness commences and the wild spirit begins to glitter. Six-shooters are jerked, knives are drawn, and with wild yells bottles and glasses are shot from the bar, lights are fired down, and the basest profanity floats out of the appertures of the earthly hell upon the prairie breeze. Old grudges are stirred up, bullies try to pick a quarrel from others and then strike them down and try to run the house. One boy will imagine himself insulted by some other, and getting his friends together a fight is begun. Boys are shot down upon the dancing-floor, and each man tries to be the bloodiest. The consequences of these wicked balls are often very bitter, and there are some sickening scenes to be viewed in the morning light. I recollect being at Las Animas, Colorado, one night when there was a dance at the old Alhambra (a Mexican dance-hall), and I went to the ball to see how things were carried on and to learn the Colorado styles. I got there early in the evening, and the Mexi-

cans were having a big fandango in six-eight time. About nine o'clock the cow-boys began to gather in, when things began to warm up and the scene put on a new aspect. The cow-boys got wild with liquor, and riding around the hall yelling and shooting, they made the old *adobe* dust fly like sand in a hurricane. Bullets whistled in every direction, and when one cut through my beard I concluded things were getting a little *warm;* but wanting to see it *all*, I got behind the bar with the tender. There were a good many *Mexicans* in the hall, and the two parties began to contend for the house. There were two doors in *front*, and three boys arranged themselves in a line at either door. The doors were then thrown open by others, and leaning low upon the ponies, the six boys plunged their spurs into the sides of their animals and like a flash rushed into the house. They rode up to the lights and struck them down with their six-shooters; and then in the darkness the bloody contest was hand-to-hand. The women screamed, the horses snorted, the cow-boys shot, and the Mexicans cut. I knew the contest was bloody, and I was anxious to know how the thing was coming on; but the horses were pranc-

ing around so furiously, and it was too dark to dodge the bullets that were flying like rocks in an earthquake, so I kept behind the bar and waited for the curtain to rise. In about five minutes the noise abated; and when the lamps were lighted a horrible spectacle met my view. The ponies were all out; but three of the riders were horribly mutilated and bleeding upon the floor. Two Mexicans (greasers) were also riddled with bullets and gasping in death, while others were badly wounded. I went out among the cow-boys and found that some of them were also deeply gashed and bleeding. They had got the *worst* of the battle; and being late in the night they concluded to disperse and come in *some* other night for some more fun. There was not a boy in the crowd that appeared to be in the *least affected* with the loss of his comrades, and with wild whoops they rushed off like the wind. Going into the hall I found the band playing, and the Mexicans were preparing to continue the ball. The five bodies were dragged up in the corner and a blanket thrown over them, and in the blood of the expired men the fandango was carried on till the morn began to dawn. This was a regular *dance-hall* scene, and

not in any way an unusual one. I attended balls at a number of different halls, and witnessed many bloody riots.

Of course, these halls are not allowed near towns of much *size* or *importance*, where men live with their *families*, but are mostly in small places, and in many cases are far out upon the range. They are built in all shapes. The very air is contaminated with the vicious venom that arises from their walls like the odor from hell. Some are built by digging into the *ground* a few feet and then putting a few feet of *adobes* on top, making the ceiling just high enough for a man to *walk* under; and when the fiends gather in the nights are made hideous and the noise of the riots sounds like the rumbling of the infernal regions. These houses are the manufactories of evil and the polluted fountains from which untold misery and wickedness have been drunk by the unfortunate ones who traveled thither. Many a noble though *ambitious* young man, the pride of a happy family and the delight of his fellow-comrades, has gone west to seek his fortune, like his forefathers in years gone by. The location is often made in these wild places, and when the cultivated delicacy

and human timidity are once a little numbed, he walks with his *comrades* and is soon led to their venomous dens. Though it may be a little *shocking* at first, there is nothing but his own lonely conscience to discourage him and warn him of the enormity and danger; and under the circumstances the *ordinary* man is tempted and will go down. When he visits these houses the seeds are sown in his breast that the oxygen of prairie air will hasten to maturity.

Every man who visits these places has his life in his hand; and it is as easily dropped as though it were the most insignificant article. Often when a fond family is daily looking for a loved one to return, his spirit is winging the subtile air and his bones are bleaching upon the prairie, the secret, like the body, melting into clay. Of course, as was said, these vile places and extremely wicked inhabitants are principally found in small towns in the midst of the unsettled *country* or where these earthly hells are pitched in the midst of the plain; for there are some *pretty* little towns and *good* people. It appears somewhat strange that man—and not only man—will so degenerate, and become so extremely wicked and beastly; but it appears that

the average person, when living in a wild, unsettled country, surrounded with so much evil, loses all his refinement and develops into a new creature.

While picturing western life and relating frontier adventures it may be *proper* and perhaps *interesting* to many to give a sketch of the life of Hon. Wm. F. Cody,—"Buffalo Bill,"—a man known the world over as a border hero, of whom too much can not be said in the way of praise for valuable services rendered the Government as an army-scout, guide, and Indian-fighter.

Born in Iowa in 1843, at a time when that state was a border, and at an early age going with his father to Kansas, in the midst of the troubles there that "tried men's souls," William F. Cody was reared amid scenes of danger, and met with many thrilling adventures ere he reached his thirteenth year, becoming a "boy hero" when killing his first Indian before he entered his teens.

The death of his father, from the result of wounds received in the Kansas war, left the boy the support of his mother and sisters, and, precocious for his years, he joined an emigrant-train as teamster, and rapidly rose from that po-

sition to hunter and guide over the overland trails to the far West.

Of his numerous adventures, narrow escapes, Indian battles, and hardships volumes could be written—for he made his name famous along the border from Utah to Texas; and though a mere boy in years, few men were his superior in strength and endurance, while the cunning of the red-man he matched with equal cunning, and, in fact, won the name of being able to "out-Injun, Injun."

Of Mr. Cody's gaining the title of "Buffalo Bill" several stories are told, one of which is that when a boy-hunter to one of Russell, Major & Waddell's trains, carrying Government supplies west to the forts, he was alone on the prairie one day, hunting, when he espied a tremendous herd of buffaloes coming toward him at full speed. The train-encampment was miles away, the boy was on foot, and there was but one chance to escape being trampled to death, and that was to reach a lone cotton-wood tree some distance off. A fleet runner, he gained the tree and drew himself up into the branches just as the herd of thousands of buffaloes came tearing along beneath him. Scarcely had he men-

tally congratulated himself upon his lucky escape when he espied behind the herd half a hundred Sioux warriors in full pursuit; and he knew that they would make short work of him, for they would also pass under the tree. To remain was certain death; and his fertile mind saw a chance,—one in a thousand,—and he seized upon it at once. He would drop down on the back of a huge buffalo-bull, and thus ride out of danger. This he did, landing astride of the back of an animal that, frightened fearfully, endeavored to throw him off, but in vain. Fortunately the herd headed in the direction of the train-encampment, and as the men ran out to secure fresh buffalo meat they saw that one of the bulls had a rider, and a crack shot bringing the animal down, it was found to be Bill Cody, who was then and there christened "Buffalo Bill."

Another account is that when hunting for the hands on the Kansas Pacific Railroad he, in one season, killed four thousand two hundred and eighty buffaloes, and thereby won the title that he is known by the world over.

As a pony-express rider, when fifteen years of age, under the famous Alf. Slade, Buffalo Bill

won a name as being a rider of marvelous skill and endurance, making, on one occasion, a continuous ride of three hundred and thirty-two miles, and accomplishing the whole distance in twenty-two hours,—truly a wonderful feat.

But it was when he became a scout in the army that he made his greatest name; and the general officers under whom he has served, and those who have served with him, give him the credit of being a man of unimpaired skill in prairie craft, indomitable courage, a miraculous marksman with rifle and revolver, and at all times a gentleman.

Receiving only a common-school education, Buffalo Bill has since educated himself; for, a thorough reader of human nature and close observer of men and things, he falls naturally into the ways of polite society, while, a great reader, he has a fund of general information one would not believe possible to be attained by a person who had led his arduous, busy, and adventurous life.

Over six feet in height, formed like an Apollo, and as handsome as a picture, he is a man to attract universal attention wherever he goes, to which, however, he seems utterly indifferent.

At the time of the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to the United States, General Sheridan selected Buffalo Bill as his guide, and he received from the duke a magnificent diamond ring in return for his services, and an invitation to visit him in Russia, which Mr. Cody says he will one day accept.

Acting also as guide and hunter for numerous parties of English noblemen hunting on the plains, and also for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, J. G. Hecksher, Leonard and Lawrence Jerome, Colonel Schuyler Crosby, and other noted Americans, he soon became known as a *bona fide* frontiersman.

When the late Mr. Frank Leslie made his memorable trip to the Pacific coast, Buffalo Bill was his invited guest through the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Thus becoming famous through his own deeds, Mr. Cody was seized upon as the hero of many an "o'er true tale" in the weekly papers, and was urged to come to the East and engage in a dramatic enterprise, in which he has been successful as an actor, and made a snug fortune.

As a pistol and rifle shot Mr. Cody has no superior; and his deeds with fire-arms are simply miraculous, and must be seen to be believed.

At present Mr. Cody resides at North Platte, Nebraska, where he has a large cattle-ranch, which yields him a handsome sum annually, and where he is known as a "cattle-king."

The cause of this great region of the plains spreading out treeless and devoid of vegetation has been the subject of extravagant *conjecture*, and some queer *theories* have been advanced. Some persons think that it was once covered with trees and plants, but was swept over by fire, which so thoroughly destroyed all seed and roots that there was nothing left to sprout; hence the broad, clear range. All persons who have *been* upon the plains will scout all such theories, for nothing will grow there if planted. The physical condition of this great track is but the reasonable effect of the working of natural laws. *Rain* is all that is required to make the desert beam and blossom like the beautiful valleys of the *states*, though of course it would take some years to turn the dry sands into soil. No well-informed person wonders why *Sahara* is a desert; and though the region of the plains is visited with a few more little showers, and the surface is not so sandy, yet the *principle* is the *same*. What falls from the clouds is but that

which arises by the process of evaporation from the waters below. The evaporation from our little *inland* waters is very *limited*, that as *rain* it would amount to very few and feeble showers. The great oceans, seas, and gulfs that fringe the continent are the mighty reservoirs from which rise our dews and refreshing showers; and wherever their moisture is not carried, the effect is invariably that of which the great deserts of the world, and the mighty plains of America, bear testimony to-day. In this case, the distance is so great from the waters north and east that all the moisture is lost before it reaches the prairie-land. It is also a great way from the gulf, and to the west the *mountain ranges* rear their cold summits aloof to extract the dampness from the Pacific breeze. Hence, so long as the broad, open waters roll in their present channels, and the hills and valleys remain, the American plains will divide the East from the West, and their dry surface will glitter in the bright, burning sun. It is, nevertheless, an excellent stock-range; and judging from the mighty herds annually shipped from this great field, it appears a *necessary* pasture-land for the *world*. It appears that the all-designing Providence, in

the creation, prepared for the contingencies of mankind, and adapted this region to its present use, as well as the mountain-sides to the glittering diamonds and rusty ores.

There being so little rain here, there are no stagnant waters to poison the air; and the atmosphere being so dry, substances do not *rot*, but simply wither, dry up, and blow away. Carcasses will sometimes lie for *several years* before the hide is broken. There are, consequently, no noxious substances to impart their impurities, and the air is left perfectly wholesome. The buzzard and blow-fly have no putrefying masses to hover over, and are consequently not known here. Fresh meat can be hung up in the open air, without salt, and it will dry out sweet and beautiful; hence, the West for health. For pulmonary troubles, this pure, dry atmosphere is the balm of life; and there are numbers of healthy and happy persons in the West to-day, rejoicing and praising the western angel who snatched them from the brink of eastern graves.

But to go back. I said we calculated to go into *business* in the valley for the winter; and so we did. Charles turned cow-boy, and stayed at the home ranch during the winter; Dave and

John were employed at the round-house; and, seeing a chance to make money yet *another* way, I built a trading-house upon the prairie at the end of the railway-section at Granada, where stand a few little houses. I stocked with blankets, rough clothing, hats, boots, flour, corn, tobacco, cigars, etc. A small space was partitioned off at one end for a bar-room, and I hired a well-known and influential cow-boy to attend to this, not thinking the latter an *honorable* part of my business, to *Ohio* eyes, but aware that if a person wants to sell in any country he must keep what the people want to buy; for *otherwise* he is not patronized. My customers were cow-boys, Mexicans, Indians, emigrants, and the few settlers in the valley. Of course, one would naturally expect lively times once in awhile, under such circumstances; but I could smell the money in the air.

Myself and my hands were largely acquainted with the boys; and they came in from all directions, saying that they wanted to spend their money with us. The bar-keeper was *admired* by all the boys; and having great influence over them, he seldom had much trouble. I bought furs from the Indians and hunters, and realized

large profits. Taking strips of bright-colored calicoes, I tied them in bunches; and the Indian being great for dashing *colors*, a few cents' worth of calico bought many an Indian fur. They are also slaves to *tobacco* and *whisky;* and it was seldom they took *money* away, no matter how many furs they brought in. They never *wanted* to *sell*, but to *trade*.

The boys here are very *curious* about *luxuries* and *oddities;* and I used to have much sport with them. One time I sent to Kansas City for a keg of pickled pig's-feet; and when there were a good many *boys* in I opened it. After the boys found that they were good, I sold half a keg, at fifteen cents apiece, before I stopped. It was amusing to see them running round, each with a pig's-foot in his hand. At another time I bought a number of large silk *neck-ties;* and after selling *one*, I sold the whole lot the same day for one dollar and seventy-five cents apiece. They tied them round their necks, and used them for hat-bands. Of course the *profits* were large upon all sales, and I made money fast. This was in the winter of 1878–9,—the time of the great excitement and emigration to Leadville,—and being right on the route, from fifty

to seventy-five wagons daily passed my place for a couple of months. The weather was usually bad and the traveling hard; and most every one of the outfits needing something in my line, my sales ran from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per day for several weeks. I shall leave the reader to *guess* at the *margins*, and only say that we did not *deal* in nickels. We were all now located at the same place, and were making money; and many a fine old time we had together in that old Arkansas valley.

We and several other persons kept a pack of greyhounds, and we often went out for a chase. When wanting a chase, each boy going would saddle a good pony, and, with the hounds trained to stay close in the rear, we would ride out over the plain, looking cautiously for a flock of antelopes, deer, a jack-rabbit, or a wolf. When a flock of antelopes or deer is seen, the riders take advantage of the hills and ravines and get just as close as possible without being discovered; then, turning the hounds *loose*, away they go with the speed of the wind. If the hounds are well bred, and can be gotten within a *quarter* before beginning the chase, they will usually be successful; otherwise the fleet animals are likely to escape.

The *antelope*, as has been said, is a very vigilant and spirited animal; and as they bound away in the chase they almost baffle the eye. They always try to run down hill; and as they seldom run straight very far, the riders can cut across and keep *near* all the time, and often run into the flock without going half as far as the hounds. A flock of antelopes flying over the plain, with a pack of hounds close in the rear, and followed by excited horsemen hallooing and flying their hats, is truly a grand *sight* as well as an agreeable sport. The chase is sometimes *short*, and sometimes ten miles long; and I have rode among a flock when they were trotting slowly along, with mouths wide open, and the hounds within ten steps coming slowly along, with their great red tongues lolling out. A well-bred buck antelope is a little more than the average greyhound can overtake. The antelope is swifter than the deer. Sometimes a large, well-developed *jack-rabbit* jumps up; and when he lays his long ears back upon his neck and gets down to his best he goes like the news upon a telegraph-wire—only touching the high places —and appears like a row of jack-rabbits. He can outrun the *antelope* for a short *distance*, but

can not hold out so long. When a large *gray wolf* is started up there is fun. The dogs soon overtake him; but to kill him is another thing. I have seen one wolf whip six hounds, and get away. Hunters do not like to have their hounds tackle a *large* one, for he cuts them up so.

The cow-men and homesteaders are often visited by their *eastern friends*, and these chases are grand sport for them. I recollect that one time two young fellows came out to visit their brother in his little *adobe* in the valley; and learning of the sport, they were overanxious for a chase. They asked us to take them out; and finding that they were plug-hatted, nickel-plated fellows, with lots of *conceit*, we concluded to have some fun. They bragged of their *riding* ability, and being thus relieved of the responsibility of breaking a couple of tender-foot necks, we brought up two spirited ponies used to the chase,—and one a professional *bucker* when he took a *notion*,—and he would often take a notion in the heat of the chase. The silk-hats, broadcloth, and kid-gloves glistened in the sunlight, and their heads stuck up through the glazed standing-collars; and as we pranced out upon the range I could hardly conceal my *laughter*

when I thought of the fun to come. All at once a powerful jack-rabbit jumped from a bunch of grass and sped away like the wind. The hounds flashed by and were gone, and the ponies needed no urging. In a few hundred yards the man on the bucker touched his pony too far back with his foot; and *Jerusalem!* to see that pony buck was a caution. The first jump the old plug-hat rolled off over the sand like a cannon-ball upon Lookout Mountain, the collar flew open, and the breeches burst; the next he was popping a foot above the saddle with his coat-tail playing in the air like the national flag; and the next he was picking himself out of the sand, limping around on one leg, pulling up his breeches, wiping the blood from his nose, and speaking the Colorado dialect as nearly as possible, while the pony ran off in the chase. The *other* kiddy, finding that he could not *hold* his pony, had let go the rein and was holding to the saddle-horn with his legs spread out like the holy cross, and his horse just flying. He ran among the hounds; and the rabbit turning short, the pony gave one stiff jump, whirled upon his hind feet, and ran on. The plug-hat flew, the rider scooted forward, tearing open his vest and pants upon

the saddle-horn, and holding around the horse's neck with a death-grip. The next turn the *second* kid-glove went scooting his nose in the sand and his heels in the air. We saw that they were not *killed*, and ran on. After we had the *rabbit* we took a hearty laugh, and then caught the ponies and went back for the good riders, who had stopped to rest. The *classic* language had flown, and they were together brushing off their plugs and knocking the sand from their ears, and talking in such language that any *Colorado boy* could understand every word they said. Well, there was no *fun* in the chase for them, so we went back and the boys "set 'em up." The stiffening was from their collars, and the conceit from their minds; and I'll bet if an eastern man tells *them* that he can ride *any Colorado pony*, they will say to themselves, "*He's a liar.*" The *ways* of the *people* and even the *horses* of Colorado have to be *learned;* and to a fresh eastern man it is a big lesson.

A man and wife by the name of Mills, passing here *en route* for Leadville, being a little short in finance, and finding that employment could be had at the round-house, concluded to put up in a little board shanty that stood near my place, and

work a few days. That very night several cow-boys came in, and, as usual, did considerable yelling and shooting. In the morning, finding six bullet-holes through his house, he related his night's adventure, and told how he and his wife had propped the doors and then lay behind the stove, and said he would not stay in that house and run his chances for the whole d——n round-house. So, taking his outfit, he moved across the railroad a half mile down the river, and there put up a *tent* for his house. That afternoon a few cow-boys came in, and the sheriff and two deputies from Las Animas happening to be there, a trouble arose and the boys rode out and charged upon the house. *Firing* commenced, and the sheriff, with a large needle-gun, shot dead one of the *ponies*, leaving its rider dismounted. He ran right down the railroad toward the *tent;* and in firing after him a bullet went through the tent, and several others buzzed by. This was too much for the man in the *tent*, and he started back East that very night by the light of the moon. He said if a man could not even live in a tent out on the *prairie* without being shot at every day and night, *he* had enough of the *West.*

Well, things went on, and toward spring my brother came out from Ohio for his *health.* When the fur-season was going out, and the Leadville travelers began to drop off, I sold out and began to prepare for a trip into the mountains. My brother enjoyed the light, pure air and western novelties, and decided to go along. Another young man named William Gray, from Sutton, Nebraska, also decided to go. My old camp-outfit was trimmed up, and everything was prepared to make the trip a pleasant as well as an instructive one. Friend Charles had been called home to Ohio by the illness of his father, and Dave and John decided to stay in Colorado, and not go any farther west. It was quite *shocking* to me to think of going on and leaving behind my old comrades, with whom I had traveled so many days, and eaten so many meals in our little camp up and down through the broad, wild West; and especially *John*, who started with me from Ohio, and sat with me upon the lonely plains in the bleak winds of winter, and sultry breath of summer; whose tongue parched with mine upon the desert, and who fought the same hungry pangs—one who had proved himself a *noble* and *gallant* companion, and *brave* in

the hour of *trial.* But it must be done; and after giving each other our best advice, we took a long good-bye—perhaps forever.

That parting I shall not forget,
Though I live to be aged and gray;
For comrade ties did *scarcely* let
Me tear from them away.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

We Start for the Mountains—Las Animas—Pueblo—Colorado Springs—Manitou—Mineral Springs—We Ascend Pike's Peak—Balancing Rock—Garden of the Gods—Devil's Hole—Return to Manitou.

At two o'clock P. M. of June 5th, 1879, everything being in readiness, our little party of three bid farewell to our Granada friends and the pleasant old tramping-ground and steered our course *westward*, expecting to traverse the beautiful snow-capped mountains and to gratify our long-cherished desires. There could not have been a more jolly outfit than ours as we wound up the pretty green valley of the Arkansas, waving our hats and flirting farewell to our acquaintances who stood in the narrow doors of their little *adobe* homes. To me it appeared like leaving home; and, though cheered by pleasant anticipations, I have no doubt that there was more solemnity in the occasion for me than for the

rest of the party, who rejoiced while thinking of the scenery that yet lay before us.

We were now traveling upon what is known in Fremont's travels as the "Great American Desert;" yet the description given of this country by General Fremont nearly half a century ago fails to compare with the reality of to-day. Though I shall not stop here to question the credibility of our able explorer, yet permit me to say, by way of explanation, that great physical changes often take place, and more especially in new countries; and notwithstanding Mr. Fremont's description of this part of Colorado is not correct as of the present, it may have been *nearer* so when *he*, with his daring followers, faced the dangers of the savage land and matched strength with the red warrior. As said before, this is now the home of the stock-raiser; and thousands of cattle may be constantly seen grazing on this so-called American desert. Here they remain during the twelve months of the year, without shelter or any unnatural protection, and are compelled to "root, hog, or die." If the winter is severe, many of them fall victims to the freezing blasts. But this being in the month of *June*, the cattle were in

fine condition; and while passing along our attention was often attracted by their fine *appearance*, which drew forth many suggestions and some interesting remarks concerning the subject of stock-raising, of which the following is an example: "See that fine cow yonder; and look what a fine calf she has. That cow and calf would be worth seventy-five dollars in Dayton, Ohio. What do you think, Will?" "Well," said Will, who was always jealous over his native state, "we have lots of finer cows than *that* in *Nebraska;* and there are calves where I came from that are but six weeks old which beat those all to pieces."

Thus passed away the first day of our journey; and when the faint beams of the sinking sun were playing upon the tops of the river cottonwoods we halted for the night on the green banks of the Arkansas. After watering the horses and picketing them in the most favorable spot for grazing, the new party took its first supper in its own camp.

Our facilities for *cooking* were somewhat limited to those *inexperienced* in camp-life; so, of course, the duty of getting supper devolved on me. Though the boys felt a little adverse to a

rough hunter's hands going into the dough, the little cloud was soon lifted from their delicacies by the sight of an ovenful of large, light, brown-topped biscuits, which Will said looked as though a Nebraska baker had made them. Our fare, in addition to this, consisted of roast potatoes with the hides on,—as cow-boys say,—meat, and sirup. The boys ate with a relish; and after washing the dishes,—consisting of a tin-pan and a knife apiece,—and considerable boasting as to who had eaten the most supper, and remarks as to how well it *tasted*, the blankets were stretched beneath the green-spreading foliage of a little cotton-wood tree, and the little party, with but a single blanket between them and the earth and a similar *covering*, lay down to dream of the peculiarities of western life. There we lay, gazing at the bright, twinkling stars and listening to the music of the purple waters of the Arkansas as they rolled over a rocky riffle just above, until slumber closed our eyes and shut our thoughts from the fields of nature.

We awoke at the first note of the curious little songster among the branches above us; and after the boys had related their dreams, we all went down to the river. The boys said it

was the first time they had ever used an Arkansas wash-basin. Biscuits were then made without any *objection* on the part of the boys. Breakfast being ready, we all eat heartily; and it was not long before we were ready to roll up the valley to the west.

But, lo! one of our horses, which had already become tired of the *trip*, refused to go with us any *farther;* and this caused the necessity of drafting a few resolutions, among which was the following: "*Resolved*, That no Colorado pony can stop three boys bound for the Rocky Mountains." This resolution was at length unanimously adopted by us; and the pony being in the minority, the force of the resolution was brought to bear upon the only adverse party in the shape of a cotton-wood sapling; and after a short debate we once more pushed forward.

We had not gone far, however, before we came to a prairie-dog town; and the little animals, seeing us trespassing within their corporate limits, set up such a howling as to attract our attention. The little animals would run from one burrow to another, stand erect upon their hind feet, shake themselves, and dart into a hole in the earth, only to return and repeat the

same performance. We had just bought several new six-shooters, and Doc.—a name given to my brother—thought that here would be a fine place to try them. I advised the boys that I thought they could not be hit, as I had often seen it *tried*, and never saw one killed; and after several fruitless attempts Doc. concluded they were too quick for powder. Turning to Will,—who sat upon the wagon during the skirmish, like a Roman senator at an amphitheater,—and resolved to save his credit as a marksman, he said: "Well, Will, what do you think about this?" "Oh," said he, "I have shot lots of them in Nebraska."

As noon was nearing and the sun shining with unveiled splendor upon the sandy plain, the heat was intense; and seeing a small *adobe* house in the distance we at once determined to go there, that we might procure some cool, fresh water, and stop for dinner.

The road was smooth and the team fresh, and we glided merrily along and came to the little town of Las Animas just as the sun was tinging with gold the western horizon. There is a government fort here called Fort Lyon; and after conversing awhile with the soldiers we entered the town and at once proceeded to the post-

office, expecting letters from our homes and eastern friends. But unfortunately the mail had not yet arrived, and we were compelled to stay the next day for the expected news. As this little town, consisting of about five hundred inhabitants, proved to be quite a lively place, we had no trouble in passing away the time. During the day we conversed with various citizens; and the boys were anxious to hear everything that could be learned about the country and inhabitants. These conversations proved to be very interesting and instructive. We were told that we were in Bent County, and that forty years ago Mr. Bent lived here alone among the little trees upon the river-bank, surrounded by wild beasts and savages. They told us of some of his daring exploits with the Indians, and pointed to the place where once stood his lonely hut, which is now mingled with the dust at the side of his grave. As he was the first white man there the county took his name.

The latter days of Kit Carson were spent here; and his remains are buried near the river-bank, about five miles east of Las Animas. We went to see the spot, and stood at the grave of him who was perhaps more than a peer—in boldness

and endurance—of any other who ever reaped his livelihood in a wild, savage land. His little hut has almost returned to dust, and a little mound of *debris* among the trees tells where the daring hunter lived. His grave is near by, and naught but a rude, rough rock marks the spot where the gallant hero lies.

Here lives John Prowers, one of the wealthiest stock-men in the state. Upon inquiry as to his great financial success, we were informed that he came to Colorado a poor man; that he married the daughter of an Indian chief; that at the birth of his first issue he received a donation of five thousand dollars from his father-in-law, and continues to receive this singular gift whenever a new member is added to his family. Mr. Prowers has at present thirteen children. He says he believes in large families and generous fathers-in-law. I might here remark that two of his children are at present attending college; and it is said that they are apt scholars, and intelligent and promising young ladies, notwithstanding their Indian mother (who is so wretchedly stupid and homely that nothing but the most glittering prospects for a large family at five thousand dollars apiece could induce a

man with the least taste to love). It is said that when she and Mr. Prowers were first married, she used to leave his home and be gone among the wild Indians for some weeks at a time before returning.

Well, the day was an interesting one for us, and as the darkness gathered we sought our camp and retired for the night.

The next day the mail arrived and brought the expected news. We at once read our letters; and after some comment as to what our eastern friends would think could they see us in camp, and what they would do under like circumstances, etc., etc., we left Las Animas to take care of itself, and resumed our journey. Nothing deserving of comment occurred during the day. Suffice it to say that our team had a good rest, and we glided along over the plain at a good speed, occupying the time by singing songs and telling stories.

The next day three antelopes appeared at the distance of half a mile, and we aimed our big rifles at them. The distance was so great, however, that it could not be *judged* by the *eye;* and before we could get the range by *experiment* (watching where the balls struck in the sand),

the animals dashed away. Will did not try his skill, but said that he had killed antelopes at more than a mile distant in Nebraska.

We were now in sight of the long looked-for mountains; and although yet nearly one hundred miles distant, their beautiful snow-caps shone plainly in the bright sunlight. As this was in the heat of June, and the scorching sun was beating heavily upon us, we felt delighted to see *snow*, and imagined how cool and splendid it would be to sit upon the mountain-top, and what fun it would be to snow-ball in the month of June.

A few days later and we came into the city of Pueblo. This is a place of about three thousand inhabitants, and situated at the western terminus of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway. We found out that there was to be a good theater at the hall that night; so we made haste to get supper, after which we changed our suits and at once repaired to the scene of action. The play was "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." I tell you it was a real play, too,—there was no fiction about it,—for the hall was a perfect bar room; and I am sure the actors had been there at least ten nights, and not long absent in the *day-time*.

Well, I had seen so much of this that it was to me an old thing; but to the *boys* it was rather *exciting*. This place is situated among the hills and low mountains; and while it is not large, and does not promise to *be so*, it is very enterprising, and everything is lively. And there are some very good citizens living here. Of course everything is high; though a very good meal can be had for fifty cents. It is a wholesale place for many mining-camps and stock-firms, as well as a supply-camp for the many emigrants who are constantly going into the mountains. In the winter season, when the mines are blocked with snow, many of the miners come down here to board until the season comes round again. They usually have considerable money; and though a great deal of it is *gambled* away, the hotel men do very well,—for they are the gamblers,—and there are several fine houses here.

To stand upon a high bluff north of town just before sunrise on a clear, bright morning in the summer-season, when the breath of the town is warm, and look out in the distance upon Pike's Peak, which rears its snow-summit among the little cumuli, looking like the crowned

king of the *greenhorns* with his white mantle upon him, and see the long range extending far to the north and south upon either side, with a trail of snow upon its crest, the beauty of mountain scenery appears in all its perfection. When the wind comes from that direction, the breeze brings with it the mountain breath; and oh, how lovely! Persons taking their *first view* of the mountains from this place are, without exception, greatly struck with the grandeur, and are anxious to rove among the snow-limbed pines. We were not *exceptions*, either; and after supplying ourselves with the necessaries, we pushed off toward the beautiful and attractive scenery. We were told before leaving Pueblo that the distance to the peak was sixty-five miles; but before we had completed our first day's journey we concluded that we were misinformed. The distance appeared very short; and we fully expected that at an early hour the next day we could be ascending the mountain-side. The next morning we arose early, and casting our eyes westward we beheld the towering, silver-tipped mount in such grandeur as to far surpass our first view; and we saw the power and beauty of nature in a single scene. We then for the first time fully realized

that to view mountain scenery in its superlative aspect, it must be done from the eastern side, and just before sunrise. We all began to estimate as to how far we had to travel before reaching the object of our attraction. I—though used to the *prairie*—thought the distance about five miles, Will about ten, while Doc. offered to bet any amount that it was not over *three* miles, and that he could walk over there in an hour. Soon after we journeyed on, *each* feeling confident that a few hours' travel would prove his judgment as to distance. Presently, however, a man came riding by; and each of us being eager to know who had guessed the nearest to the distance, I inquired of the rider, whom we expected would know the distance to a *certainty*. To our great disappointment and surprise, he responded, "Just forty-five miles." Certainly this appeared very unreasonable; for nothing was plainer than that the peak was just by our very side; and we could plainly see the little pines and cedars upon its side. We were asked to not believe *our own eyes*. We found, however, that we were rightly informed. Such is the deception which the inexperienced are often bound to meet in this

strange country. This deception arises partly from the *immensity* of the *object*, but more especially from the *atmosphere*, which in this country is very dry and clear; for the less dense the atmosphere, the greater the distance of vision.

The next day we came into the beautiful little town of Colorado Springs. The reader would naturally infer that from the name given to the place we were now really at the springs so often mentioned by the tourist; but really they are situated five miles west of here, and I shall have occasion to speak of them hereafter.

It was now the *Sabbath-day*, and we concluded to remain here until the morrow. After selecting a suitable spot upon which to camp, we changed our suits and were soon wending our way through the streets toward the little Presbyterian church. Here, although *entire strangers*, we were at once directed to the most comfortable seats, and were regarded with so much respect by the citizens that we again made a similar visit in the evening.

We were now within five miles of the base of the mountain already referred to; and as morning came and twilight dawned upon our little camp, all were busy preparing to complete the

distance to the object which stood so majestically towering before us, with our minds fully absorbed with thoughts of climbing its rocky sides and standing upon its cool, snowy summit.

Before leaving here I desire to say a few words by way of description of this pretty little place. The town—the population of which is about six thousand souls—is situated on the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. It is neatly laid off in perfect squares, the streets all being of the same width. Along either side of each street are rows of beautiful, thrifty trees, which almost meet their heads over the passway, rendering them cool and delightful; while the water rolls in cool, crystal streamlets at either side of every street. The buildings are all remarkably neat; and there are two or three very large and magnificent hotels, with all modern improvements and conveniences. Take it all in all, Colorado Springs is certainly the most beautiful place we had ever seen. But as I do not wish to weary the reader with long and tedious *descriptions*, I must hasten to future events.

When we arrived within half a mile of the famous springs we camped among the bushes on the bank of a little stream that flowed down

from among the mountains, in order that our team might have *water* and good pasture. We then proceeded the rest of the way on foot.

Our attention was attracted by the many vehicles passing to and fro,—some very fine *carriages* drawn by beautiful matched teams. On closer observation we found that the passengers were usually lying in beds prepared for the purpose, and apparently sleeping. On inquiry, we learned that these were *invalids;* and as they were unable to occupy any other posture, on account of physical weakness, they were taking their exercise in that way. Here might be seen numbers of such invalids from all parts of the Union. They are usually affected with *pulmonary* disease, and consequently come here to breathe the pure mountain-air and to drink of nature's healing fountains.

The springs are situated in a deep hollow near the base of the peak; and three splendid hotels, with a few dwellings, a livery-stable, a grocery, etc., constitute the town of Manitou, the asylum of the *afflicted*, with whom the large hotels are often crowded.

Well, we first came to the *sulphur* spring; but after tasting its water—which proved to be not

very palatable—we proceeded to the next, which we found to be soda-water. There is a beautiful polished rock, about six feet square and quite thick, carved out like a basin and placed over this spring, to receive the clear, cool waters that constantly bubble up through the silver-sand. We had yet one spring to visit, and this was the iron-spring; so, after seeing it and tasting of its waters, I told the boys that I had now tasted *all* of them, and that I preferred water without mineral. Will suggested that it might be like beer—it does not taste so well at first, but it does not take long to get used to it. Doc. thought that the greatest objection was, the springs were half a mile from camp, and a mile would be a long way to go every time a fellow wanted a drink. So he accordingly procured a little brown jug; and after it was filled we started back for camp. We had not gone far when of a sudden the cork flew forcibly from the jug; and striking Will on the most prominent feature of his face, it brought forth a few strains of Colorado eloquence. Here Will set the jug down and positively refused to carry it farther; "for," said he, "if the rest of you want to run the risk of drinking that water, all right.

But I don't calculate to take any chances; for who knows but what the blamed stuff might blow a fellow up?"

We spent some days wandering up and down the lovely passes and sitting beneath the little trees on the brinks of the clear springs from whose waters we daily drew. To attempt to describe this place as it really is would be undertaking an impossibility; for the beautiful green slopes of the surrounding mountains, upon which the tasteful hand of Providence has planted her most lovely pines, the great silver-topped monument to the west that rears its head far above the clouds as if to call down the blessing of Heaven upon the pools below and guiding the afflicted to the fountain of life, the little springs away up in the bluffs that send their clear, icy waters rippling down the mountain-sides among the pretty trees, are all too *perfect* and *beautiful* for the human hand to imitate or the mind to imagine.

The *medicinal* qualities of the springs, too, are very great; for many persons who reached their green brinks exhausted, emaciated, and pale as death have felt new strength at the first draught, and in a few weeks the thin form, with the slow,

faint pulse, is as a new person, and the color is seen coming to the cheek.

The cool breath of the mountain, which constantly kisses this little paradise during even the sultry months of summer, together with the beautiful surrounding scenery, are *alone* enough to delight the heart, banish the dull feeling of affliction, and tune the aching heart with health and happiness.

The large, fine *hotels* at *this place* and at *Colorado Springs* are principally occupied by *invalids* who come with *fortunes;* while there are hundreds of *wagons* standing among the trees, with *tents* by their sides, in which *they* stay who come with spare frames and sparer fortunes. I have gone among these many wagons; and while I found some comfortably located, with all necessaries and conveniences, I also found some wretched families, with scarcely enough to eat and not sufficient clothing to hide their wasted frames. Some are stretched upon miserable couches, with the shades of death upon their countenances. Medical skill has broken the feeble means, but life continues to waste; and now, with the last few cents, they come to drink of the *free* fountain of *Nature.* I have often

thought, as I saw so many afflicted gathered round these wells, of the healing waters of which the *Bible* speaks, which the angel came down to trouble. While there are deaths *now* and *then*, a greater portion of the invalids go away mended.

Besides *afflicted* persons, there are many wealthy families who come here to recuperate and spend the summer-season. They usually lodge at Colorado Springs, and take their daily rides down to Manitou fountains,—often in the finest vehicles, with beautifully matched teams, which are kept for this purpose. What a *contrast* between these hale, hardy persons, who are rolling in luxury and happiness, and those fever-racked invalids in the little tents on the hill-side.

The water is very *unpalatable;* and though a person can not drink more than a swallow or two at *first*, by sipping at it daily it will at length taste very well, and can be drank freely. The *soda-spring* is used the *most*, though the others are best in many cases—according to the complaint.

> Here is the place, sick friends, to drink;
> For the angel of life stands on the brink.

We were all very anxious to ascend *Pike's Peak;* but upon inquiry we found it to be thirteen miles from Manitou to the summit, and was usually ascended by burroes (donkeys), which were kept there for that purpose. Accordingly, arrangements were made for starting the next day. Before the appointed time we went among the long-eared herd which was soon to take us up the mountain-side, each one wondering which one would be selected for his seat, and how the ugly things would ride anyhow. Here we learned that four other tourists were to accompany us—this increasing our number to eight, including the driver. At the appointed hour the saddles were placed upon these little *samsons,* and without halter or bridle we mounted for the trip. Will remarked as he mounted that the people in Nebraska always rode with bridles, and that he thought it a very poor way anyhow to place your life within the power of a d——d jackass. A loud yell from the driver, and the herd started forward. As the road was not unusually rough for a montainous country, nor the ascent very steep, we got along very well the first mile; but then the road became very rough. And so steep was the ascent that

often the little creatures that carried us stood almost perpendicular upon their hind feet, and the path was so narrow that we had to go single file. Thus we went on, the driver remaining in the rear, applying a great whip to the burroes without mercy whenever necessity required it. At the expiration of about three hours we came to the half-way house, and halted to partake of some refreshments and to warm by the fire, as the air was getting *cool*. Soon the driver announced the time to start on, and we remounted. We were now above *timber-line;* and nothing appeared before us but the bald and rugged mountain. On we went, winding our course among the huge rocks and up the gorges until we arrived at such an elevation that breathing became difficult, and one of our companions began bleeding at the nose. Here our new companions announced their inability to go any farther; and they proceeded at once upon the return. After bidding them good-by, we, together with the guide, pushed forward, determined to stand upon Pike's Peak, or find that it was *impossible* to do so. As we ascended the air continued to grow lighter, and affected our breathing considerably; but we were now near-

ing the summit, and being so absorbed with glowing thoughts of standing upon the great peak, we still went on, uttering no word of complaint. At length we arrived upon the summit. The dutiful little creatures swung their long ears back and forth as though they felt as glad as we. Here we were, fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, far above all surrounding objects, and naught but the horizon to bound our vision. There is here a United States signal-station; and the officer lives in a little stone house. He says that he stays here the year round, going down to the valley now and then; and Indians never bother him. He says that the elevation does not affect him much, as he had become somewhat *used* to the light air. Upon inquiry concerning the weather, he told us that he was sometimes visited by violent thunder-storms; and the lightning played upon the mountain-top, at times ingulfing him in electric fire and rocking his little house. Dense clouds of vapor hung around the mountain far below, and we fully realized that we were indeed above the clouds. After descending we learned that while we were upon the summit, with the sun brightly shining above our heads and the

snow glittering beneath our feet, a fine *warm* shower was falling from the clouds into the valley below. After having enjoyed the novelty of wading snow-banks in the summer-season to our satisfaction, we were ready to descend. So, with many happy wishes for our mountain friend, we began to go down. This, however, was not very *pleasant;* for every step the burro made he jerked his rider severely. Will remarked that he did not mind riding donkeys as long as they stood on their hind feet; but he could not go it when they stood on their heads. It is certainly *remarkable* to see these small animals carrying more than their own weight upon their backs; and, notwithstanding the steepness and roughness of the road, they seldom lose their footing, —though I once saw one descending a steep bluff with a load upon his back that made him groan, and losing his footing, he tumbled down the mountain and dashed his life out upon the rocks in the gully below. They have proved to be of great *service* in mountain regions; and hundreds of them are daily climbing and descending their rocky sides.

In due time our party arrived safely at Manitou—the trip having cost us just five dollars

apiece. We had now *seen* and *experienced* the changes in the atmosphere from the lovely valley below, to the mountain-top far above the clouds. We had gone in one day from where the air was perfumed with the odor of sweet, tinted blossoms and flowers, to the land of snow-banks where vegetation did not grow. We had seen the tall, graceful pines dwindle to low, dwarfy shrubbery, and then give way to the cold, bare mountain. It was a *lesson*—a practical and instructive one. We now felt considerably exhausted, which we manifested by retiring an hour earlier than usual. We felt a little sore the next morning, but were soon as nimble as ever. It usually takes between five and six hours to ascend, and between four and five to descend; and many persons can not stand it to go up at all. The trip should not be made in one day.

We had now been here some days; and though it seemed to us a life-time could be spent in this beautiful valley, we were compelled to leave for other scenes.

The Garden of the Gods, so often spoken of by the tourist as a pretty place, we learned was but two miles off; and we concluded to visit this

natural curiosity. The road to the garden wound like a serpent among the rugged, rocky mountains, and with much difficulty we passed along. It was not long before we came to a curious object. It was the wonderful balancing rock. This huge stone, weighing many tons, rests upon another stone with a foundation of but about a foot. It is apparently just balanced, and looks as though it could be tilted by little power. It is a wonder; and we gazed upon it with interest. The road ran by its side, and it appeared to be somewhat risky to drive by. Will said he would go and throw it over; and he was soon seen with his shoulder against the mountain of stone, fully believing himself able to overbalance the rock. But his strength was not a *mite* to what was *required*, and he gave it up. I found that there was no *danger*, and drove by in safety. Another mile among the brush and rocks, where the trail of the mountain-goat was fresh, and we passed between two gigantic natural pillars of stone, and opened into a level, lovely valley, about six hundred yards in length and two hundred in breadth, richly carpeted with soft, green grass. Surrounding it were towering rocks of red granite some three

hundred and thirty-seven feet high, and of all shapes,—some of them presenting a grotesque though beautiful appearance. Occasionally there might be seen a little grass-spot, with here and there a bush, away up in the mountain crevices, among which sported the birds of gaudy plumage, singing their sweet songs of glee. The little conies sported here and there from rock to rock, and the mountain-sheep, with their long snowy coats, stood far up among the bluffs looking shyly upon us; and we sat viewing the surrounding curiosities. How appropriate the name "Garden of the Gods!" We camped here for the night at the foot of what is known to the tourist as the perpendicular rocks. Up in the mountain just outside the garden was a pretty little lake of clear water, and taking a bucket I started up with the team to water them and bring some to camp. Will, being much attracted by the *scenery*, at once began climbing the rocks, expecting to arrive at an elevation from which to obtain a more extensive view of the surroundings, while Doc. remained at the wagon loading shells for our rifles. Scarcely had I arrived at the lake when I became startled by the cries of Will, who was now rushing, roll-

ing, and tumbling down the mountain toward the wagon, yelling out, "Bear, bear!" I hastened to the wagon, and, seizing my big rifle, started to the rescue. Doc. had already *arrived;* but the terrified Will rushed down the gorge like an arrow, with his hat in one hand and his gun in the other, not noticing us nor slackening his speed until he was safely in the wagon-bed; and he did not stop his noise until he was tired out. We struck bruin's trail in the sand and followed it for some distance, and at length caught sight of him; but before I could salute him with a rifle-ball he entered a dark cave among the mighty rocks. We went to the mouth and dared him out; but he did not come, and we had *good reasons* for not going in. He was a medium-sized black bear, and looked as though he might be a pretty good squeezer. The chase was now ended, and after procuring a few specimens of rock we went to camp. Will had quieted down, and upon our making fun of him and asking him why he did not shoot the bear, he said that it was so rough up among the rocks to skin an animal, and so far down to the wagon to carry the meat, that he thought the bear would follow him right into camp, where he would

kill him and have it handy. The scheme would have appeared very plausible could he have explained that infernal *yelling*. Presently, upon looking upward, we saw a mountain-squirrel skipping about among the rocky ledges; and as the sharp report of a six-shooter rang out upon the evening breeze, we were delighted to know that we were to have rich squirrel-soup for supper. Night soon came on, and the blankets were spread for retiring. But Will was excited, and said that he did not calculate to take his *chances* of going to sleep in a place where the bears were sticking among the rocks, and panthers and wild cats were working their scratchers out and in, practicing for a grab, while rattlesnakes were looking out at us from every little bunch of grass; "for," said he, "the devil knows what may happen, and no one be awake to see it." I felt very sure that Will would not sleep much that night; and knowing that if he saw danger he would make noise enough to awaken us and alarm even bruin himself,—as he did before,—we concluded to retire as usual, taking the precaution, however, to picket the horses close to camp, as they readily scent strange animals and snort; and this was also a guard.

In the morning after breakfast we took a short ramble, looking at the many curiosities and natural beauties in and around this lovely green pass. Hundreds of names are carved or written upon the rocks here; and the names of Miller and Llewellen are painted in large letters upon the very crest of a rock several hundred feet high. The side upon which the *names* are written is as perpendicular as though it had been hewed down by human design; and it is also very steep on the other side, where the parties must have climbed up and then leaned over in the swimming space to write. It must have required great labor to get there; and nothing but a burning, ambitious desire to be where man had never been,—and where so few could go,—could have led these men to climb so far in the air and register their names upon the very margin of the death-register; for if, in climbing, the foot or hand hold had given way, the body would have been precipitated to the level without hope.

Glory is sought in curious places,
Over land and on the sea;
But these were its *faintest traces*—
So at least it seemed to *me*.

We were not as full of adventure as *they;* so *we* cut our names in the base of a smooth, red

rock that towered far above us and came to a point like a spire.

While working here we noticed a small hole at the bottom of the same rock, just large enough for a man to crawl through; and upon examination we found that it was the entrance to a cave. The hole was smooth, and looked as though it had been used. It took some time to convince Will that the *bear* he had seen could not get in there. But at length we all concluded to enter the dark dungeon; so, after *arming* ourselves, we took a lantern and a few tallow candles and crawled in. After going but a few feet we could stand erect; and then, each with a light in his hand, we penetrated the cavern, which ran into the body of the solid rock. It was twenty feet high and ten feet wide, and so *ascending* that we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees as we proceeded. The floor was covered with dust from the rocks; and in this we could see many tracks, some imitating the wild cat and the panther. We did not know what we might come in contact with; but being full of *curiosity* we crawled on until we came to the end, which was fully twenty yards from the entrance. Here a small stream of water gushed

forth from the side of the cavern, and, after running a short way, terminated in a small pool worn in the rocky floor, from which it sunk unperceived away. We tasted the water, and found it cool and pure; and in the lamplight it glittered like crystal. We now descended to the entrance, and looking carefully at the wall we found several names cut there, apparently some years since; and we registered there also, and then made our exit.

We had now seen all the curiosities of this beautiful garden, and prepared to leave. It is only possible to travel through the rugged mountains by way of the natural passes; and we were compelled to go out by the *balancing rock*—the way we entered. The road was rough and narrow; but we passed along, conversing of the great beauties of nature, and at sunset we stopped for the night upon our old camping-ground near Manitou.

During the evening we had conversations with several persons familiar with the surrounding country; and they gave a glowing account of the South Park, representing it to be a beautiful, open country, lying just over the Green Horn range, about forty-five miles from Manitou, and

that it abounded with deer, antelope, elk, etc., and that a large *bear* had been killed but a few days before among the South Park pines. We were also informed that this was a favorite hunting-ground, and that small bands of *Indians*, who claimed the ground, were constantly wandering through the park in search of game; and considering white hunters *trespassers*, they often gave them much *trouble*. I had already seen many of the red race, could speak many words in their own tongue, and had become so used to their appearance that the quills and plumes did not scare me much; and the boys being delighted to hear of a country which afforded an opportunity to try their new guns, we *determined* to visit the place, notwithstanding a little danger.

CHAPTER II.

Start for South Park—Ute Pass—Rainbow Falls—South Park—Bear Fight—Leadville—Sallie Ray—Chimney Gulch—Trout-Fishing—Denver—Cheyenne—Black Hills—Bitter Creek—Antelope Springs—Wolf Adventure—Green River—Old Emigrant Road—Echo Canon—Utah—Park City—Ontario Mine—Quartz-Mill—Kinds of Mines—Prospecting—Start for Salt Lake.

The next morning we rose at the dawn of day, and after breakfast we filled our jug with soda-water and journeyed for South Park. There was but one accessible route from this place in that direction, and that was up through the famous Ute Pass.

We had gone about a mile up the pass when we came to the Rainbow Falls, to the left of the narrow road. The waters of a mountain stream roll over a precipice one hundred feet high; and as it dashes over the rough, projecting crags and is lashed into foam against the rocky sides, its roaring can be heard far up and down the pass. During the forenoon in summer the sun reaches this place, and, striking the crystal waters as

they roll over a certain large rock, a most perfect and beautiful rainbow, with brightest tints, is reflected upon the rocks at the side of the chasm. Hence the name, "Rainbow Falls." Tourists to Manitou are usually taken up here on burros.

The walls on either side of the pass were a couple of hundred feet high, and at some places almost met over our heads; and the gorge was so narrow that there were but few places where wagons could pass. It appears as though an all-wise Hand had hewed out this pass with an express design; for there would be no other possible way by which these rugged and towering mountains could be crossed. Though the way was yet rough and steep, we greatly appreciated our privilege.

It was now necessary for one of us to go on ahead to give the proper warning to outfits coming down the pass; and though we had traveled but about fifteen miles it was dark when we came to the top of the range, and our horses were much fatigued; and having walked all the way ourselves to lighten the load, we also felt much worried, not being used to mountain travel. So as soon as the horses were properly

cared for and supper was over, we at once prepared our couches and lay down to sleep on the cold crest of the Green Horn range, at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea. The night was very cool; but we were among the pines, and building a good, warm fire, we slept quite comfortably.

We had just laid down when the horses set up such a snorting as to plainly indicate that something strange was nearing our camp. Quickly buckling on our belts and snatching our rifles we ran into the darkness, and crawling cautiously in the direction indicated by the frightened animals, we lay flat, awaiting the approach of some wild animal, or thinking that perhaps Indians were lurking around the camp watching for our team. Presently the rustle of a chain was heard, and Will excitedly growled out: "Boys, the devil's got us this time; he has his chain along." Soon the object could be seen slowly moving toward us, and from its appearance I was slow to contradict Will's assertion. However, as it came nearer we found it to be a burro, with a chain to its neck. This little creature had probably strayed from its owner, or perhaps escaped from a massacred outfit, and

not wishing to be alone had come to our camp by the fire-light. After scouting around camp a short distance, we again lay down.

The next morning, though in the heart of summer, the water that we had left in a bucket was frozen so hard that it could hardly be broken with the hand. Taking an early start we renewed our journey.

We were yet about thirty miles from the park; but being now upon the top of the ridge, and the rest of the road descending all the way, we expected to camp in sight of the park that night. Instead of walking all the way, as the day before, we could now have the satisfaction of riding at least part of the way. We were not used to such hills; and we soon concluded that it was easier to go up-hill than down. The road was in some places so steep that we had to lock all the wheels and tie a log in front of the hind wheels, and then tie ropes to the wagon and hold back besides, to assist the horses in their descent. It was very tiresome; but we went down pretty rapidly, and at sunset we camped by a little spring that nestled beneath a large rock in sight of the great South Park.

The next morning we went down into the park in search of a good place to camp. In a

mile or two we came to a little stream, and after following its meanderings a few hundred yards we found it bubbling from a beautiful spring at the foot of a high bluff. The whole surrounding was carpeted with richest pasturage; and now having the two most necessary elements for the forming of a first-class camp, namely, water and pasture, we concluded to stop here while hunting through the park.

The description given us of this valley was not in the least exaggerated; for it would be difficult to imagine a more delightful place. One does not appreciate a pretty valley until he has climbed around awhile among the rough, barren mountains where the wild goat harbors; and then when he comes from the rocky cliff into an opening like this, several miles in length and a *half mile broad*, the floor almost level and richly carpeted, dotted here and there with little quakenasp groves, among which the fountains head and send their crystal streams down the pretty green slopes, he sees it in its fullness, and justifies the name "park," or even paradise.

We looked upon the surroundings and were delighted; and we congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune in having the opportunity to behold this beautiful garden of nature.

Having been warned of the Indians, our first work was to prepare a little fort for a retreat, should it be necessary. There were several trees that had been blown up by the roots lying close to camp; and cutting these into logs we rolled them in shape and made quite a fort. Will was now left here while Doc. and myself started out through the park in search of meat for supper.

After roving around for some time, viewing the pretty valley and looking for game, we caught sight of a herd of deer; but being too far off we did not shoot, and disappearing in a quakenasp grove they were not seen again.

We were already quite a distance from camp; and as the sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains, we now felt the necessity of retracing our steps. On nearing camp, Doc. succeeded in killing a large jack-rabbit; and this, with some nice biscuits, was our supper.

The shades of night had now gathered, and we prepared to retire. The horses were brought near camp, and driving the large iron picket-pins deeply into the earth, they were firmly fastened, lest they should break loose and escape should anything extraordinary occur. The fire was now extinguished, that no enemy would be

directed by it to our camp; and we lay down within our little fort to sleep. Nature could not have formed a more beautiful night. The sky was thickly studded with stars, and not a cloud was to be seen. The zephyrs softly and noiselessly fanned the valley, and but one noise could be heard—that was the sweet murmur of the little brook which rippled among the roots and pebbles by the very side of our bed. We for the first time felt lonely, and realized that the music of nature is sweet. Soon our eyes were closed in slumber; and without even a dream to disturd us, we slept sweetly until morn.

We ate a hearty breakfast,—which was chiefly the rich, delicious flesh of the antelope,—and then concluded to make another hunting-expedition, similar to the one the day before. Our belts were filled with cartridges, and our six-shooters and knives were buckled about us; and taking our big rifles, we left Will in camp as usual, and went off down the park. We came to a stream that rolled down the mountain-side among the thick pines; and knowing that deer kept in the thickets during the day, coming out night and morning to eat in the clear valleys, we concluded to follow this stream up the mountain.

We caught sight of game on several occasions; but the timber was so dense that we could not see it until frightened, and we arrived at the mountain-top at twelve o'clock without making a successful shot. I now sought a clear place; and climbing upon a huge rock I placed the field-glass to my eyes, and looking down over the tree-tops into the valley below I could plainly see our camp. The horses were quietly grazing near by, and Will, from his position at the fire, was probably getting dinner. As everything seemed quiet, we felt no uneasiness concerning camp; and being but about four or five miles therefrom, we started over the opposite side of the mountain. We soon came to a small crystal lake; and for the first time since entering the park we saw Indian signs. There were many tracks upon the brink of the lake; and some being quite fresh, we were convinced that we came but a little too late for company. Several small canoes were floating loosely upon the water, and we supposed them to be used merely as pleasure-boats; for as the lake was about one hundred yards in diameter, they could be of but little use in travel. A boat-ride in the wild mountains is a rarity, and Indian or no Indian,

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

we concluded to have a boat-ride right there. So stepping aboard, I plied the rude oars, and we shot over the lake. It was fine sport, and we felt pretty good over a free boat-ride. After the first excitement had worn off, we began to consider our position. We were rowing the Indian's canoe upon his own waters, and if seen by him would be considered trespassers; and at that very moment the eagle-eyes might be watching us from the surrounding pine-thickets. Though we did not care a darn for the trespass, we fully realized our helpless position in case of an attack, so we pulled for the shore.

Half of the afternoon had already passed away, and feeling pretty good over the boat-ride, we started for camp. About an hour before sunset we came to a very rugged part of the mountain, and feeling considerably wearied we sat down upon a log to rest. While looking around at the pretty scenery, we saw a small woolly animal lying in the leaves at the foot of the tree upon which we sat. It was apparently asleep; and approaching it cautiously we got within a few steps of it, when it discovered us and sprung to its feet. It was a cub bear. We rushed upon it, captured it, and concluded to take it to camp

alive. The little fellow kept up a continuous growling and snapping; and after finding itself completely overpowered it uttered a loud, piercing cry, which was answered by a terrific roar just behind us in the bushes. Doc. said we had played h——l now; and turning around we beheld two large grizzly bears, with roach up and froth on their lips, rush out of the bushes but a few rods away, and with angry snarls were coming upon us. The grizzly bear is the most ferocious of the bear tribe, and will attack the hunter with the most desperate and persevering fierceness, especially in the defense of its young. The brutes were closely upon us, and not a moment was to be lost. Raising our large rifles to our shoulders, we both fired at the same instant; but, unfortunately, both shots were fired at the same bear, which for a moment stood paralyzed and then fell over dead. The other one was already standing upon his hind feet within a few feet of Doc., extending his affectionate arms for a hug, and from the looks of his mouth, a kiss too. In attempting to reload his rifle he found that the shell had stuck in the chamber, so dropping the rifle he drew his six-shooter; but before he could fire it was knocked

from his hand by the powerful paw. Again, Doc. grabbed up his gun, and by repeated blows with the heavy barrel over the nose, which is the most tender part of the bear, he succeeded for a few minutes in keeping bruin at bay. All this was the work of an instant, and I saw the necessity of a shot from my big rifle to stop the infuriated beast. So, having shoved a cartridge into the chamber, I took deliberate aim at the heart and fired. The bear shifted just as I pulled, and instead of the ball striking the heart, it entered a few inches above the intended mark, crushing the shoulder-bone. This completely disabled the left fore leg, and the animal fell at the report of the gun; but after rolling over two or three times upon the ground, he again reared upon his hind feet and renewed the contest with apparently increased fury. We now used the six-shooters,—known as forty-fives,—and which were also deadly weapons. Nine shots were fired, when the frenzied beast became subdued and fell dead at our feet. Upon examination, eight of these shots were found to be simply flesh-wounds, yet a solitary ball, having penetrated the heart, would necessarily have produced death. The conflict was now over,

and we looked about for the pet cub. Just around the edge of the cliff we saw an entrance, leading, as we supposed, into a cave among the rocks. Here was doubtless the abode of the bruin family; and we supposed that the cub had gone in, but had no particular desire to go in to see.

We were soon on our way to camp, each carrying a bear-hide and a chunck of the meat. The hides were dried, and proved to be of much service. During the day they served as cushions for seats, and when the nights were cold they were our warmest covering. As we had often heard of bear-flesh being the most delicious of all meats, we were anxious for a taste. Accordingly, a quantity was at once placed upon the fire for supper. We were a little disappointed; but having exercised considerable during the day, it nevertheless tasted very well.

The next morning we set out to cross the park. About 3:00 P. M. we arrived at the opposite side, and concluded to camp until the morrow. We had scarcely halted when a single Indian came out of the pines, and manifesting friendliness, came up to our camp. He could speak a few words in English; and we soon found that

he wanted a shooting-match. We disregarded his solicitations for a little while; but he still presisted. Doc. then took his rifle in his hand, and making him understand that he was the poorest shot in the party, showed him that he would shoot. The Indian appeared delighted; and walking away three hundred yards, he cut a notch in a tree with his tomahawk, and with utmost satisfaction came back to shoot. He expressed his desire that Doc. should shoot first; and without ceremony he fired, striking the center of the white chip. The red-man gave his shoulders a shrug, and with an "ugh" of surprise he refused to make a shot, and was soon gone away disgusted into the pines. There were doubtless many others among the surrounding hills, and this one had perhaps come out to test our ability with the rifle. They are cautious about approaching the unerring ball, but at the same time entertain comparatively little fear from the awkward marksman. They have entertained this dreadful fear of the big rifle in the hand of a good marksman ever since the year 1860, when a party down in Texas were rounded up by buffalo-hunters and the most of them picked off at a very long range. This information is in every

tribe, and will doubtless become proverbial. "Why," they say, "the big bullets are whizzing down in Texas yet, hunting Indians."

The next morning, while preparing breakfast, two other Indians appeared and asked for something to eat. We did not hesitate to share with them, and they eat greedily. I might here remark that during the whole of our extended journey, notwithstanding that we were often approached by the hungry Indian as well as white man, we never refused to share eat and drink, no matter how scanty our supply.

Having heard so much about Leadville for the last few months, and seeing such vast numbers of emigrants daily winding their way to the mountain of wealth, we concluded to give it a visit also. We could hear the whistles blow, and see great columns of smoke rising from between the hills when we were yet fully fifteen miles away. We began to see dead horses and mules by the way; and as we proceeded the numbers increased until within a mile or so of the place the way was literally strewed with dead animals; and there was not a spear of grass left for our horses to graze. We at length arrived at the great center of excitement; but the scene I can

not describe. The place lies between two ridges, and is nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. No costly mansions, built with time and care, adorn the place, and no spacious business blocks, with their beautiful polished fronts, are seen; but the great mining metropolis of the Union stands with her hastily-reared cabins among the green stumps of the late forest, and her hundreds of tents glitter upon the hill-sides that have been left rugged by the spade of the hungry miner. Snow glistens upon the crests of the high mountains in every direction. Its cold breath brings chill to the camp, and the nights are very cold.

The population is estimated at twenty thousand; and with fully one half of these miserably located in wagons, and insufficient coverings, there is much misery. Like unto the finding of gold at the discovery of America, the populace had been excited far and near, and the greedy seekers of the precious metal came rushing to this find in the cold, bleak mountains like perishing cattle to the pool. West-bound trains were every day behind time with their terrible loads of people, who did not consider that there could be no accommodations in a place so rapidly

sprung, and the consequences were hunger and exposure. This resulted in disease; and at one time many were daily swept away by pneumonia. The horses, too, standing unsheltered upon the mountain-slopes by the hundreds, with no pasture but the green twigs of the fallen trees, and the little feed that some of their owners could afford to buy, contracted diseases; and the town was literally surrounded with dead animals. Many poor men, depending upon their teams for support, were entirely broken up. Persons coming by wagons usually had a small stock of provisions and beds along; but the thousands who came from the East by rail were at the mercy of those who were prepared to board and lodge. There were boarding-tents stuck upon the hill-sides, and, though all could not be accommodated, meals were from one to two dollars apiece. There were other lodging-cabins, and this was from fifty to one dollar per night. I have seen persons who just came from the East, and not wishing to peril their health by exposure in the cold night-air of the mountain, offer five dollars for a comfortable night's lodging. They had plenty of money, but the accommodation was not to be had; and many a person from a good,

warm bed lay here shivering in the folds of a single thin blanket, and paid an exorbitant price for the privilege. There was one large hall, which was built at the beginning of the excitement, and which now rented at seventeen hundred dollars per month. It was used as a saloon, and had two bars, with two tenders and a cashier behind each; and day and night the drinks were issued as fast as these men could tend. The spare part of the hall was let out to lodgers; and persons paid fifty cents per night to wrap themselves in their own blankets and sleep spoon-fashion upon the floor. The floor was covered every night. It would be difficult to even imagine the amount this firm daily realized. There being no railroad here, everything had to be freighted in over rough mountain-roads, and of course was very high. There was but one route by which a railroad could reach the place, and that was up the grand canon of the Arkansas; and this was just wide enough for one track. The Denver & Rio Grande and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe companies both saw the great prospect for a road to Leadville, and they both began to extend their tracks. They came to the canon at the same time, and a quarrel arose as to which

should enter. Each company employed squads of men to guard its workmen, and gave them five dollars per day; but great bowlders would tumble down the canon from several hundred feet above, and thud heavily in the waters below whenever work was begun. This war was waged for some time, during which several men were killed. At length United States troops were called to the scene, and General Sherman came out to quell the war. The matter was taken to court, and after a decision in favor of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad the little narrow-gauge wound up the gorge to the town.

Persons who bought property here at the early stage of the excitement suddenly rose to men of wealth; for a lot in the heart of town was worth far more than a lot in the center of Dayton, Ohio. Many shrewd persons made fortunes here, in various ways; and some lost all they had. I will venture that there are many returned to the East with Leadville experience to-day who will consider before they rush wildly to another find in the cold, bleak mountain in the winter-season.

In connection with this sketch of Leadville I feel constrained also to add something that will

doubtless be interesting to many, as showing the physical and financial ability of woman as well as Leadville opportunities. Mrs. Sallie Ray, known as the Leadville washer-woman, has to-day an income of thirty thousand dollars per annum, owning property in Leadville that rents for two thousand dollars per month. The following is a brief history of this wonderful woman: She was born in the north of Ireland in the year 1830, and came to New York when she was fifteen years of age. She there married a book-keeper named Joseph Ordway. He soon died, and she went west to Leavenworth, Kansas. From there she went to Denver, and finally, in 1867, to Leadville. In Denver she married a man named Frank Ray; but he died soon after, leaving to her a daughter, Cora, now a pretty girl of about seventeen years. Her career has been a peculiarly eventful and exciting one, and would doubtless make an interesting little volume. She has dug in mines, fought in Indian wars by the side of her husband, scoured the plains on horseback as a scout, and became an expert at the business. She braved the dangers and storms of winter, where Leadville now stands, before there were houses to inhabit; and she

says she used to keep Cora wrapped up in warm blankets, day and night, to keep her from freezing. She helped found the city of Leadville, mapped roads, built houses, and took in washing from the miners. When the place became settled, the land she had taken up turned into a fortune; and as the silver rattled down the wash-board she felt herself growing rich. She weighs about one hundred and forty pounds. Having her property all in the hands of good agents, she is taking her ease.

There are constantly finds being made that create a great excitement at first; but in most cases they prove inferior to expectation, and soon die away. On the contrary, *this* has proved a good camp; and from the rich finds that are being made every once in awhile the whole town and its surroundings appear to be threaded with rich veins of silver-quartz. We were not greedy or in any wise excited, however, and concluded to leave the place and steer for Denver, the queen city of the West.

We passed down Chimney Gulch, the great natural pass through the towering Rocky Mountains, and in which roll the clear waters of a beautiful mountain-stream.

We camped one evening in this gulch, fifteen miles from Denver, and thought to try our hands at fishing. We never had *success* in fishing in *clear* waters, where the fish could *see* us; so, of course, we sought a place where the water was *shaded*. After finding a place where the water whirled into foam round a rock, and grass floated on the eddy, we cast our hooks; but in spite of the soft, delicious fat meat that we suspended there was nary a bite.

There were some fellows out from the city, also; and they, too, were fishing, but with better success. They came up to where we were; and seeing the place in which we were fishing and the bait we used, they burst into a hearty laugh, and asked us if we were not cat-fishers from Arkansas. Will was a little insulted at this remark, and told them that the fishers were all right but the darned *fish* were just like the *people* out west here—used to *eating* nothing but mud and grasshoppers, and did not know what meat was.

I was willing to be called anything, so I could catch fish; so I went to their wagon, and, finding that they had a nice bucket of trout, I decided to take a little piscatorial information. I learned

that trout stayed only in clear water, and were from six inches to a foot in length. The fishing is usually done with a fly; that is, a little red feather tied just over the hook. When *baiting* is used, grasshoppers are the *best;* and *meat* will not do at all. Will was right. The hook is cast into the water where trout are seen, or where there are rocks or logs under which they are likely to be, and then dragged up and down to attract attention. The hook is sometimes drawn past the fish several times without notice, and of a sudden a dart is made at the fly or bait; and in either case he usually sticks.

We had better success in our fishing after this lesson; but we also learned that it took ingenuity and lots of experience to catch speckled trout. Finding the grasshoppers few, and the best jumpers we ever saw, we concluded that the fish we could catch would not satisfy the hunger engendered in capturing the baits; so we gave up the sport to look at the mountain curiosities.

The walls upon either side of the gulch tower several hundred feet high, and in some places are almost perpendicular. The gulch is very narrow here and there, and the stream takes up

nearly the whole pass. In these places the way has been worked and walls of stone have been built. We thought the people of Denver had done this through *necessity*, and never even *dreamed* of a toll-gate. But in the morning, as we came near the mouth of the gulch, we found a fair tree suspended in the way; and were asked one dollar, or ten cents per mile, for the privilege of passing under. Well, there was but one thing to do, for even the best-trained burro could not climb round the gate, and the man who stood in the door of his little cabin with his belt of six-shooters on, looked as though he meant to collect his toll, so we paid the bill and drove out from the mighty walls upon the pretty level prairie.

It was Sabbath morning, and the sun shone brightly. The tolling of the church-bells could be distinctly heard, while the spires rose high and glittered in the sunlight. It was a delightful morning, and we passed merrily along, anxious to stand in the beautiful streets of the western Jerusalem. We soon met the folks from the city riding out in their fine carriages, enjoying the soft, pure, morning air, and we thought of home. We had a white cover upon our wagon,

and as the little ones passed by they would excitedly call out to pa and ma to look at the gypsies. When near the city we met two young men on horseback who were disagreeing as to the distance of the mountains that hung upon the edge of the prairie in the direction from whence we came. One was acquainted with the country and *knew* the distance; but his comrade was insisting that it was but three miles at most. So, standing as he was between the great confidence he had in his friend, and his own judgment, based upon real observation, he came to us acknowledging his fresh arrival from the East and inexperience in the country, and asked for the truth. We had been in his fix at Pike's Peak, and though realizing his position, we told him it was full fifteen miles, and drove on.

We at length came to the city and camped in a pretty grove upon the banks of the South Platte that rolls along the edge of the corporation. It was a cool, delightful spot, and there was a wagon beneath almost every tree, while great numbers of children were playing in the cool shade. Some had come here to spend the summer and had large tents up, and cooking-stoves, and other household furniture. They

live comfortably in the pure, soft, open air. We went into the city, and were greatly pleased with its fine, large buildings, and pretty, dry streets. The principal hotels are the American, Interocean, and Grand Central. These are very fine houses, and are usually crowded to their utmost during the summer by persons who come here to spend their vacations for their health. There are persons in Denver who say they came here hopeless invalids, and to-day they are stout and hearty. The population is said to be forty thousand; but from the fact that there are so many transient persons, it is hard to estimate. The post-office is large, and has three general deliveries, each taking charge of the mail under certain letters of the alphabet. These deliveries are opened for a short time whenever a mail arrives; and persons looking for mail have to be on time. There are so many persons here from the East, and who have no boxes, that to avoid rushing and confusion they are made to form rows and march up in regular order—the little one standing an equal show. These rows sometimes reach clear out of the house and far down the sidewalk, and persons often stand at the delivery fifteen minutes before it opens so as to be

first; for sometimes the window is closed before all are served. The city is very thrifty; and at the time we were there fifteen hundred houses were said to be in process of erection. All kinds of business is flourishing, and workmen appear to be encouraged. Law is excepted, for there are more lawyers here than would be necessary to do three times Denver's legal business. Just south of the city is located the largest gold and silver smelter (it is said) in the world. By miners, farmers, stock-raisers, and tourists the city is supported. North and east of the city there are several hundred acres of good farming-land; and the very best crops of wheat, potatoes, oats, etc., and some splendid fruit also, are raised. Of course it is all done by irrigation; but the mountain-streams are near, and the broad, level fields are easily flooded.

Our next place was Cheyenne, Wyoming, which lay about one hundred and ten miles to the north; so taking a last look we left the beautiful city behind and journeyed up the Kansas Pacific Railway. There was a well-broken road all the way, and we glided smoothly along, crossing over the Little Thompson Creek, and near by Fort Collins, and soon entered the city. It is

situated upon the north bank of a branch of the South Platte, called Crow Creek, and is surrounded by barren hills. The great Union Pacific Railroad runs through the place, and the Colorado Central and Kansas Pacific roads terminate here. There is a great deal of mining-machinery manufactured here, and this, with the railroad shops, stock-raising, and the government fort near by, is what supports the town. The town is somewhat scattered, and the buildings are mostly old and very common. There are many saloons and gambling-houses; and though there are undoubtedly some *good* citizens here, the people generally are pretty rough characters—the female portion not excepted. However, the place is not nearly so notorious as years ago, when it is said they used to have a man every morning for breakfast. We paid here four cents per pound for potatoes, three cents for corn, five cents for flour, and for other things in proportion.

Our young friend William Gray here concluded that things were not like they were in old native Nebraska,—to which he was fervently attached; and not wishing to experience any more changes, see any more Indians, or get any

farther from home, he concluded to go back where father's chimney helped make the morning fog. So, mounting his pony, he bid us good-by, and loped out of sight down the railroad with a light heart, and the determination to live and die and be buried in blessed old Nebraska.

Will had hardly gone when two young men named June and Hugh Goodrich came to our camp; and finding that we were on our way to California, and that we wanted company, they made application, and we concluded to go together. They were brothers, and were then on their way from Missouri to Oregon. We were in camp together but a few days until we found that though they were *inexperienced*, they were nevertheless good, honest boys; and we were proud of our new companions.

We now started for the notorious Black Hills that lay along both sides of the line between Wyoming and Dakota, and one hundred miles to the north. There was a wagon-road leading from Cheyenne directly to the hills, and taking this we crossed over the Platte River. In a few days we were in sight of the hills. They are high, rugged, and perfectly barren, and the sur-

face is so dark as to have the appearance of burnt prairie. Hence, the name Black Hills. We pushed on up to Camp Bradley, and then visited some of the mines. The miners say that this is undoubtedly the richest mining-district in the West; but for mining there is much water needed, and this they lack. The artesian experiment is being tried, but thus far with poor success. But should this eventually succeed, mining-stock in the Black Hills will be at a premium. Work is going on, however, but the pannings are light.

The Indians have been a reigning terror to the miners here, and whole outfits have been murdered on the way, while men were every day shot down with picks in their hands by the hidden foe. The little camps that stick here and there among the hills are made up of men who care not for man or devil; and a rougher set I never saw. They beat cow-boys badly. There is a saloon and gambling-house in every camp; and could the hills but speak, they would tell of crimes as black as the sands upon their slopes. The hills can be seen from one or two points on the Union Pacific Railroad. There is a branch railroad being now built from the

Union Pacific a little west of Cheyenne to the hills.

We now came down the north fork of the Cheyenne, then over on the Powder, and then down the Platte to the Union Pacific Railroad again, and started west. We soon came to Rawlings, a place spoken of in connection with the White River agency massacre as where the troops left the railroad to go to the scene. We now opened into a dry, sandy desert, and were compelled to make forty and fifty mile drives, with the wheels rolling deep in the soft surface, to reach water.

In one of these big drives we came to a little stream called Bitter Creek, that flowed noiselessly down a ravine; and the first impulse was joy. But when we got to the bank we found a notice stuck up warning us to not let stock drink for the water was poisonous. It was as white as milk with alkali; and we wondered if we had not struck the land that flows with milk and honey—however, we saw no honey around. The horses wanted to drink, but we carefully kept them from it. Taking a cup, I resolved to taste the stuff, poison or no poison. I took but a little sip, and was satisfied; for it was so

strong that the skin came off my lips and tongue wherever the water touched.

We came to the mountains at dark, and following a road that branched off down a deep gulch to the right we traveled about two miles and opened into a little basin covered with rich, green grass, and where the pure, cool water bubbled from the foot of the mountain and ran off down the hollow, glittering in the bright moonlight. Having just come out of the scorching sands, and not having had a drink of good water for several days, the camp was to us delightful; and the ponies, after quenching their thirst from the crystal stream, rolled themselves upon the soft lawn and went to grazing the tender grass as though well contented.

There were several other outfits there also; and by one of the wagons a splendid, large, dark-bay stallion lay dead. The horse was very dry when he came to Bitter Creek, and in spite of all warning his owner let him drink; and though he took but a few swallows of the ugly water it did the work.

We stayed here the next day to recruit our team, and killed a fine large deer that came to drink at the water below; and the following

morning we took our last draught from the cool waters, and rather reluctantly left the beautiful Antelope Springs to climb up the side of the mighty mountain to the west. We wound slowly up the steep side, and it was nearly night before we reached the top. When once there we could see for miles around over the rugged, barren peaks and the dry, sandy plains of Bitter Creek. The timber was but dwarfy bushes; the air was light and cool, and the clouds swept by our feet along the crest of the mountain, being sometimes so thick as to hide objects but a few yards away. We looked down the other side, and it appeared to be miles to the bottom; for the pines in the valley below looked like little twigs on a hazel-brush. We descended but a short way when we came to a pretty spring and stopped for the night; for our horses were very tired. The next day at noon we reached the bottom; and as we looked back it seemed as though we had come directly down from the heavens.

Here stood what is called Quakenasp Mountain; and from a cliff away up in its side sprung a stream of clear water which came tumbling down over the rocks like a cataract. We had

heard this mountain spoken of as being a great place for game; so, being remarkably fond of hunting, we concluded to stop and try our hand. There were great chasms in the mountain-side, and these were filled with thick growths of quakenasp-trees and bushes, down among which the water flowed and where the game harbored.

Leaving the Goodrich brothers in camp, Doc. and myself each strapped a blanket upon his back, and, taking our big rifles, we started up the mountain. We saw some sign, but no game until we reached the top. Looking down the other side we saw a little branch running down a deep hollow, and we descended. Here the banks were all cut up with the sharp hoofs of the deer and elk, and the print of a single Indian moccasin could be seen in the soft sand at the brink. The slopes were all covered with sage-brush as thick as a man's leg and as high as his breast, with here and there a little pine-tree. I often think of it to-day as the wildest-looking place I saw in all my travels.

Our camp lay just over the mountain, about four miles away; and as the darkness was already gathering we concluded to stay here till morning and shoot the game as it came to the

water. So, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, we lay down among the sage-brush at the roots of a little pine sapling that stood on the bank of the stream and were dozing sweetly when the piercing howl of a wolf, that appeared to be trailing us down the mountain-side, broke the deep silence and roused us from our slumbers. Almost instantly howling began in every glen and on every hill-side; and the shrill notes echoed down the valley in which we lay. We had always kept a fire when in bad wolf-countries before; but thinking that there was no danger here we had avoided fire on account of the game. And it was even dangerous to start a fire here among the dry sage-brush without first carefully clearing a place; for, should the fire break out, we would surely perish in the flames. What was to be done must be done quickly, for the brush was crashing at our very sides and the deafening cries rang in our ears. Fire-arms against such numbers was a feeble defense; and there being no other tree that could be reached in time, we both sprung into the slender sapling that we knew was too weak to bear us up, just getting out of the way when several large wolves reached the tree. Doc.

being the lightest went up first, and I stayed as close to the bottom as I could to take off as much weight as possible. But, just as we had anticipated, the tree was too weak; and, bending over, Doc. was left within six feet of the ground, so that we were both almost within reach of our hungry foes. Thicker and thicker they came and louder and louder they howled until they looked like a large flock of sheep, and we could not hear each other speak. They became so ravenous that they would spring up and clash their foaming jaws together, sometimes within a few inches of us, and now and then catching parts of our clothing, and blowing their warm breath in our faces. It was a critical moment; and had that tree been high enough I would have climbed up to the moon. But it was the best we could do; and with our knives in our hands we struck them in the head as they jumped up. The prey was so near that they lost themselves in anxiety and rage, and would spring at the tree and gnaw like mad maniacs. This I was careful to stop with a shot or two from my six-shooter; for should the tree be weakened in the least we knew very well that it would make but little difference to us who got

to be president of the United States. We fought them off in this way for several hours, and until there were many killed and great numbers wounded. All of a sudden—as though their attention had been attracted by something else—they ran off, howling, down the stream. This was our opportunity; and leaping quickly to the ground we grabbed our rifles and ran for another and larger tree that stood two hundred yards away. We got about half way when we found that they were coming back; and then there was a race for life. We thought that the sage-brush were thicker than we had ever seen them; and it appeared as though the tree were a mile off. On we went, lunging, leaping, and falling, and the howling became too near to sound nice. The tree is but a few yards away, yet the brush are rattling at our very heels and the angry growl is plain to our ears.

The tree is reached, and we each spring for a limb and draw ourselves up out of the very mouths of our enemies. For a moment we are safe. But, great horror! Just at that moment Doc.'s limb broke, and he fell back among the enraged throng. He alighted upon his feet, however, and leaving his rifle fall and throwing

his blanket from his shoulder the attention of the wolves was slightly diverted, and, quick as a cat, he sprung for another limb; but before he could draw himself out of the way several large fellows firmly fastened their fangs in the legs of his pants, and I thought the show was about over with him. They howled and raged and tore, with their game in their very jaws; but Doc. held to the limb with a death-grip, until I shot the wolves that held him down, and, drawing himself safely up, he heaved a long sigh of relief and appeared to be surprised to find that his legs and feet were all there, with but a few light scars.

We were now safe; but the wind turning cold about midnight, our couch in the tree was very unpleasant, indeed. The pack appeared to be bound to have meat, and stayed round the tree, howling and gnawing, until near daylight, when they began to disperse, and the noise died away among the rifts and gorges. When all was quiet and the night was done we stepped to the ground much relieved. The tree was terribly torn, and the ground and brush all around were smeared with blood and foam. We found twenty large wolves lying dead among the sage-

brush, with wounds from knife and bullet. Great pools of blood stood here and there, and the blankets were hanging in shreds on the brush. We had had wolf-calls several times; but that was the most disagreeable call we had ever experienced.

We did not think it worth our while to look for game in that part after such a night of carousing, so taking our rifles we started up over the mountain for camp. We got near the top, when hearing a racket among the crags and bushes near by, we dodged behind a large rock and prepared for the oncome. Soon a large elk dashed from a deep gorge, and started off down the mountain-side, closely pursued by several great wolves. Quickly resting our rifles against the rock, we sent our lead upon the elk; and with a jerk of the head and a high leap in the air, he fell dead among the rocks, and the wolves ran off in fright. It was the largest of the species that I had ever seen, and the tips of its great horns were five feet apart. Taking the tongue and saddle, we went down into camp and found everything all right. We then had breakfast; and the soft flesh was delicious. I shall never forget that night, and shall ever feel

thankful that our new comrades were left at camp; for otherwise, with their inexperience, the result would certainly have been bitter to our little camp.

Well, we were now ready, and again rolled on, crossing over a dry, barren belt of country, and at length arrived at Green River, a little town situated on the banks of a stream from which it takes its name. At this place the stream is one hundred and fifty yards wide, and the water, as indicated by the name, is really of a light-green color. It is also very clear and deceiving, and rolls so rapidly that it is considered a very dangerous stream. The evening that we arrived there was a man upon the opposite shore with a large herd of horses that he had raised in Idaho, and which he was driving East. They persistently refused to enter the water; but after repeated attempts they were started in. Seeing them drifting far down the stream, he swam his horse in below, intending to keep them up. He was known to be an expert swimmer; but the herd drifted against him, and in some way getting dismounted, he was borne down beneath the surface; and the fishes that sport beneath the green waters are probably to-day playing around

his white frame. His wife and two children witnessed the terrible sight from the bank, and were almost distracted with grief; but the mad waters rolled on, and they were widow and fatherless.

There was a whole gang of miserable-looking Arkansas emigrants, with their ox-teams, and old wagons with tops patched with dish-rags, old hats, etc., stopping upon the bank, and thinking themselves unable to pay the ferryman's bill of three dollars per wagon, were debating what to do to get beyond. The price *was* exorbitant; and finding the ferryman a very independent gentleman, I jumped on a pony and rode into the stream to try its depth. The waters were very clear, and I found the depth to be very irregular,—some places being very deep, and others but three and four feet. I was very careful in picking my route and marking it by objects upon the bank, and at length went back for the wagon. We passed ropes under the bed and lifted it up to the top rings in the standards, and after putting the stoutest horse on the upper side, and tying a couple of stones to the axles, we drove in. This was an anxious moment for the Arkansas emigrants, who lined

themselves upon the bank like a lot of mud-turtles in a morning-sun, and watched every turn. We got off the route a little a few times, and the horses could hardly keep their feet in the deep water, but we arrived safely beyond. A loud cheer went up from the Arkansas side just as we landed; and though the ferryman became very clever, and offered his services very reasonably, the oxen were yoked, the little ones loaded up, and in they came in our course. It was an interesting sight, and we stayed to see it. The oxen refused obedience, and were hard to manage in the deep waters, and several times some of the wagons drifted into deep places and the water came up in the bed, driving the big fat corn-fed girls to the side-boards to cry for help; and the number of little fellows, as they stuck their unkempt heads out from under the cover of many colors, looked like eagles'-nests floating on the water. The old he-Arkansaws, however, stayed by the teams, and one by one they wound up on the bank. When they were all safely landed, it was amusing to see the old fellows going around their wagons as though looking if any were missing, while the little ones jumped out in the sand and sported around in the sun like little wet dogs.

We then moved on, and the next day camped at the edge of a pretty forest. The following notice was stuck up on a tree: "Warning! Three hundred Indians in this vicinity." We kept a sharp lookout; and though we saw some of them, we had no trouble.

We were now traveling on the old California emigrant-road; and every few miles we would find stones or boards stuck up at the road-side with almost obliterated inscriptions of "Dora Sires, killed by Indians," or, died of fever, etc., etc.,—some of the dates being as far back as 1850. We chatted with several old Forty-niners in our rounds, and they told us many interesting incidents in their journey through the wide, wild regions. They say they used to go in large companies for their protection against savages and wild beasts. And to maintain order among themselves, they took their judges and lawyers along, and summary justice was meted out to the offenders as they went along. Sometimes the sentence was death; and in this case the prisoner dangled from the limb of a tree by the road-side.

Passing along we came to Evanston, a little town on the Union Pacific Railroad, and near

the Utah line. Here we entered Echo Canon, down through which ran the railway—in fact this being the only way the insurmountable heights can be crossed. This canon is far noted for its grandeur, which in no case has been exaggerated. After we had gone down into it a few miles, we found the walls almost perpendicular, and from eight hundred to one thousand feet high; and the great eagles that flew from crag to crag above our heads looked as small as swallows. Upon speaking here the volume was greatly increased, and an ordinary conversation echoed far down the canon. Hence the name, "Echo Canon." There is a little stream running in at the mouth of the canon, and being fed all the way down by springs that roll their waters from the cliffs above, it increases to quite a creek. At some places the canon is very narrow, and the stream taking up nearly the whole way, the rail and wagon roads are forced to wind along the side of the mountains, often several hundred feet above. The road at these places has required a great deal of labor to make it passable, and is so narrow that should a wheel get six inches out of the way, team, wagon and all would roll down the steep side

and be dashed to pieces against the crags and pines, and finally thud in the waters far below. There are places all along, a mile or two apart, where teams can pass, and it is the duty of each outfit to keep a guard ahead; but in case outfits *do* meet, one wagon has to be taken apart to let the other pass. Fierce contests sometimes arise as to who shall undo. At these places look out for the toll.

There are many of these great gulches and canons in the mountains, and much of mountain-travel is done over lofty, dangerous roads. Sometimes the track winds around the mountain several times, and then runs along the crest for several miles; and to look down into the swimming space, the dark, deep passes appear like ways into the center of the earth. I have often —through curiosity—climbed above timber-line upon the side of the mountain, where all was bleak and rocky, and looked down the steep, pine-decked slopes. There are often rocks weighing many tons just hanging on the steep sides, and can be pried loose with little effort; and it is amusing to start them down the mountain-side and see them mow the pines as though they were straw, leaving a swath like a reaper,

and thudding heavily in the grassy hollows below. At lonely places in some of the roads that run through dark, deep canons, there are bridges built over streams and gorges by private individuals, who live in little forts by the way and extort the most exorbitant rates for crossing over. They are always well armed, and travelers are forced to pay; for there is no way to get around, and to travel back over the steep, rocky road they can not think of. There is, however, once in a while a person who understands the mountain tricks; and when *they* come this way there are some lively times in the narrow passes; and doubtless many a man has sent up his soul from the rifts among the rocks by these lonely mountain-bridges.

All persons *en route* for the Pacific by way of the Union Pacific should keep a sharp lookout for Echo Canon and view its grandeur, as the train winds slowly down between its towering walls.

Coming to Echo City, a little mining-town in the canon, we branched off up Weber Canon, then up Silver Creek Canon toward Park City, where the Ontario Mine, the largest and richest silver-mine in Utah, is situated. When we

were yet twelve miles off, the stream that comes down from the mines through the canon was so impregnated with rubbish from the mines and quartz-mill, as to be unfit for use and to have a silver cast. Hence the name, "Silver Creek." Winding up the steep, rough canon, we at length came to Park City,—which is but a few little log and board shanties stuck among the rocks against the mountain,—and learned that it was just a half mile up to the main mine. The way was up a gorge that was so steep and rough as to be almost inaccessible; and when we arrived we were tired and our team was well jaded. We did not like to leave them below. Here stood a large frame building; and in this the shaft was sunk. The shaft is about six feet square, and there was a large engine to work the windlass to let the miners up and down to and from work, and also to haul up the quartz. We found the superintendent to be a very clever gentleman; and he promised us that if we would wait till noon, when the miners had gone to dinner, he would let us down the shaft. This we gladly assented to, and we were accordingly let down into the bowels of the earth, five hundred feet. Here we found several chambers

branching out, each high as a man's head, and ten or twelve feet square. Four large engines were standing here for the purpose of pumping out the water should a vein be struck. Engineers stand ready at their posts; for they say water often bursts in the mine in such quantities as to cut off the escape of the miners should there be no pumps. This, then, is what is called flooding the mines. The metal is in hard rocks, called quartz; and these rocks run in veins through the earth, usually two or three feet square. Sometimes the veins run near the surface, and at other times, as in this case, far below. Old experienced miners can generally tell when there is metal below. The ceiling is very heavily timbered up, and torches were hung all around. The miners have torches fixed on their caps. The leads in this step had run out, but there was another shaft running down still a hundred feet deeper, where the miners were working; but we were not permitted to go there. After the foreman had shown us all around, he gave each of us a piece of quartz as big as a fist, and we all stepped upon the elevator to go up. The light at the top of the shaft looked like a star. All ready, and the foreman pulled a rope

which rang a bell up by the engineer, and away we shot up the dark shaft, and soon stood in daylight. There is a saw-mill here, and the engines are fired with wood. There are several other shafts in the surrounding hills; but this is the main one. Four bars of silver, worth two millions of dollars, were sent to the mint at one time from this place.

We now went down to the quartz-mill that stood at the foot of the mountain. This is an immense structure; and the pounding and roaring of the ponderous machinery can be heard a long way off. We were permitted to go all through this mill; and though the dust and noise were very disagreeable, we took a careful look at everything. The quartz is thrown into a huge, long trough, and is mashed by powerful iron stampers that are worked up and down by machinery. It is then thrown in at the top of a big furnace; and at a certain time an iron-cart is run under the furnace-grate, and the red metal is stirred down. It is dumped out close by to cool. This is very hot work; and the men doing it wear sponges over their mouths and nostrils to save their lungs. There is then an apartment with a platform about four feet high

upon either side, with steps leading up. Upon either platform there are six tubs, two feet high and four feet in diameter. A small stream of water runs from pipes into each tub, in which some kind of machinery whirls round. The dust, as it comes from the furnace, is thrown into these tubs, and the clean metal comes out below, looking like quicksilver, and floats in pans upon a strong fluid solution. When the pans are full it is skimmed off, and then melted and run into bars. This process of melting is called smelting.

There are different *kinds* of mines. The *quartz*-mine, already spoken of, where the metal, like fine sand, is mixed all through hard rock; the *placer*-mine, where the metal is found among gravel and sand; and the *sluice*-mine, where the metal is in the bed and on the banks of a stream. Of course, some are very rich, while others are so poor that it does not pay to work them.

The sand and gravel from the placer-mine are hauled to water, and there the metal is washed out. This is called panning, and is spoken of as panning out "rich" or "poor."

In the *sluice* or *gulch* mine the men dig the dirt into the water and mash up the clods, throw out the stones, etc., and the dirt all washes down

while the metal sinks to the bottom. When there is considerable on the bottom, the stream is turned and the gold is taken up, put in troughs, and washed out as in placer-mines.

There is great gold and silver excitement in the mountains all the time, and many fortunes have been made, while, on the other hand, many have been lost.

There are companies in the mountains who employ miners who wish to prospect—and have nothing to go on—upon these conditions: They will furnish picks and shovels and grub-stakes, and if the miners strike anything they are to give half to the company. The expenses of the company in these bargains are not very heavy; and many of them have made large fortunes from a pick and shovel and the little sack of provisions that they hung upon the back of an old, crippled miner.

It takes a great deal of money to work a mine payingly, especially a *quartz*-mine; and often a poor miner is compelled to sell a rich find for very little. Rich companies watch these opportunities, to take the advantage.

In the summer-season, when the snows are melted down, parties of one, two, and three per-

sons, with tools and provisions packed on burros, —and sometimes on cattle,—are roaming all through the mountains,—down the slopes and up the gorges, from the pine-forests below to the barren, snow-capped peaks above,—toiling in the day-time and by moonlight, greedy and anxious for gold.

There are many inexperienced persons going into the mountains every year to prospect; and though the old miners have many tests and a great knowledge as to the sign of ore, a greenhorn often makes a find in his very tracks; for the old miner passes over, depending greatly on his ability to tell almost at sight, while the greenhorn comes along turning every curious-looking stone and digging wherever anything glitters. The following are a few such instances: In the year 1878 two brothers named Sisson, living at Granada, were at Pueblo court as witnesses. They testified in the forenoon, and taking a pick and shovel, in the afternoon, they started out among the hills toward Pike's Peak to prospect. When they were four or five miles from town their attention was attracted by the peculiar color of the rocks and gravel on the slope of a little hill; and though they knew nothing what-

ever about *mining*, they thought there must be metal there. So with pick and shovel they dug away, and by the moonlight they still worked. In the morning they were satisfied that they had struck rich ore, though they had dug but eight feet deep. One of them stayed there and the other went to town to report. That very evening the boys were offered twenty thousand dollars for their find. This place had been trod over many times, and the pick and spade had turned the soil on all the surrounding slopes.

One of the best mines at *Leadville*, also, was discovered by a poor, ignorant Swiss, who took his tools on his back, to make or break. Some miners, while prospecting among the hills, were attracted by fresh dirt, and going to the place they found the old Swiss sitting in the bottom of a hole seven or eight feet deep, with his head upon his hands, and so weak that he could hardly stand. He had run out of grub, and, knowing that he had made a find, he was afraid to leave it lest some other person should get *possession;* and thus he was starving to death. This proved to be an immense fortune for the old fellow; and, wiser than *most* miners, he was content to take good and let better alone; and

he sailed for his motherland, where the crystal lakes nestle in the Alpine folds, there to rest and enjoy his treasure.

Finds are continually being made; but the fortune comes so suddenly that the miner, like the gambler, usually spends freely, and is anxious to try his luck still further. Claims are often jumped by other parties, and some bitter fighting is sometimes done; for if there is one thing besides a man's own life that he will shed his blood for, it is the glittering gold.

Miners receive from five to seven dollars per day, and furnish their own tools. It is certainly hard and dangerous work to dig in the mine so far below, and thus seeing but little sunlight the whole season through; but, strange to say, there are men who have crippled and ruined themselves in the dark gold-dens, and though hobbling on crutches are not yet content to live anywhere *but* where the pick rings against the rocks, and the exciting cry of gold is heard.

Whenever the cry of a rich find is raised, it goes like wild-fire through the mountain-towns, and often far out, and people rush like maniacs to the scene—some to mine, some to haul, etc. Whether the alarm is true or false, num-

bers arrive at the scene. There are persons having good teams watching these breaks, and as soon as the first cry is raised they load their wagons with tobaccos, liquors, flour, feed, shoes, blankets, etc., etc., and hastening to the ground they cut down some pines and stake off a claim, and build a little store-house. They get their own prices for goods; and should the cry be *false*, he can easily sell out to persons who come to *see;* but should the find be *rich*, he has his store-house where he can make his *fortune*. Besides, the vein might run under his very claim. Persons are making *fortunes* at this to-day; and Leadville is an example. Persons who staked off their little claims among the trees on the mountain-side when the discovery was first made, can to-day count their wealth in large pieces of silver and gold.

Park City is forty miles from Salt Lake; and anxious to see the great historical valley, as well as the home of a people who are the world's curiosity, we pulled out in that direction.

CHAPTER III.

View of Salt Lake Valley and City—Tabernacle—History of the Mormons—Joe Smith—Came to Kirtland, Ohio—Brigham Young Converted—Located at Independence, Missouri—Located at Nauvoo, Illinois—Joe and Hiram Smith Killed—Emigrated to Council Bluffs—Came to Salt Lake—Trouble with the Government—Mormon Theology.

Winding down a deep gulch, through which runs a mountain-stream, we came out upon the plateau that overlooks the great Salt Lake Valley from the south. It is a scene of rare natural beauty. Beyond and across, the plain spreads out from five to ten miles, with pretty farm-houses and herds of cattle. To the north it was lost in the dim distance,—the whole flat almost as a floor and sparkling with irrigating canals, and walled upon either side by hills that mount to the snow-line, and out from which flow the cool, sparkling waters that make this once-desert valley blossom under the hand of industry.

The city, but a short way to the north, is regularly and handsomely laid out, with many fine buildings, and is filled with thick gardens of

trees and flowers that give it a fairy-land aspect. No internal city of the continent lies in such a field of beauty.

Water is conveyed from a mountain-stream down to the city by a canal; and bright, sparkling pools course freely and constantly down its paved gutters upon either side of every street, keeping the shade-trees alive and growing, supplying drink for animals and water for household purposes, and delightfully cooling the summer-air.

The trees, at the proper season, are almost always loaded with the finest fruit; and the soil is favorable to the small grains. Forty and fifty bushels of wheat to the acre is an ordinary crop; and it is said that over *ninety* bushels have been raised.

No one seems poor. No beggar is seen in the streets. No prostitute lives here; and there are but few saloons in town. When a drunken man is seen, he is almost invariably a miner or a soldier. The people are far more civil and quiet than is usual in these western parts.

Great Salt Lake is a very great curiosity. It is about one hundred and forty miles long and from seventy to eighty wide, and is a vast col-

lection of brine. The water seems to be saturated with salt to its utmost capacity of holding it in solution, indicating the neighborhood of great deposits of mineral salt. Where the wind dashes the water upon the beach the salt collects in such quantities as to be conveniently shoveled into carts for domestic use. It is also procured by evaporation—five bucketfuls of water leaving one of salt.

The lake encompasses several islands, with high, mountainous peaks, among the largest of which is Church Island, situated so near the eastern shore as to be accessible for grazing purposes, for which it is extensively used. The air is wonderfully pure and bright. Rain seldom falls in the valley, though storms occur in the mountains almost daily. A cloud comes up in the western hills, rolls along the crest and threatens the city with a deluge, but then breaks into wind and showers, and seems to run along the hill-tops and sail away eastward into the snowy range.

While delighted to find the people all apparently so well circumstanced, we were also amused at their many curious peculiarities. There is one block in the city called "Temple Block."

This is surrounded by a high and powerful stone wall. Inside of this wall stands the mighty granite temple (yet unfinished), and also the tabernacle. The tabernacle is built of *adobes* made from the blue clay from the mountain-foot. It is round, about eighty feet in diameter, with walls about thirty feet high. It is splendidly seated, and has a large gallery. There are large double doors all around, leaving columns of wall about ten feet between the doors. In warm weather these doors are all thrown open, and the building is a cool, delightful place. At one end stands the next to the largest pipe-organ in the world; next is a beautiful platform, which the band and choir of about seventy-five persons occupy; then comes the large, decorated, and comfortable chair in which the president sits; then the long sofa for the twelve apostles; then the pulpit for the ministers; and then comes the congregation, who usually throng the house. The choir is composed of cultured and beautiful singers; and sweeter music than I heard in that old tabernacle never met my ears. After the preaching is done and the songs are sung, the president arises and prophesies, and the apostles cry out, "Amen." The fictitious Mormon Bible that they claim was

found by Joe Smith in Mormon Hill has been changed and modified from time to time, and to-day they preach from nearly the same Bible as ours. They have services every Sabbath; and all finding it possible, from the tottering infant to the aged and gray, gather in to hear the word and listen to the prophecies. They take sacrament every Sabbath; but water is used instead of wine. I was in one of their thronged congregations when the cup went around, and when it reached me my delight at the thought of getting a good big swallow of old Mormon wine was blighted by a cup of something that I had been drinking ever since I was a drinker. Nevertheless, it went pretty well in warm weather. We happened to be there when the body of Rev. Joseph Stanley—a Mormon missionary who was killed in Georgia—arrived for interment, and we had the pleasure of hearing the services. The sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John was read, and the text was taken from the thirty-fourth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew. The remarks were all tinged with vindication; and the prophet indulged freely in threatening wrath upon their opposers. There were about fourteen thousand people present,

and the strong language of the dignitaries excited them to such a degree that I tried to look just as much like a Mormon as possible.

There is a large church-building in which to store away the property belonging to the church; and from the poorest maiden at the wash-tub to the wealthiest merchant of the city, one tenth of everything that is made must be surrendered to the church. It is amusing to see how cheerfully the farmers trot off to the store-house with every tenth bushel of apples, or load of hay, or grain. This store is managed and run by the dignitaries, who dispose of the grains and fruits, and handle the silver and gold. And not being compelled to ever produce a balance-sheet, nor any account whatever, they have the funds entirely in their own fingers; and hence their fine mansions and flowery beds of ease. The poor ignorant dupes submit to all this, and appear to think that they are paving their way into heaven by lavishing luxuries upon their priesthood.

At the other end of the valley stands the city of Ogden, which is about half as large as Salt Lake City, and not nearly so beautiful. About one fifth of the persons here are not Mormons, while at the other end there are very few who

do not nestle in the folds of the church. The Central Pacific Railroad passes through Ogden, and sends off a branch called the Utah Central down to Salt Lake City.

The lake lies several miles from the city, and there are several fine bathing-houses on its shores. These are reached by narrow-gauge railroads; and during the bathing-season great loads of gleeful boys and girls can be seen most every evening riding down to the beach to bathe.

The rise of Mormondom has been so miraculous, and their superstitions are so curious and numerous, that a brief sketch of their career from the finding of the Bible by Joe Smith, together with a part of their theology, may be in place here, and will doubtless be interesting to many of my readers. The following is what, with care and pains, I have been able to collect from interviews, records, and other sources:

Joe Smith, jr., the putative father of Mormonism and the Church of Latter-day Saints, was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, December 13, 1805. When he was seventeen years old he found a curious stone in the dirt thrown from a well. It was the shape of a child's foot, of a whitish, glassy appearance, though opaque, and

resembling quartz. He thought a great deal of the stone, and asserted the gift and power with it at his eyes of revealing things past and things to come. The discoveries soon became too dazzling for his eyes in daylight, and he had to shade his vision by looking at the stone in his hat. There are fools in all ages; and Joe had his believers, who often came to him to find out where lost or stolen property was. He always charged; and though there was no reality in his pretentions, he succeeded in keeping the eyes of certain dupes covered. He would tell them where there was a large chest of money buried, and get them to digging, and *he* would stand by with his stone; but every time, just as they were almost to the treasure, the enchantment would be broken by some one speaking, or otherwise, and though he never found any money, they still believed. He made his dupes believe that while he was engaged in secret prayer in the wilderness an angel appeared and told him that all his sins had been forgiven, and proclaiming further that all the religious denominations were believing false doctrines; that none of them were acceptable of God as of his church and kingdom; and also promising him that the true doctrine

and fullness of the gospel should at some future time be revealed to him. He was told that the American Indians were a remnant of the Israelites; that their prophetic records regarding the last days were buried at a certain spot; that this spot was made known him, and him only, and that if he kept faithful he should be the chosen prophet to translate them to the world. A short time afterward he had another astonishing vision; and he was commanded, upon a secretly-fixed day and hour, to go alone to a certain spot revealed to him by an *angel*, and there take out of the earth a metallic book of great antiquity, which was of immortal importance to the world, and which he said was a record of mystic letters of the long-lost tribes of Israel; that no human being besides himself could see it and live, and that the power to translate it to the nations of the earth was given to him only as the chosen servant of God.

Smith's dupes and relations gave the report a wide circulation; and accordingly, when the appointed hour came, assuming his practical air of mystery, he took in his hand his money-digging spade and a large napkin, and went off alone into the solitude of the forest. In three

hours he returned with his sacred charge concealed within the folds of the napkin. He again warned his friends of the fatal consequences of looking at it, and a strong chest was procured and the charge kept under lock and key. He said that as he was digging for the treasure, he was confronted by ten thousand devils, gathered there with their menacing, sulphurous flame and smoke, to deter him from his purpose. The sacred treasure was never seen by mortal eyes save those of the anointed.

About the year 1826 it became expedient to have a new revelation. The veritable existence of the book was certified to by eleven witnesses of Smith's own choosing; and wonderful stories and predictions followed in regard to the future light and destiny of the world. The spot from whence the book is said to have been taken is on the summit of a hill at Manchester, New York, which has ever since been called Mormon Hill. The book, after the new revelation, was represented by Smith and his echoes as consisting of metallic leaves or plates resembling gold, bound together by three rings running through one edge of them and opening like a book. Smith translated the book and a certain school-

master did the writing; and the new Bible went to print in the summer of 1830.

Here was the organization of the first Mormon Church. Though great efforts and impositions had been practiced upon the people, the scheme was generally ridiculed and the converts were few and of the most ignorant of the race; and Smith coming to realize that a prophet was without honor in his own country, he, with his most fanatic followers, began to talk of going on a mission into the western country to convert the Lamanites (meaning the Indians). In the year 1830 or 1831 they started on their western expedition, stopping at Mentor, Ohio, where lived a few Mormon converts.

Near this place is *Kirtland*, where they began a series of meetings; and one hundred persons were added to the fold in a short time. Kirtland, from about this period, became the headquarters of the Mormons, where their church and colony were thoroughly organized and temporarily established.

The next interest was to disseminate to the people the newly-revealed latter-day religion. The system of missionary labor was put in active requisition. The cause was pressed with zeal

and effect. The trumpet of "the true gospel" was sounded to the gentiles. The superstitious and ignorant were captivated, and respectable men and women quaked amid the scenes. Conversions were multiplied and multitudes rushed into the new Zion as if believing the last days were at hand in sober verity. Thus was the Mormon Church matured and the colony of the saints speedily enlarged.

At length, finding himself surrounded and sustained by large and increasing numbers,—including some persons of ample pecuniary means,—Smith tried a bold venture upon their credulity in his own behalf. This was a revelation which he communicated to his disciples, to the effect that they should "immediately build a house for the prophet, in which he might live and translate." It was in 1832 or 1833; and the command was cheerfully accepted and obeyed.

Another revelation, alike successful, shortly followed, commanding that "my chosen Joseph shall not labor for a living." Though the impostor was scorned by intelligent people, his followers regarded him as almost deserving of adoration; and he was enabled to revel in whatever luxury was most agreeable to his vulgar taste

and ambition. His power was now next to omnipotent in Mormondom.

Brigham Young was converted and joined the Mormons at Kirtland in the year 1833. Like Smith, he was a native of Vermont, being his senior by four years. Brigham was shrewd, bold, and resolute, possessing an almost intuitive knowledge of men. He soon attracted the attention of his brethren, whom he swayed by his strong, electric will, and was recognized as a man born to rule. He was soon ordained one of the quorum of twelve apostles that had been organized. He preached with success; and from that day till his death his influence and power among the Mormons was resistless.

Smith was constantly receiving new revelations; and at length he discovered that those who had property were to pay all their surplus money into the hands of the bishop for the building of Zion, for the benefit of the priesthood, and to pay the debts of the presidency of the church. "And ever *after* those who shall thus tithe shall pay one tenth of all their interests annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them forever for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord." This revelation was also received

and cheerfully obeyed. A temple was erected at Kirtland at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, by contributions in money and labor obtained from the saints through the resistless power of Smith's revelation process.

Mormonism, however, became distasteful to the unconverted people of Ohio, and particularly disgusting to the inhabitants near Kirtland. People were familiar with the source and history of the golden-bible scheme, and scorned the impostor Smith beyond public tolerance. Smith now saw the necessity of another shift, and Jackson County, Missouri, was chosen for the new abode. A large tract of land was purchased here, and a town-site was laid out and called Independence. A division of the Mormons moved here, and the work of up-building was vigorously prosecuted in the year 1834. In 1836 the Mormon population consisted of about fifteen hundred, and the town was well advanced and business and printing-houses were established.

Trouble arose here again with the citizens outside of the church, and the saints were accused of stealing cattle and other property and of being connected with counterfeiting gangs

and various other criminal offenses. A meeting of the surrounding citizens was called to consider the subject of ridding themselves of the source of their annoyance, and it was resolved to expel the Mormons from the state. Riotous scenes followed, and several persons were killed. The state militia was called out. Smith armed his followers and determined to resist any reprimand whatever. But they were too weak; and the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hiram, with some forty others of the party, were imprisoned in the county jail. This ended the struggle; and the Mormons finally agreed with the state authorities that they would permanently leave the state.

General Clark, commanding the militia in this affair, dispatched to Governor Boggs, in 1838, as follows: "There is no crime, from treason down to petit larceny, but these people, or a majority of them, have been guilty of; all, too, under the counsel of Joe Smith, jr., the prophet. They have societies formed under the most binding covenants and horrid oaths to plunder, burn, and murder, and divide the spoils for the use of the church."

The governor answered that the ringleaders of the rebellion should be made an example of;

and, if necessary to the public peace, the Mormons should be exterminated or expelled from the state.

The Mormons could no longer withstand the tide of opposition, and they concluded to quit Missouri with all haste. Their condition was now equal to the scattered tribes of their Babylonish ancestors, and before the close of the year 1839 they had all left Missouri,—some returning to Ohio; but the body, crossing the river into Illinois, established themselves in Hancock County, at a place which they called Nauvoo. In 1840 Nauvoo became the chief seat of Mormonism; and they were generally welcomed by the people of the surrounding country as persecuted exiles. Smith, seeing the sympathy in their behalf, took advantage of the situation and urged his doctrine; and vast numbers were converted.

Meantime Young and others had been sent as foreign missionaries to spread the gospel, and had received vivid encouragement in the East. In the year 1841 Young shipped several hundred of the faithful from Liverpool to New York, for the promised land; and organizations were left in England, Scotland, and Wales.

Nauvoo sprung up; Mormonism was more than itself again; and things went on smoothly. Smith had another vision, and was told that the saints should build for him a fine house. This command, like all other communications from the same source, was accepted as of heavenly authenticity. By his tithing process he had amassed a fortune estimated at a million of dollars; and he now reveled in luxury, played the gentleman, weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, had forty wives, and his children could not be enumerated with any accuracy.

The revelation in favor of polygamy, however, was for years withheld as a secret from all but the *dignitaries* of the church. This interpolation of polygamy into what had been received by the disciples of Mormonism as their established religious system caused great embarrassment in the church—for it was repugnant to the teachings of Smith's own Bible; and being also by the law of Illinois declared bigamy, and punishable by heavy fine and imprisonment in the penitentiary, the trouble was still augmented. The Illinois people were intolerant and restive in view of the vices and criminalities in various forms ascribed to the latter-day

hypocrites. They were necessarily the sources of ill feeling and bitter hate between the communities, and from this time forward there was found no peace for the wicked. Charges of licentiousness, adultery, seduction, theft, dishonesty, and crimes in greater variety than ever were brought against the doomed leaders and their bigoted followers. Slander suits were commenced on one side and criminal proceedings were instituted on the other; and litigation followed litigation *pro* and *con*.

Attempts to arrest Smith and other dignitaries of the church were resisted by military power. The charge of treason was brought against the offending saints. Mormon defense against the Illinois authority was persisted in, and General Joe Smith, and his brother Hiram, at the head of the Nauvoo legion, opposed the state militia which had been called out to enforce obedience to the law. The aspect was threatening; and the governor, anxious to avoid the terrible slaughter impending, proposed to the Smiths a surrender as prisoners to the sheriff and the disbandment of the legion, as their only course of safety for their own lives and for their city. This proposal was at length acceded to—the

governor promising them protection against violence from the excited populace on their way to the jail and during their imprisonment. Accordingly, the legal arrests were made; and the Smiths, with Elder John Taylor and Dr. Richards, were conveyed to the Carthage jail. Pursuant to the governor's stipulation, the jail was placed under a military guard to protect the prisoners against the known existence of an avengeful feeling, particularly existing on the part of those whose domestic sanctums were alleged to have been invaded by the cruel doctrine of polygamy. The prisoners were in the jail but a few days when the guard was reduced by desertion, and in the afternoon of the 24th of June, 1844, the remnant of the guard were overpowered by a mob two hundred disguised and armed men, bent upon summary vengeance for their wrongs. The doors were burst open, the inmates were fired upon, and the Smiths were killed, Elder Taylor severely wounded, and Dr. Richards escaped to tell the tale.

Great excitement prevailed, and Nauvoo was in commotion. The governor hastened to the scene, and measures were taken to prevent a general attack. He was incensed because the

pledge he gave to the prisoners had been violated, and told the Mormons to defend themselves in the best way until he could send them protection. But further violence was happily averted. The immediate effect upon the Mormons of this appalling assassination, was to throw a halo of glory around his character as a martyr who had sealed with his blood the truth of his divine pretensions. The soil of Mormonism had been fertilized by the blood of the Smiths, and a church founded in falsehood and hypocrisy has been strengthened, if not perpetuated, by its supporting influence. Indeed, it is rational to believe that but for the opportunity thus afford- to fasten in enslaved, superstitious minds the impression of "martyrdom" of their patron saint, Mormonism would ere this have had its everlasting fall.

Brigham Young was ambitious and very shrewd; and standing very high in the estimation of his people, he was now unanimously elected to the presidency of the church, and maintained a despotic sway. In the course of a year or two, the people of Illinois determined to drive the whole tribe from the state; and seeing the necessity, Young and his counsel decided to

send a company to seek a new home in the West. The emigration commenced in February, 1846, and in August they arrived at a selected place upon the unoccupied prairies near Council Bluffs. Here they remained in tents during the next winter. Here the news of the Mexican War reached them; and Young apprehending ultimate conflict with the Mexican authorities, deemed it essential to be on good terms with the United States. Quick to perceive his opportunity, he sent an agent to Washington to tender a battalion to the Government. It was accepted, and Young received twenty thousand dollars from the Government for his services.

Young, with a company of followers, then went upon another exploring expedition; and selecting Salt Lake valley for the location of their future Zion, the saints were all informed, and in the year 1847 four thousand Mormons arrived in the valley.

Young had not yet been accepted by the church as prophet, seer, and revelator, in the full celestial sense, as was the martyr Smith; and as soon as re-organization was secured, he called a meeting to consider the matter. He arose and solemnly professed communication with the

spirit of Prophet Joseph; and going through with a series of impressive mimicries of his predecessor in his peculiar style of adroitness, he completely convinced his audience, and ever since this successful experiment it is believed that the mantle of Joseph fell upon Brigham; and by a vote he was declared the "Prophet of the Lord."

Utah Territory was organized by act of Congress in the year 1850, and Young received the United States appointment of territorial governor for Utah. Large accessions of emigrants, sent forward by missionaries, rapidly increased the Mormon numbers in Salt Lake; and in the year 1853, the corner-stone of the temple at Salt Lake City was laid. About two thousand people were present, and the ceremonies were in the highest style of Mormon grandeur. Governor Young made the leading address on the occasion, saying that the saints were about to make their third attempt to build a temple to the Lord, and asking his followers to pay their tithes in cheerful promptitude, promising God's blessing on them who do his will. He declared that the very ground where he stood had been revealed to him for seven years past as the place where

the temple should stand. The building is an immense structure, and is calculated to seat eighteen thousand people. It is being built of granite taken from the mountain at the side of the valley, and is yet unfinished. It is a magnificent structure, of which the saints are very proud.

Soon anti-Mormons began to settle in the valleys east of the Sierra Nevada for the purposes of mining and stock-raising; and the Mormons becoming alarmed, determined to expel them *vi et armis*. Both parties armed and fortified themselves; but the Mormons soon saw their folly and gave up the scheme. Trouble is, however, continually brewing between the Mormons and anti-Mormons wherever they meet; and that they will never and can never live together in peace under one government is inevitable. The conflict that took place between them in Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa, and is now going on in Utah, ought to be enough to convince any intelligent man of this fact. The Mormons *themselves* acknowledge it; and so long as they adhere to their present belief,—that an absolute theocracy is the only government under which they *can* and *should* live,—they

never will be loyal to our government and countrymen; and hence their hostility to our institutions and people, and their inflexible devotion to their own. Their settlements lie in the great pathway which leads to the Pacific country, and they have been standing a lion in the path,—*encouraging* the savages, if not *aiding* them, in immigrant massacres. The Mormons had become so insolent that it was thought best in 1857 to send troops to Utah with the civil officers appointed to that territory.

In 1863, Stephen H. Harding was appointed governor of Utah. Congress passed an act to punish and prevent the practice of polygamy in the territories; and they, considering the act unconstitutional, refused to obey it as law. Governor Harding declaring in favor of the act, the pent-up fires of saintly wrath now broke forth. A meeting was again called, and in his enthusiastic way Young denounced Governor Harding as a black-hearted abolitionist, and asking his people if they would recognize him as their *governor*. And being answered no, that *he* was their governor, he said, "Yes, I am your governor; and if he attempt to interfere in my business, woe, woe be unto him." A committee

was appointed to wait upon the governor and request him to resign his office and leave the territory. In reply, Harding said that as this was a land of prophecy, he too would prophesy. "If, while in the discharge of my duties, one drop of my blood be shed by your ministers of vengeance, it will be *avenged;* and not one stone nor *adobe* in this city will be left upon another. I have now done, and you understand me."

No acts of violence followed, and terms of mutual conciliation were effected. This is Utah, and these are the Mormons. From year to year there is trouble; and at the *present*—Brigham Young having died several years ago—there is contention between the Government and the Nauvoo legion.

The theology of the saints is subject to change, by revelation, at the caprice of the prophet. The following is part of what they believe: There are many gods of both sexes; but to us there is but one God—the Father of mankind and Creator of the earth. God is in the form of man. He has a body of spiritual matter. He resides in the center of the earth, near the planet Kolob. This planet revolves on its axis once in a thousand of our years, and one

revolution of the Kolob is a day to the Almighty. The Holy Spirit is a subtile fluid like electricity, and pervades all space. By its agency all miracles—which are simply the effects of the operation of natural laws—are performed. The Holy Spirit is communicated by the laying on of hands of one of the authorized priesthood, and the recipient is then enabled to perform wonders according to his gift,—some having the gift of prophecy, some of healing, some of speaking in unknown tongues, etc. There are three heavens —the telestial, the terrestrial, and the celestial. The telestial and terrestial heavens are to be occupied by the various classes of persons who have neither obeyed nor rejected the gospel. The celestial or highest heaven is reserved for those who received the testimony of Jesus and were baptized. The earth, as purified and refined after the second coming of Christ, is to be the final habitation of those entitled to the glories of the celestial kingdom. Jerusalem is to be rebuilt; and Zion, or the New Jerusalem, is to be built in Jackson County, Missouri, from whence the saints were expelled in 1833. There is a fourth class of persons, who shall go into everlasting punishment with the devil and his

angels. They are those who sin against the Holy Ghost. The gospel that all people must obey to gain a place in the celestial heaven is: First, they must believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and in his authorized priesthood; second, they must repent of their sins; third, they must be baptized by immersion for the remission of their sins; and fourth, they must receive the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. "God, having become nearly lost to man, revived his work by revealing himself to Joe Smith and conferring upon him the keys of everlasting priesthood, thus making him the mediator of the new dispensation, which is immediately to precede the second coming of Christ." All those who recognize the divine authority of Smith and are baptized are the chosen people of God, who are to introduce the millennium and to reign with Christ a thousand years.

There are many secrets in the organization which the saints are sworn to keep under heavy penalty, it is said; but this is a sketch of them, and is as good and full an account as I am able to give to be consistent with my purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

We Leave Salt Lake—Reach the Sierra Nevada Slopes—Tunnels, Gorges, etc. — Reach California — Sacramento — San Francisco—Hotel Runners—Fruits—Palace Hotel—Chinese —Dennis Kearney and Party—De Young-Kalloch Tragedy —Chinese Bakers—California Climate—Ships—Golden Gate —Woodward Garden—Portland, Oregon—Washington Territory—Sail for Santa Barbara and Los Angeles—Prescott, Arizona—Meet General Fremont—Big Trees—Return to Ohio.

We camped in Salt Lake valley nearly three weeks, and our stay had been so agreeable that it appeared to us but a day. We now concluded to sell our outfit and take passage on the train for California, the land of gold. The property was soon sold and tickets were purchased, and we stepped aboard. Our new team snorted and its breath curled gracefully upward, and we moved smoothly up the valley near the beach of the great salt sea. We had been toiling up the rocky sides and rolling down the barren slopes so long that we had become somewhat used to slow, plodding travel, and were delighted with

the ease and speed with which we were now winding our way toward the Pacific shores.

We soon passed out from between the towering, snow-capped walls, and crawling along the hill-sides we soon came upon a dry, sandy desert where ofttimes a spire of grass could not be seen for several miles. The little lakes and streamlets lay miles apart, and their brinks were all powdered with alkali while their waters were as bitter as the essence of gall. The whole face of the plain was covered with thick, spraddling sage-brush, which stood in the sands like saplings in a new forest; but not even the smallest animal or insect nestled or sung among the limbs. A strong puff of wind roars over the desert, and the sand rises in the air and looks like a great column of light-colored smoke. Where the brush stand in thick clumps the sand lodges; and the brush sprouting out every year, the drift grows to a large mound. As we passed along they glistened in the bright sunlight on either side of the way.

There are section-houses built at the end of every division of the road, and large, powerful wind-pumps roll the water into the tanks from far below the burning sand. The section-hands

stay in these houses; and their necessaries are brought them by the company. These hands are usually Chinamen; and passing them at noon they will be found seated in the sand around a pot of rice, greedily eating their *only* food.

Near many of these tanks small parties of Indian squaws, girls, papooses, and some old men, of the Shoshone and Winnemucca tribes, were wallowing in the sand, with nothing but a few skins stretched over the tops of the brush to shelter them from the blazing orb; and when the engine stopped to take water these filthy creatures would run along each side of the train and ask for biscuits. Many travelers have their lunch along; and the beggars seldom fail to get their arms filled from the open windows.

When the train was in motion there was a breeze; but in every direction the heat curled and dangled upward from the scorching sands like rays from a fiery furnace. It was a dreary, lonesome ride; and we sat by the windows peering out over the little sand-mounds that rose in the distance until the pine-covered slopes of the Sierra Nevadas broke the monotony, and the breath of the mountain wafted through the

open car. How delightful to be among the pretty green trees again, and to get a draught from the clear, cool waters that roll out from the mountain-rocks where the little conies sport among the crags.

We had often heard of the great tunnels and snow-sheds, and the mighty fills along the Central Pacific line. We were now actually *observing* the famous pass-way; and there was no part of our journey that presented such a vast amount of interesting and beautiful scenery. Sometimes we would wind along the steep side of the mountain, far above the tops of the trees in the valley below; and to look out and see the crystal waters gush from the bluff and dash down over the rocky precipices and lash into foam among the pines is grand beyond mention.

Soon the conductor comes through the car, ordering all heads and arms to be drawn in and the windows and doors closed, and warning the passengers not to get frightened. Then a flutter goes through the car, and the timid breathe short and quick. What is to happen? All of a sudden the light is eclipsed, the timid females shriek wildly, and we are winding through the dark, narrow tunnel, far into the mountain. It is

dark as midnight. The rolling of the car-wheels roars like thunder, and the smoke from the engine pours in through every crevice. At length we suddenly dart into the light again. A din of relief goes through the car, the windows are thrown up, and everybody is anxious to look back at the dismal tunnel. As the front cars are winding around the valleys and over the gorges, and the rear cars are coming out of the mountain, the train looks like a huge serpent crawling from its gloomy den. Now we come into a mighty cut, where the prints of the pick and shovel are seen in the hard earth, and the great walls on either side are left rough with the blast; and now we run over a fill, and the steady heads look out into the swimming space. These are the scenes for many miles; and when considering the immense amount of labor it must have required to pierce the mountains of rock and fill up the almost bottomless gorges, a person is forced to exclaim, "Wonderful, wonderful man!"

There are the most beautiful trees growing upon the slopes; and in spite of the efforts of the Government to save the timber upon its vacant lands, saw-mills are buzzing in almost every

gorge, and the finest lumber is shipped to the East and West. Fortunes have been made at this, and they are being made to-day in spite of

the penalty. There are also numerous mines along the way. At some places the whole mountain appears to have been turned upside down, and the muddy waters slush down the rocky rifts.

Our train was heavily loaded, and two engines were required at some places to haul us up the mighty grades; and the puffing of the powerful, six-wheel drivers echoed loudly down the canons. Trains are compelled to run very slow here; and bands of robbers sometimes board them, and, under cover of revolvers and guns, rob the crew.

We at length left the Sierra Nevadas to the east and ran out upon the plains of California—the beautiful, level land of gold. We had now reached the famous wheat country,—where it is said single farmers sometimes raise ten and fifteen thousand acres,—and were sailing through the renowned delightful and healthy climate. As we rolled over the level plain, where we could see for many miles in any direction, the platforms and windows were crowded with persons all anxious to view the great California, whose veins are gold, and whose influence has lain many human bodies among the rifts and gulches of the bleak and lonely mountains.

Much of the country is unfenced; and when otherwise, the fields usually contain many hundred acres. At many places along the track there are large uncovered platforms built up, and thousands of bushels of grain lay there in sacks ready for shipment. They say they never put their grain in barns, but thrash it in the fields and haul it to the platforms, sometimes leaving it there for several weeks and months before shipping; for there is no danger of rain until the wet season sets in. The grain is all headed.

The road being so level and straight, the train flew swiftly along; and we soon saw the spires and steeples of the capital city glittering in the distance. Coming into Sacramento the train stopped for refreshments; and before the wheels stopped rolling the cars were boarded by swarms of hotel-runners, who almost tried to force the passengers to go with them to their different hotels. Some of our comrades went along; but we had heard of the great numbers and extreme insolence of the runners of Sacramento and San Francisco, and from the looks of them they were but a gang of thieves, so we concluded to hunt our own hotels and tend to our own *business*.

Sacramento is a lovely place, with pretty, wide streets, many of which are made cool and delightful by large willows standing along either side, and whose green, limber branches meet above and droop over the way. The capitol is a large building, and in shape and color resembles the White House.

From here we again renewed our journey, and at last entered the city of Oakland, on the shore of the briny bay. The dry deserts and rugged mountains had been crossed, and we were finally looking upon the home of the tide, where the sea-gull sports upon the waves.

Frisco (San Francisco) lies across the bay—a distance of about eight miles—from Oakland, and there are large steam-ferries continually passing back and forth. We went aboard the ferry; and the trip was so pleasant that we thought we would like to cross the ocean. Several runners came over to Oakland to talk with the passengers as they crossed the bay; but on reaching the Frisco shore, I swear I never saw the like, and it would be impossible to describe the scene. There must have been seventy-five runners there from the different hotels, all anxious to take you to a good house. There were

sometimes several from one house, and their busses were all backed up in a row. As soon as the ferry touched the wharf these fellows rushed wildly on board, crying out the name of their hotels and grabbing the luggage from the hands of the passengers, and endeavoring to drag them to their hacks. Sometimes a couple get hold of the person, and a couple get hold of his luggage, each wanting to take him and his property in different directions; and then there is a time. His clothes are sometimes torn almost off him, his satchel is torn to pieces, and he finds himself perfectly helpless in the hands of the mob; for if he lets go and goes to strike, some one will run off with his property. There is always a great crowd of people; and in the surging and crowding, and high excitement, many pockets are picked, and much luggage is lost by the owner not following the snatcher as he runs off for the hack. The boys run down each others hotels, one saying, "They don't have anything but rotten fish to eat at that house;" another saying, "They have lousy beds at that house;" and another warning all persons not to go to either for they are robbers, and they will charge five dollars per day when they have you fast.

Now, to see several of these fellows all pleading earnestly with a plain old conscientious farmer who takes everything for the truth is entirely too funny. He first looks at one and then at the other, not knowing which one to trust. We were well fixed; for some of us could carry the luggage while the others knocked down the runners. The better way is to get the name of some good hotel before you get there, and then look for the 'bus and make for it. In any case, persons should securely fasten their luggage to them with ropes.

The surface is level for a couple of hundred yards back from the bay, and it then ascends sharply to the top of a high ridge running parallel with the bay. The surface is barren, and the sand is deep and soft. On this level strip and against this steep, sandy hill stands the great city of San Francisco. The house-foundations are all laid deeply, to get below the sand; and the streets are all paved with several layers of round rocks, with nothing to smooth the surface. There is nearly always a pretty strong wind stirring, and the streets have to be kept perfectly clean. For this purpose large street-sweepers are drawn over the road by horses

every day, and sprinkling is done besides. The riding and driving over these rocks is very disagreeable; and the horses do not usually last very long. To see them drawing their great loads up the steep hill-side, slipping, sliding, and straining every nerve, and sometimes falling upon their knees on the stones, is an ugly sight indeed. The large wholesale houses all have heavy trucks; and many of the finest teams I ever saw were hauling these trucks.

There is an immense quantity of the very largest and finest fruits raised in California every year. I believe I have seen as many grapes, pears, peaches, and melons in the streets of San Francisco in one day as there are raised in the State of Ohio in a whole year. I have seen several millions of fine melons lying in a single heap. There are several mammoth fruit-stores here, and hundreds of bushels, during the season, are daily loaded upon the ships for other countries. I might also add that, though California fruits are large and beautiful, much of it lacks the flavor of eastern fruits,—perhaps from the fact that during its growth it gets no rain but depends solely on the heavy dew for its nourishment.

There are street-cars on almost every street; and they are run up and down the incline by engines stationed at the top of the hill. It is very pleasant riding up and down here, and the cars are full on almost every trip.

Though there are some very large, fine buildings, the city is very ordinary on this score, there being also many little old shanties stuck here and there all through the place. The Palace Hotel is the finest building in the city, and is said to be the largest hotel in the world. It is built of beautiful polished stone, is seven stories high, contains seven hundred and twenty-five rooms, and takes up a whole square, fronting upon every side. In the center of the building there is a round space of about twenty yards in diameter running from the bottom to the top; and there are walks all around this from each story. Persons are let up and down here by elevators. There is a large, beautiful rockery all decorated with lovely flowers in the center of this space; and the clear, cool water from a pretty fountain is thrown high in the air and descends softly and refreshingly upon the tender roses and mossy rocks. There is a grand archway leading into this area from one of the

streets, and carriages are driven through this and around the beautiful rockery where the air is fragrant with the sweet breath of the flowers. Guests are thus lifted into and out of their carriages always in the dry. The house is in all respects a *perfect* structure, and is furnished with the finest and most costly furniture. The rates are from five to ten dollars per day; though good boarding can be had in the city for from four to six dollars per week. Here is where General Grant and party put up when they reached San Francisco in their trip round the world. The other principal houses are the Baldwin, Franklin, Central Pacific, and Hotel Rhein.

There are great numbers of saloons, gambling-houses, and variety-shows, and whole gangs of the very lowest prostitutes in the city. A large proportion of the inhabitants are the rakings of many nations; and I feel very sure that there is not another city sitting upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean of more notorious lewdness and low vices than this place.

We heard much about the Chinese, and had seen a few; but here were thousands of them, of every shape and size. The business-houses on

each side of one of the streets for a half mile through the city are almost exclusively occupied by them. Their business ranges from the theater down to the poultry-pen. This street is called China Street.

Very few of the Chinamen have brought their wives over with them, and the females who *are* here are nearly all prostitutes; so the men do their own cooking and washing. They are nearly all good at this, however; and I have learned that they are taught to do this in their native land. It appears that none of them come to this country with the intention of staying, but intend only to make little fortunes and then take it back to China; and it is said that the bones of every deceased one are sent home for interment. They are therefore very economical, and live almost exclusively on rice and cooked fish. The former they have shipped from China by the wholesale, and the latter they catch themselves; so that grub costs them very little.

At meal-time groups of from six to twelve gather round a large pot of rice and a great dish of cooked fish and take their meals. Each person is provided with a cup, and two little sticks, about the size of a lead-pencil, which

they hold in their fingers like a bone-rattler holds his bones. The rice is dipped into the cup and the cup is placed to the lips; and as they rake the rice into their mouths with the sticks it makes an observer think of playing the jew's-harp. Now and then they reach over and clamp a piece of fish between the sticks. And they appear to relish this food as much as though it were the richest delicacy.

At night they gather in squads and crouch together upon the floor like hogs. They have but a few blankets for beds. By living in this way their expenses are consequently very light; and the poor, laboring white man is underbidden in his labor, while the slaving washer-woman is driven from her tub by this heathen competition.

The sorrowful consequences of Chinese competition can never be realized until once observed. Some say it is right,—that what one human lives on, another should be able to. But I say shame on the person who would ask, or even wish to see his fellow-man live as do these vile, filthy, heathen competitors. We boast of our land and Government as being the pride of the world, the asylum of the oppressed, the home for the weary, where labor is fairly reward-

ed, and where human happiness is not all drowned by the necessary cares of life. To ask this competition is to ask our laboring brothers to live as the subjects of the most wicked tyrant on the earth, and our poor sisters as she who comes down the foreign hill-side with a great load upon her head, knitting on the way. There are about fifty thousand in the city; and every ship from China brings more to the shore. It is needless to say that the laboring classes are indignant at the outrage, and that the city is constantly in the wildest commotion. In their part of the town they have dark secret excavations in the earth, entered by trap-doors and narrow passes, and in here are their opium-dens, and gambling-hells, and prostitution apartments. No ray of sunlight ever reaches these cells; and the fumes of filth and crime ooze out of the crevices like smoke from a kiln. There are some back streets in which it is not safe to travel after dark; and the air is contaminated with the most loathsome, contagious, and dangerous diseases. Some of these low places have been broken up by the police; but they have never been able to find half of them.

There are three political parties in California —the Republican, Democratic, and the Work-

ingmen's Party of California (W. P. C.)—the latter led by Dennis Kearney. We were there during the campaign of 1879, and more excitement I never saw. The only issue was the Chinese question; and each candidate would hop upon a wagon or store-box every night, and cry out, "Elect me, and the Chinese with their leprosy shall be driven from the state. Vote for me, and I will make hell a paradise," etc., etc. The W. P. C. is composed of the vile dregs of almost every nation; and decency and manhood are not to be found in its ranks. Dennis Kearney is a rash, illiterate, blood-thirsty fiend, whose regular business is draying—an occupation he is only calculated for; and to see this mob parading the streets, with Chinamen stamped upon their banners in all horrible positions, shouting, profaning, and declaring open violence to the Chinese and all persons who speak for them, is enough to disgust man with his fellow-kindred. The question is worthy of agitation; but violence is not the instrument with which to cure the evils of a civilized world. Kearney is bold, rash, and ambitious; and these are the qualities admired by such people as belong to the W. P. C. It is wonderful, the influence this man has over his followers.

Most persons know about the DeYoung–Kalloch tragedy; and the *truth* is as follows, for I was there and saw the shooting: DeYoung was the editor of the *Chronicle* (a Republican paper), and I. M. Kalloch was a minister—a smart man, but one whose religion was as transient as the morning dew, and who, wishing a political benefit, stepped from the sacred altar into the polluted ranks of Kearney's howling mob. He was nominated for mayor of the city, and went about agitating and encouraging his party to violence in the strongest language. He abused the leaders of other parties in bitter phrases; and upon one occasion referred to DeYoung as a lousy bastard, nursed and reared in the lap of a prostitute, and whose life was poison to San Francisco. DeYoung got to hear of the infamous charges made against his poor old mother, whose body was laid in the grave, and, unable to control his temper, he hired a *coupe* and negro to drive him to Kalloch's house, and sent in for him to come out, saying that a lady wished to see him. As he came near the *coupe*, DeYoung flung open the door and fired upon him, one ball passing into his body and another into his groins. He fell. But before DeYoung could finish his work

a mob turned over the *coupe* and jerked him out; and but for the brave police, he would have been mangled beyond recognition in a few minutes. DeYoung was bound over in bail of twenty thousand dollars, to answer the charge of shooting with intent to kill; but before he was tried he was killed by his victim's son. I. M. Kalloch recovered from his wounds, and, having been elected, served the city as mayor.

DeYoung was murdered by young I. S. Kalloch as follows: One evening, a little after twilight,—after I. M. Kalloch was sound and well, and was filling his office,—DeYoung came from his home and entered his office; but before he got behind the desk, I. S. Kalloch, who had been prowling around the building watching his opportunity, rushed through the door and fired upon his victim. His first two shots took slight effect; and DeYoung was behind his desk and had his own pistol raised when a third ball from his assailant entered his mouth and laid him dying upon the floor at the feet of his brother Michael. The murderer was seized and put in jail, and the Workingmen's Party called a meeting at the Sand Lots and had a grand jollification over the result; and extravagant eulogiums were heaped

upon young Kalloch, who was so brave and who served his party so well. He had his trail; and though clearly guilty of murder in the first degree, and deserving of blackest torture known to the law, he was acquitted on the ground of self-defense. His party was overjoyed at the result, and loading him in a carriage they pulled him by hand all over the city.

Charles DeYoung was a bitter partisan, and made use of extravagant language from the stump, but I. M. Kalloch was infinitely worse; and though the latter made a low, cowardly assault upon a poor old woman whose body was returning to the dust from whence it came, and should have been stoned from the stand, DeYoung was certainly not justified in his shooting at the time he did it, and should have been punished; but it was clearly not the part of the Kallochs, who came down out of the pulpit and placed themselves at the head of the ranks of an indecent mob, to administer it. Excitement was running high at the time DeYoung shot Kalloch, and the Chinese, knowing that they were the cause of the trouble, were daily expecting an outbreak. When the report of the pistol was heard, and people rushed to and

fro, Chinatown was in a stir; and every little old back shed and kitchen-roof was covered with Chinamen with shot-guns and big rocks, fully expecting an attack, and determined to fight it out. Such jabbering one never heard. Terror reigned supreme, and mobs of indecent, beastly wretches ran through the streets crying for violence and mob-law. A meeting of the party was called to determine what to do; and in the afternoon several thousand people assembled at the Sand Lots—a couple of lots just outside the corporation, where the sand is very deep, and where the W. P. C.'s held their meetings. The assembly was addressed by several of the leaders. Whenever a man would get up and did not talk straight "hang," he was jerked down and the mob would yell like tigers; but when a speaker would cry for blood, and pollute the very air with profanity, the hearts would beat quick and the eyes glisten. There were several guns and pistols glistening in the crowd, and for awhile things looked a little like hanging; and the party being in a majority in the city, it could have been accomplished. But about the time the resolution was to be adopted a dispatch was received from Kearney (who was away), asking them

to wait until he arrived. By this time the jail was surrounded by a strong military guard, and the violence was not attempted.

Such is W. P. C., and such is the true history of the DeYoung–Kalloch troubles. I have, perhaps, dwelt longer upon this subject than I have been justified in doing; but I was so utterly disgusted with the beastly actions of these villains, and so fully impressed with the violence threatened to justice, and the danger into which a government is plunged where illiteracy takes the throne, that I could not refrain.

When it was known that the Grant party were to stop in the city, the citizens began to prepare for a grand reception. But Kearney called a meeting of his followers and denounced the Republican party in severest epithets. He called General Grant its leader, and denounced him as a tyrant who was seeking the power of the nation, and told his men not to turn out in the parade, but while they were marching through the streets they would meet at the Sand Lots and burn General Grant in effigy. The speech took great effect on the party, and it looked as though it would be hardly safe for the general to come to the city. Several of the

good, resolute citizens waited upon Kearney and told him that if he ever attempted to carry out his threats his body would be pierced with a thousand bullets. The warning was sufficient; and on the arrival of the party, Kearney and his minions were quiet; and the Republican party fired thirty salutes from the Sand Lots in honor of the greatest general on earth.

We were in the city on election-day; and such a time I never saw. The Ohio boys who talk of political excitement ought to have been there. There were eighty special police appointed, and on nearly every corner there was a fight. Three men were shot, several were wounded, and the station-houses were crowded. The W. P. C.'s carried the city, but the state went Republican.

The Chinese question is a cloud hanging over California; and what the result will be can not be told. Surely some modification of the Burlingame treaty is needed as badly as a protection tariff. There are about fifty thousand in the city of Frisco, and they are scattered in almost every city in the state. Large societies are organized, and all joiners pledge themselves not to employ Chinese labor; and though many join, some of the big employers work to their own

interests, and employ those who can be got the cheapest, be they Chinamen or not. Many of the large hotels and bakeries employ Chinese; and more beautiful bread, biscuits, and pies than they turn out were never seen. The secret of their success has been discovered, however, and they have been driven off in some places. They fill their mouth with warm water, and with a peculiar *whist* they blow it out in sprays as fine as the morning mist, over the dough while kneading. In this way the dough is worked and rolled in good order, and then placed in the oven. When it is of a delicate brown it is drawn out, a lump of butter is melted in the mouth and then blown over it, and the crust becomes soft as sponge. To persons with calloused stomachs, or to those who are ignorant of the process, it is perfectly delicious. As for us, we did not choose to eat spit, be it native or imported. The laundry-men dampen their clothes in the same way; and when several are at work in the same house they make almost as much noise as the cylinder-cocks on a steam-engine, and you can hear them clear out on the street.

California is noted for its beautiful, even climate. There are two seasons—the wet and the

dry. The former sets in about November first and continues until about April first. During this season it rains almost every day, and the sun is hidden sometimes for several weeks at a time; and except in the mountains, it seldom gets cold. During the dry season there is no rain, and crops are nourished by the heavy dews This is the reason corn does no good here. The summers are usually warm. The temperature has been known to reach 120°, and little birds have been seen to drop suffocated from the trees. The mornings and evenings of the warmest days are usually so cool, from the sea-breeze, that fire is comfortable and persons can sleep under a pair of blankets. It is usually about ten o'clock before fog clears away sufficient to let through the rays of the sun. Of course there is some difference between the climate of the northern and the southern parts of the state.

The ocean, to us, was the subject of great attraction; and we loved to sit upon a bluff at the beach and see the tide come rolling in and hear it roar as the briny spray was lashed up against the rocky shores and tossed back into foam, and see the multitudes of ships anchored in the bay, whose rigging looked like a vast net-work.

We saw ships here nearly five hundred feet long, which drew twenty-three feet of water and were twenty feet out of the water. To see these great ships going out and coming in is a grand sight indeed. As they plow through the water the brine is churned into foam and the waves roll several feet high behind them, and the surface is left disturbed far in the rear. It is pleasant to see a ship from a foreign port draw up to the wharf and hear the warm greetings of friends. The wharf is all lined with persons,—many anxious to see some one,—and when the planks are thrown out they rush on board; and to see the warm embraces and affectionate salutes of dear friends whom the briny waves rolled between for perhaps several years is enough to hurry the blood in one's veins and lift his heart high in his bosom. But, on the other hand, oh! how sorrowful to see friends part. The ship is loaded and the time is set for starting; and persons taking passage gather on board; and their friends sit by their sides talking and telling messages to carry to friends beyond. The minutes fly like seconds, and the time comes nearer and nearer; and at length the order is given to draw in the planks. Quivering

lips are then touched and trembling hands are shaken, and with a sorrowful "Good-by" those not going rush ashore. The planks are drawn in, the moorings are cut loose, the great ship is hauled out into the open bay by a tug-boat, and when she is whirled about and her bow pointed toward the Golden Gate the cannon is fired, the great wheel begins to roll, and the great monster, looking like a planet upon the waves, moves gracefully away. Then comes the affecting scene. Friends stand upon the beach waving their handkerchiefs, and as they see the dearest on earth glide out of sight upon the treacherous waves vent is given to strongest grief, and heart-rending sighs waft out upon the ocean breeze.

I have witnessed some touching scenes, one of which I shall not soon forget. I was at the wharf when the great ship Australia was whirled about, her cannon discharged, and she started for the island from which she took her name; and I saw the scene. There was one aged woman whose only son was on board; and she stood upon the shore and sobbed as if her heart would break as he rode away. When the ship faded in the distance she fainted away and was carried off. Oh! what great necessity must

have forced that son abroad, or what a hard and cruel heart he must have had to grieve his poor old mother's heart and drown her cries in the briny waves. How I thought of the great Washington, who gave up his voyage because of his good mother's grief.

We were not satisfied with looking over the waters, but we were anxious to ride the waves. Accordingly we hired a plunger, about twenty feet long, with a mast about twelve feet high and a single sail; and though we were all green-horns upon the waters, we pushed into the bay. We thought we would take a fish; so we got tackling, bought three fish-worms for twenty cents, and dragged our lines behind the boat. We started early in the morning when the wind was low and the tide was running out; and we sailed merrily away.

The Golden Gate is about six miles up the bay; and we glided among the tugs and schooners and around the great anchored steamers, and at length reached the gate. Here the bay narrows, and the entrance to the open sea is about half a mile wide. On either side the rough, barren bluffs rise several hundred feet high; and numbers of big government guns planted upon the crests look down over the gateway.

We launched out into the sea and for our first time rode upon the king of waters. The breeze was favorable, and we shot along until the beach was left in the dim distance. We then concluded we were far enough. As far as the eye could reach the waters idly tossed; and the mist hung over the sea like smoke over a burning prairie. The sea-gulls rocked upon the waves, the spirt-whales rose to the surface and blew the brine far into the air, and the dark sea-lions rose to utter their loud roars and then disappear again among the waves.

Our sail out was very pleasant; but the wind had now grown strong, and being directly against us on our return—with our little knowledge of sailing—we were in bad quarters. We tossed about, and several times came near upsetting. We had to jerk down the sail, and at length learned to manage the rudder and to zigzag the boat; and about twilight we glided back through the gate into the bay. The wind was now roaring over the sea, and the waves rolled and tossed and churned it into foam; and it seemed to me that every time we came down we were going clear under. We here turned with the breeze again, and shot down through

the bay, with the tide, like an arrow. We ran down among the other vessels at the harbor and

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

were lashed up against their sides and tossed helplessly about until eight o'clock, when we came up to the shore. We had not caught a fish, and boat-riding had ceased to be pleasant.

The owner was very anxious about his boat; for he said he had lost several boats by greenhorns taking them out and getting capsized and sinking them. God knows we were as anxious to bring the boat in safely as he was.

We had often thought and talked about swimming to the shore from wrecks on the ocean; but since we saw the waters we think swimming is but a faint hope; for when the breeze is so light that it is hardly noticeable the waters toss a foot high, and when the wind blows a little they roll several feet high, and at no time is the surface still and smooth.

The tide goes out every morning and comes in every evening; and it is delightful to sit upon the beach when the pale beams of the sinking sun are kissing the waves, and see it come rolling in. Ridges of water about three feet high, reaching from right to left as far as the eye can reach and about one hundred yards apart, chase each other to the shore; and as they strike upon the breakers the spray is lashed high against the rocky beach and roars like a forest hurricane. I have sat here for hours, lost in reflection; and the spell was only broken by the falling of the twilight veil.

There are persons here who make their living by fishing; and almost every day they set out for the mouth of the Sacramento River or the southern neck of the bay, and at night come back with their boats loaded with the most beautiful fish. I have seen sturgeon four feet long, and with heads as large as a man's.

There is yet another place of which I must speak in connection with Frisco, and that is Woodward's Garden, a place noted for its beauty and known by everybody for miles around. It is situated on a hill about a mile south of the city, and is surrounded by a high, strong fence and a thick growth of tall cedars. It contains about four acres, and is decorated with the most beautiful firs, cedars, and drooping willows; and great fountains toss their cool, sparkling waters high in the air and fall it into nice, large ponds, where sport almost all kinds of aquatic animals and fowls.

There are several pretty passes under the hills and some lovely caves through which course streamlets of clear, cool water. In the walls of these caves are arranged large glass cases through which the water bubbles and in which nestle, among pretty pieces of coral, the most

beautiful fishes of all shapes and colors. Some have no eyes; and others have such curious shapes that it takes close observation to find the head or even to tell whether they are animate objects.

There are several fine, large buildings in the garden, and one of the finest museums I ever passed through. Birds of the most gaudy plumage, from every climate of the earth, sing and croak among the little trees in their fine, large cages, and the air was laded with their sweet, merry songs.

There is also an elegant theater, and lunch-rooms; and there are several entertainments given here each week. On the whole, I suppose there is not a more beautiful, interesting, and instructive place on the continent. All persons visiting California should by all means go to see this great museum. Great crowds gather into the garden almost every day,—especially Sunday,—and the admission being twenty-five cents there must be thousands of dollars taken in every year; though it must also take a vast amount to keep up the place. There are so many subterranean passages and high, curious galleries that it takes a half day to examine all the beauties

and curiosities; and strangers will miss half then unless they hire a guide to take them through.

We had now traveled every street and fully acquainted ourselves with the great city of San Francisco, and had made excursions out through the country for miles around, so we determined to take a trip up to Oregon and Washington Territory to see the brag countries of the northwest.

There is great competition between these points; and though the regular fare is ten dollars, there was just then a big war between the ship-lines. While one was charging no fare, the other was transporting passengers free and boarding them besides. This was a very good time to go to Portland; so we boarded the steamer Oregon, which glided out upon the waters and steered for the north.

The distance is five hundred miles; and in four days we sailed into the mouth of the Columbia River. The river is very wide and deep here, and the current is very strong; but we steamed up to where the Willamette empties in from the south, and then cast anchor and in boats sailed down to Portland, and to Salem, the capital of the state.

The Willamette valley is a rich and beautiful country, and, I suppose, the greatest wheat-field on the continent. Much other grain is also raised. Low mountains hem the valley on either side, and the slopes are covered with the most beautiful large timber.

Portland and Salem are both pretty cities; and though small now, the rich Willamette soil promises to make them large and active cities in the future.

We now sailed back to the Columbia and up to Walla Walla, a little town on the Columbia shore in the eastern part of Washington Territory, where the Snake River brings in its waters. Here is also a beautiful, level, valley country, and settlers are rearing their cabins in every direction. Walla Walla has as glittering a prospect as any other upon the Pacific slope, though its day may be far in the future.

We had seen heavy forests, but Washington Territory beats anything on this score that we ever saw. The very richest soil is covered with trees from three to six feet over, and standing so closely together that a ray of sunshine scarcely ever gets through the tangled branches. What has been cleared proves to be very productive;

but, oh, my! the clearing. Why, it would take a man nearly a life-time to clear himself a farm; for even when the trees are felled and burned, the great rooty stumps are so thick that no farming can be done until they are grubbed and blasted out. This will necessarily be slow work; but I prophesy for this country a bright future. There are numbers of saw-mills buzzing in the forests, and much of the finest lumber is shipped down to the coast cities; but timber being also good all along the Pacific slopes, the lumber business is not very profitable. There are many of the straightest, smoothest, and tallest saplings here that were ever seen, and great numbers are cut down every year for ship-masts.

Imported stock is bred here in great herds; and numbers of the very largest and finest horses are sold and sent out from here every year. The climate is the greatest drawback to the country. Like in California, there is a wet and a dry season; but the former lasts about six months or more, during which time it rains almost constantly, and settlers say the sun is hidden sometimes for several months. The streams then overflow, and persons can fish all over their farms—and some fine white salmon

and other varieties are caught. Moss grows all over the roofs of the buildings, and hangs from the forest-limbs clear down to the ground. During this season persons do not pretend to do much but fish and float logs; but when the dry season sets in the weather is delightful, and it is as pretty a country to live in as lies between the oceans.

When we were ready to go south again we found that the Republican (one of the competitors between Portland and Frisco) had been wrecked, and the Oregon line was now charging its own rates; and the fare for our return was sufficient to make up for our free ride.

We ran out of the mouth of the Columbia, and had not gone far when we hove in sight of the stranded Republican, reeling upon the rocks. The wind was high, and the waves were lashing up against her sides; and she was heaving and groaning, while most of her rigging had been torn away by the gale. She proved a total wreck; and several lives were lost. There was great excitement about the matter, and the captain was strongly accused of being bought off by the other line, and purposely driving her awreck; for it was shown that on the night of the acci-

dent the wind was very high and the sea was rolling terribly, and the sailors pleaded with the captain to go ashore before dark, or else run out farther on the ocean out of danger from the breakers. But he was heedless, and the consequence was that in the darkness of the night they were driven upon the bars.

Well, we ran down to the south, most of the time in sight of land, until we again reached Frisco, and from there we again embarked for Santa Barbara, on the southern coast of California, a distance of about two hundred miles.

We now reached the most delightful spot on earth, where winter never comes, but where the bright summer lasts the whole year round. The cool fall winds were now blowing in the central and northern states, and the bitter frosts were clipping the leaves from the forest-trees; but here the soft zephyrs were breathing calmly, and the tender foliage of the trees and plants was green and fresh as in the month of May, while the air was laded with the breath of the lovely flowers and delicious fruits. The rich oranges, lemons, and figs, which are considered such delicacies in the East, were here hanging upon the native bush, and we went forth and plucked

them in all their natural beauty. How lovely! What a paragon of beauty! A life here would be but a continuous summer's day.

The country around Los Angeles, which lies a little to the south, is a perfect Eden, and the city is a perfect gem; and persons seeking a peer for paradise, where December is pleasant as May, should journey to California and anchor in the sweet, sunny South, where the breath of heaven fans the shore.

From here we went down the Southern Pacific Railroad, and branched off to Prescott, the capital of Arizona. Here we met the great General John C. Fremont, the daring explorer who served the Government so nobly between the years 1842–8, by his exploits through the bleak, lonely mountains and wild lands of the savage, and whose talent the nation has felt and acknowledged. He was born in South Carolina in the year 1813, and though his great name was once in every mouth on the Atlantic slope, and even sung in the national campaign of 1856, the orient has almost forgotten her son and servant, whose lips have touched the waters of every river between the shores, and whose hairs have grown gray in her service; and far beyond the Missis-

sippi he is to-day governing the dismal, desert territory of Arizona, his youth gone, glory flown, and naught but his insignificant gubernatorial salary to guard poverty from his door.

The climate here is intensely hot, and the surface is dry and sandy. General Fremont thinks that a portion of the territory could be flooded from the Pacific, and thereby be made productive; and his scheme has been presented to congress.

They were just building the Southern Pacific Railroad through here when we were there, and, from the intense heat and burning sands, it was found impossible to work at it except about three or four months in the year. The road is, however, now finished, and the Union Pacific has a rival in the route across the continent.

On our return back to Frisco we went up a branch of the Central Pacific, and ran out on the stage to the big trees upon the Sierra Nevada slopes. We had stood in the forests in Ohio, and looked up at the great oaks and called them mammoths; but great glory! here was a whole forest in a single tree. The trunks are from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, with summits reared so high that they appear to sweep the sky as

they are swayed to and fro by the upper currents; and away up among the spreading boughs nestle and scream the great eagles, looking like sparrows. The stage-route runs clear through the forest, and right by the largest trees, which rear their heads to the enormous height of three and four hundred feet, and right through the hollow trunk of the king of the forest, which fell in a storm some years ago. Some idea can be formed of the immensity of this tree when I tell you that the driver keeps his seat and a four-horse stage-coach runs lengthwise through its body with perfect ease. People are living in some of the trees, and have doors and windows cut out; and some very fair-looking two-story houses are made with these natural walls. Many of the trees have been felled, and it is found that all the largest are but shells. One was cut down, divided into sections, and taken to the Centennial. The most interesting part of our journey was the curling route among these towering Pacific monuments; and all tourists to the West, wishing to see the curiosities of the world, should not fail to ride out among the wonders upon the Sierra Nevada slopes.

We now returned to Frisco and prepared to return to Ohio. We sailed across the bay, and, taking a last long look over the tossing sea, we bid the waves good-by, and then rattled along over the iron trail of the Union Pacific, reaching home safe and sound, when the snow-flakes were flying in the wintry air of 1879. How unnatural all things appeared! Where are the great hills which used to almost barrier the public way? Why, the roads are almost smooth as a floor. Where are the big fields that it used to take days to plow, and the great forests through which we used to hunt? All appear but garden-spots, and fit for the spade instead of the plow; and the woods are too small for a home for even the squirrel or wood-chuck. All efforts to see the old homestead as in years gone by are vain. The towering peaks of the Rockies, and the steep, stony slopes of the Green Horns can not be banished from my mind, and the great world of level prairie is too fresh in my memory.

I have been home now some time; and to this day farms are but gardens and the hills are as clods. Like experience can only prove the effect. I have roamed through twenty states and territories, and have in a measure satisfied that desire

which was the source of my boyish dreams. The adventure is but familiar talk, and the wild chase is but common exercise. But how much better am I off than he who is content without travel? I now only *realize* how wonderful is the world and its workings, and how much there is that I never *shall* see. Travel is prone to disturb content; and discontent is the greatest enemy to the human mind. Of course, this is directed to persons who travel to satisfy the mind; for they whom circumstances crowd from home show pluck and shrewdness in careful prospecting. I can assure you that I have seen a great deal, and much that I never wish to see again. And if in this brief work I have succeeded in giving my readers even a limited idea of the country through which I passed, I feel sure that they will relieve me of my responsible undertaking; for it is by far too much for these few pages.

BANCRO
LIBRA

WHO SHOULD GO WEST.

Since I arrived from my tour through the West scarcely a day passes that there are not some persons, from almost every occupation and position in life, interrogating me as to the chances and prospects in the West. A general answer can not be given, for circumstances vary. Though I can not be as general and emphatic in my advice as was the great Horace Greeley when he said, "Young man, go west and grow up with the country," I *can* say from real experience and practical observations that for *some* toward the Pacific there is wealth. I emphasize the word "*some;*" for there are dispositions that will never prosper in this noted, novel land.

It should be remembered that going west from Ohio is not going west from New York; for the splendid forests, the beautiful, rich valleys, and the great commercial advantages fade quickly before the emigrant when he leaves the Missis-

sippi and marches toward the western sea. When the Missouri is once crossed, the great American stage is then entered upon, where the plays are different and numerous and where the shrewdest men are actors. Instead of the honest peasant, grubbing and planting by his little cabin in the dense forest, there are the trickster, the knave, the thief, each playing his faithful part. Business is all swept along by the wave of excitement,—as can be collected from the present work,—and under such circumstances there are very many who can not stand prosperity. Wages are always good. Money is usually made easy; and the result of such conditions is only too well known. Fine dress is not required, and money is plenty. For him who has enough control over himself to take advantage of the situation there is a glittering prospect. There are persons on the prairies and in the mountains to-day who are gathering money like leaves in autumn.

I have tried to describe the country as it is; and my readers of different occupations can draw conclusions and choose localities for themselves. But my advice to those who are comfortably nestling in the folds of civilization,

where the church-bell strikes, where the school-houses dot the land, and where utter want is ever barred, is, Stay where you are; educate your children and be content with good. To those who have no money,—especially those who have families,—I will say, For God's sake stay where help is near and charity abounds; for I assure you that I have *seen* the *destitute* in a strange land.

Of course, there are beautiful lands in parts of several states and territories, where good farms can be had, and where, some time in the future, the steeples of great cities will glitter in the sunlight. There is, undoubtedly, an opening here for the agriculturist; but emigrants must expect to find the country new, the facilities and accommodations scarce, and the neighbors poor. To be safe, they should always have sufficient capital to run them a year or two. I have known persons to drift west with the excitement and arrive in a splendid land without a cent, as though expecting to find bread upon the bushes, crops ready to harvest, and wealthy neighbors. The first year's crop failed because of insects, drought, or some other peculiarity of the western prairie, and their condition was then

more deplorable than the poorest from whence they came.

There are persons who make it a business to accommodate the unfortunate settlers with money; but the security is mortgage on property, and the interest is usually two per cent per month, or twenty-four per cent per year, and some are obliged to pay fifty per cent. Borrowed money never fails to produce a crop; but the *soil* may *fail*, and produce is also of poor sale. From this hint warning consultations can be drawn, and persons with families should take heed.

To the agriculturalist I can speak favorably of Kansas, Nebraska (page 40), and eastern Dakota; but should the *Indian Territory* be opened to settlement (as it will soon be), *there* is the place to fly, for it is acknowledged the hot-bed of the West. Emigrants will find it convenient if prepared with a mess-box as described (page 94). For cattle and sheep business on a big scale, go to Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico (page 168). For health-giving and delightful summer-resorts (and I might here add that there are thousands dying in the East to-day who would be hale and hearty in the West), I can speak

highly of Manitou Springs, Colorado (page 258 –264), and also Las Vegas Hot Springs, New Mexico. The latter are twenty-two in number, and beautifully located about four miles above the pretty city of Las Vegas. They have an altitude of six thousand four hundred feet—the elevation which has made Colorado such a favorite resort for those affected with pulmonary complaints—with a decided advantage over some of the northern resorts as to latitude and health-giving climate. The character of the water is similar to that of the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, as shown by the following chemical analysis made by Prof. Hayden, United States geologist:

CONSTITUENTS.	SPRING NO. 1.	NO. 2	NO. 3
Sodium carbonate	1.72	1 17	5.00
Calcium carbonate Magnesium carbon'te	1.08	10.63	11.43
Sodium sulphate	14.12	15.43	16.21
Sodium chloride	27.26	24.37	27.34
Potassium	Trace	Trace	Trace
Litheium	Strong trace	Strong trace	Strong trace
Silicid acid	1.04	Trace	2.15
Sodium	Trace	Trace	Trace
Bromine	Trace	Trace	Trace
Temperature	130°F	123°F	123°F

This showing speaks volumes to those familiar with thermal springs. Their waters are of a

superior medicinal character. The climate is not bleak nor harsh in winter, and is very bracing and pleasant in summer. The plateau upon which they are located may be considered the great sanitarium in this country for lung-diseases. Prominent Boston gentlemen have purchased and improved the property; and every visitor is delighted.

Now, in conclusion, I will again assert that there are splendid opportunities for persons of most classes and occupations. But I almost hesitate to advise young men to go there (page 221); for, as was said, all is excitement. The society is bad, and vices are so numerous (202) that many persons will fall under such circumstances; and such a fall is grieving many a good parent to-day.

Work can be had on the prairie or in the mountains at any time in the summer-season; and wages are always good. But to succeed, you must be firm, resolve to resist the evils, and be not led astray. Take care of your earnings, and you can save money.

I have been as elaborate in my description as space will permit, and upon facts stated my readers may rely and base their actions. What-

ever my ideas taken from this volume may be, I assure you that my chosen profession and peculiar situation are all that keep me from following the sun in his course to-morrow.

For I know full well
That the future will tell
The advantages hidden
In the now rude West.

THE END.